

METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—BISHOP STEPHEN MASON MERRILL,
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IN the forty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, a work little known and seldom read, there is a beautiful hymn to the men of old, beginning with the lines, "Let us praise famous men and our fathers that begat us." The Pauline roll call of the immortals in the eleventh of Hebrews, close kin to this ancient ode, strikes the same heroic measure, and from Paul's epistles, especially in Ephesians, we learn that the greatest gift, except the gift of the Spirit, which Christ bestowed upon his church was—men. After all, the greatest thing in the universe is personality. Nor is there anything so attractive. Nothing draws so strongly to itself the bright steel of the world as this far-reaching magnet. One has but to glance, for instance, at the *Life and Letters of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley* by Prothero, or *Stanley's Life of Arnold*, to feel the influence of Thomas Arnold's personality on the students at Rugby; and who that is acquainted with the Tractarian Movement does not know that it would never have been had it not been for the supreme influence of Newman's personality at Oxford? Every church has had this gift—leaders of the people—and wherever these divinely ordained instruments of Providence have failed, and mediocrity has usurped the seats of the mighty, there the church has faltered in her mission and become a spent force. There was no Moses, no Joshua, and where there is neither one nor the other there are neither clouds, nor pillars of fire, nor lands

of Canaan. In the course of a debate in the House of Commons, during a critical time in England's foreign affairs, Gladstone interrupted Disraeli. Disraeli turned to him, saying, "You must not talk to the man at the wheel." Gladstone immediately replied in his measured tones: "There is no man at the wheel!" It is absolutely essential to the efficiency of the Methodist Episcopal Church that in all departments there should be superior quality of leadership. To no church, not excepting the Roman Church, is this more necessary. In religion the Methodist Episcopal Church is a world-power. It spreads over vast territories; ministers to millions of people of all nationalities; touches by reason of its relation to all classes of men those vital questions which are born of new conditions in an ever-evolving democracy; is related in its economy and the realization of its mission to every changing phase of social development, and as one of the greatest forces of Christendom it must keep itself abreast of all that is best in the religious and intellectual progress of the age while at the same time strenuously conserving the faith once delivered to the saints. Contemplating, then, such an organization, one might well despair of the necessary supply of adequate leadership, and yet it must be said, with gratitude to God, that, as results demonstrate, no church has been more signally favored in the number and character of its creative leaders than the Methodist Episcopal Church. And yet, naturally enough, it is in the episcopal office, as the highest administrative office, that endowments of executive ability, of statesmanlike vision, and those special gifts of inspiration which mightily move men and crystallize thought and emotion in resultful act are the more sharply distinguished, for nowhere else is there so absolutely demanded such genius for leadership, such solid qualities of judgment, strength of character, and consecration of spirit. It is no great surprise, then, that those chosen to be bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church have shown themselves to be men of forceful personality. Illustrious names have given prestige to the office: Asbury, Soule, McKendree, Janes, Peck, Simpson, Ames, Clark, Harris, Foster, and many others, not mentioning retired bishops and others still in labors abundant. These were all famous men. But in our judgment, take him for all in all, among those

who have guided the councils or left the impress of character and genius upon the church, few bishops, if any, have filled the episcopal office since the days of Asbury superior to Stephen M. Merrill, who lately passed to his eternal reward. He had not the culture of Baker nor the eloquence of Simpson, the erudition of Thomson nor the poetic sweep of Foster, the fine spiritual temperament of Ninde nor the seraphic glow of Joyce; but in him were seen in large measure the constructive statesmanship of Soule, the legal grasp and comprehensiveness of Harris, the judicial poise characteristic of Ames, the deep religious earnestness of Scott, and, withal, those fine traits of noble minds, tenderness, and justice, without which all merely intellectual powers, however brilliant, are but as the glitter of icebergs or the cold glare of lonely mountain peaks. A tall, Lincoln type of man, deliberate in movement, with well molded head firmly set on square shoulders, light gray eyes looking straight out and into things from under overhanging brows, a resolute yet kindly face over which when gentle humor played sad lines etched by care slowly faded, a long, slightly aquiline nose which lifted thin nostrils with perceptible jerk when something in debate was about to happen, dignified, ever serious and devout in the house of God and the work of the Conference, Bishop Merrill impressed all as a man of unique personality—self-reliant, one serenely conscious of full reserves for emergencies, a man who could do things when he had to.

Stephen Mason Merrill was born in the little village of Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio, September 16, 1825, a year notable in the history of the republic and of some people. His father, Joshua, was a native of New Hampshire, the son of William Merrill, of Massachusetts, a Revolutionary soldier. This William was a descendant of Nathaniel Merrill who came from England in 1634 and settled where Newburyport, Massachusetts, now stands. Joshua seems to have inherited the patriotism of his father, for we find him while yet a stripling doing active service in the war of 1812. The mother of Bishop Merrill, Rhoda Crosson, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was also of Revolutionary stock, her father having served under Washington and died, while she was yet a girl, from the effects of arduous service. These two, Rhoda

Crosson and Joshua Merrill, met, loved, and were married February 1, 1816, in Columbus, Ohio. From this union eleven children were born, Stephen Mason being the fifth. Young Merrill's life began under pioneer conditions, and he must have shared in all the excitements of those spacious times. But from those far-away days of his child life no traditions of a remarkable character come down to us. He lived his life with other boys and as boys usually do—neither very bad nor superhumanly good, but just plain boy. One day, however, he got into trouble which came very near cutting short his career and fulfilling a dream his mother had that he was drowned. Frolicking with other boys among the boats on the river, which ran by the village, he misjudged, when too late, the distance of a jump between the boats and fell in. His life was in great peril. His cries, however, and those of his playmates brought speedy assistance from those standing near. A benevolent gentleman fished him out, and, being of a disciplinary turn, boxed his ears and sent him home. It proved to be one of his unlucky days. On reaching home, dripping wet, the parental rod got into immediate operation and he was hustled off to school. One would think that the boy's troubles were now over, but we never know what a day may bring forth. He had no sooner appeared at the door of the schoolhouse than the teacher, taking in the situation at a glance, administered plentiful hickory with superfluous enthusiasm. For sundry reasons he kept away from the river the remainder of the day. Indeed after such an experience young Merrill resolved never to get drowned any more. The incident, however, and the dream so deeply impressed the fond mother's heart that the family left Mount Pleasant and moved into Clermont County, where the lad grew up, and, though never of robust health, as the years went by aided his father in the manufacture of shoes. The next thing to being born of the Spirit is to be born of godly parents. Bishop Merrill had that distinction. His parents were people of sterling character, Methodists of the old type, people in whom were the noble impulses of patriotism, the fine ideals of those who for their children seek the best in education and religion, strong-hearted, country-loving people who have made this nation what it is and given it a moral

standing. In early childhood, through the teaching of a godly mother, who herself when but six years of age had gone with her mother to class meeting, the boy Stephen was brought into close relation with the church. When four years old he is in the Sunday school, but prior to this he has felt the genial warmth of devotion; indeed, he does not remember when he was not the recipient of religious impressions. At nine his heart is wonderfully stirred; his habit of secret prayer bears fruit in a dread of sin; he has experiences of unusual joy and is assured of his conversion. What a pity the church was so slow to realize the value of childhood! Then, as sometimes now, the conversion of children was discounted, and Stephen through neglect lost, like Alfred Cookman, the glow of his experience. The fair dawn that might have brightened into noon was soon clouded, but the light that was in him never wholly failed, and at sixteen he is again in touch with God. At this time the conviction that he must preach, which had once come to him when a child, now rose up in him and began to assert itself. It was an unwelcome thought, but one not to be put either down or out, and some time after, on Saturday night, April 12, 1845, he preached his first sermon as a licensed preacher, using as a text John 14. 6. "When Stephen began to preach," says his brother, "he was exceedingly bashful, and the boys, his chums, would sit in front of him while he was preaching and nearly frighten the buttons off his coat." In 1846 he was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference, and on the morning of September 16, his birthday, and twenty-one years of age, he mounted his horse at his father's door and rode off to his first appointment, the Monroe Circuit. The year following he was married to Miss Ann Belmeyer, who survived him but a few days after the long companionship of years.

What was his equipment at this time for the work of the ministry? He was devout, prayerful, unselfish, industrious, pure in mind, in thought and language, and habituated to serious thinking. He had attended at intervals the elementary schools of that day, such as they were, and some are not much better today; also an academy, and for a short time, just before his first appointment, was principal and teacher. Always mentally alert, a close student

of the word of God, thoroughly grounded in Methodist theology, master of Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, Watson's Institutes, and fairly familiar with the Greek Testament, in vibrant touch with the men and fateful questions of that day out of which sprang later the awful carnage of civil war and the long results of strife, he was, as his theological controversies with some of the best-trained debaters among Universalists and Campbellites in later years abundantly prove, about as well prepared for a successful ministry as the majority of the young men then taking their place in the ranks of the itinerancy. But next to his religious endowment his best equipment, after all, was a clear head. Ability is not in tools but in brain, and the latent powers of his splendid intellect developed with the years. His was a logical mind, philosophical, grasping principles, analytic yet synthetic, seeing things in relations and yet as wholes; a mind capable under finest culture of the highest reaches of discursive thought, disdaining in expression the ornaments of polished periods but delighting in the strength of Doric simplicity. For some thirteen years he continued his work in the Ohio Conference, growing in character, in the esteem of his brethren, and developing those mental traits which made him in later years the peer of the best in the most difficult affairs of the church. In 1859 he was transferred to the Kentucky Conference, one of the many battlegrounds where the two churches, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were then in needless conflict. He was appointed by Bishop Morris to the presiding eldership of the Maysville District. Those were terrible times and his was a dangerous task. Freedom and slavery, union and disunion, loyalty and rebellion clashed in every town and hamlet and in country places throughout the state. The loyal Methodists of Kentucky chose, as was their right, to remain in the church of their fathers, and this aggravated the animosity felt by all who "adhered South" toward ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who were looked upon as emissaries of the North. Of those days, formative, divisive, sad, heroic, it is not necessary here to write, nor of the fratricidal war which raged while Merrill was in Kentucky loyal to his convictions as a needle to the pole. In 1863, after manifold

and severe experiences incident to those tenebrous days, Merrill was transferred back to the Ohio Conference, where he engaged once more in arduous labor. Five years later, in 1868, he was elected to the General Conference which met that year at Chicago.

That was an eventful Conference for many things done, and one vividly memorable to Merrill ever after as the turning point in his life's history. It was a new experience to him and he was profoundly interested. Lay Representation was then in the air. It was the paramount question in the General Conference and there was much excitement. A committee composed of some of the ablest men, led by the illustrious McClintock, were in favor of admitting laymen by a mere majority vote. It was not evident to all that an attempt by the General Conference to change its composition by such a method was wholly unconstitutional, for since the famous speech of Dr. Hamline in the General Conference of 1844, which made the General Conference supreme over all questions not specifically mentioned in the Restrictive Rules, it was imagined that the General Conference could do practically whatever it pleased. But not so did Merrill think. He was not opposed to Lay Representation, however, but to the unconstitutional method by which it was to be effected, the wrong way of doing a right thing. The constitution of the church was a written constitution, and the General Conference organized under such a document could not divide its powers or delegate them without express warrant of the constitution which conferred them. This warrant could be obtained only by constitutional process, and therefore the proposition to admit laymen to the General Conference must be submitted to the vote of the Annual Conferences. Such was his contention. It was Webster again in the Senate expounding the constitution of the nation. To us now it seems strange that the master spirits of that time, such minds as Ames, Simpson, McClintock, and others, did not see this self-evident truth, that the General Conference under a written constitution could no more divest itself of delegated powers than it could annex new ones not included in the original grant. And yet the constitution was not so transparent then as it is now. There were many nebulous notions of it afloat since Hamline's speech in 1844, and

the scope of General Conference powers was one among many. But not all eyes were holden. Daniel Curry, the Ajax of Methodism, saw the point. Bishop Clark saw the point, and for himself said he "should be sorry to see the time when the doctrine shall be established in the church that she has no constitution but that may be overthrown by a majority vote." Dr. Merrill saw the grave danger, the false principle involved, and modestly but earnestly endeavored to make others of the committee see it. The majority, however, confident of success, rejected his views of the matter and brought in their report. As Lowell has said, the only argument that will avail against an east wind is to put on your overcoat, and Merrill prepared for the worst. The battle was on! On the surface of things it was to Merrill's interest to keep quiet, for many of his friends were desirous of electing him to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and now his imprudence was about to spoil it all! How often it is that cowardice and the meanest self-seeking are piously disguised under a convenient vocabulary! But Merrill was of manlier fiber. He flung self-interest to the winds and bravely stood for the rights of the constitution. It was a bold act, and one worthy of commendation if it succeeded, as some other things are, but looking at the splendid array of brilliant intellect on the opposing side there could be, it seemed, only one issue to it all and that—ignominious defeat. His best friends were dismayed, and others of the opposition wondered why he had ever left the sheepfolds. It was not long, however, when the debate began, before the Conference discovered to its surprise that here was no impulsive visionary seeking death or notoriety; no self-made martyr to imaginary duty, but a mighty master of constitutional law, an interpreter of the clearest understanding, a debater of the finest dialectic skill, cool, strategic, judicial in tone and, above all, convincing. Admiration for his magnificent ability and mastery of himself increased; the debate rose steadily to highest levels and hour by hour grew more and more intense. For two days the battle of the giants went on with ever-deepening interest and growing concern. Finally the opposition, met at all points, began to waver, but Merrill held his ground; one vigorous champion after another went down before his irre-

sistible logic; the tide began to turn, and at last McClintock himself, the best-trained and ablest of them all, surrendered to a power greater than his own, and the day was won for the inviolability of the constitution! It was a great victory. Dr. Merrill came to the Conference at Chicago comparatively unknown; he left it the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* and the acknowledged expounder of the fundamental law of the church. Four years later, in 1872, at the General Conference held in Brooklyn, his superb powers again came into play, and he was elected to the office of a bishop with such honored names as Harris, Bowman, Foster, Wiley, Edward G. Andrews, Gilbert Haven, and Jesse T. Peck; which office he held for thirty-two years, till on his own request, at the General Conference of 1904, he retired from active service, crowned with glory and honor.

To accurately estimate such a man is not easy. Some men are like mountains, not seen at all if seen too close; and we are too near Bishop Merrill to fully apprehend his personal greatness or the service he rendered the church. His life as a pastor was energetic and fruitful. True shepherd of God's sheep, never did a charge sicken or die under his care. He sought and won, wherever he went, the love and confidence of his flock. In the pulpit he was a teacher, an expositor of divine truth. Few pleaders of great causes ever reasoned more cogently, intuitively distinguishing in the statement of some great doctrine the essential from the non-essential, grasping with precision the central truth or fundamental principle of the theme he presented, and with the strength of conviction and the tenderness of a soul warmed with the love of God, he drove home the living, palpitating conclusion to the hearts of his hearers. Of poetic imagination he had little or none. He did not choose easy themes, nor did he deal out commonplace utterances as if they had the gravity of pig iron. His was a severely practical mind. He sought realities. Flights of fancy had little charm for him, but, on the contrary, his vigorous intellect found its chief delight in a clear statement of fact expressed in simplest phrase, in the unadorned beauty of axiomatic truth. This is seen to fine advantage in his various theological writings and in his work as an editor. One looks in vain through his editorials for

long sentences or sesquipedalian verbiage. He is strong, terse, pointed, illustrative, a master of vigorous English but never a mere stylist, never a dilettante artist enraptured with the siren song, the soft musical cadences of finely balanced sentences, which, however beautiful in themselves, are poor substitutes for virility of thought or clarifying instruction. To the editorial office he brought practical knowledge gained by close touch with the people, with ministerial life and thought, with the many electric questions of church and state which then stirred men's souls. Hence his editorials were molding forces, informing, illuminating, practical, and convincing. He did not run away from controversial questions which forced themselves on the church to write neutral essays on safe subjects. He knew Methodism and loved it. He knew its history, its doctrines and the reasons for them, its polity, usages, and traditions, and in him the spirit and life of Methodism, its mission, expansion, duties, and opportunities found a luminous interpreter and stalwart defender. And yet he did not invite controversy. He was not contentious. His polemics, whether doctrinal, theological, or ecclesiastical, were never against men, but against ideas. Hence, always rising above the narrow-minded partisan and looking down on the disputes of his time from the heights of broad sympathy with whatsoever things were true, he could write at the close of his editorial career: "Long since I learned to think and to let think, to argue, and even dispute, in love; and the longer I live the higher I prize the ability, and rejoice that the higher graces of the Christian life are compatible with earnestness in contending for the faith." As a bishop he loomed large. Faithfully he did his duty. Wherever he labored, whether on tours of episcopal visitation to foreign mission fields or presiding over Annual Conferences, in Bishops' meetings, on General Conference committees, on various boards and commissions of the church, his wise counsels and careful administration mightily influenced policies, strengthened connectional interests and made for the solidarity of the kingdom. He felt the responsibilities of his office and lived up to them. The splendid qualities of mind and heart which were known only to those intimately acquainted with him blossomed out in richest beauty in the larger

field to which he was called, while those powers of masterful logic, ecclesiastical statesmanship and clear comprehension of intricate questions found fitting scope and were strengthened and broadened by use. His intellectual grasp of ecclesiastical needs and their remedies is evidenced in a remarkable degree in that memorable Episcopal Address at the General Conference of 1888, which discussed in an illuminating manner the organic law of the church, and out of which discussion—which resembled in strength and lucidity the deliverance of a Supreme Court—resulted finally those sections of the present constitution which treat of the composition, powers, and limitations of the General Conference. His preaching took on a greater variety of themes and became more effective, or at least his cast of thought, manner, and method of presenting the deep things of God became better adapted to Conference occasions than they had been as a steady diet to the average congregation. He had inherently no great genius for the pulpit. He was not a Beecher, a Simpson, or a Storrs. He was didactic, sometimes heavy, lacking the magnetism, the imagination, and the swing of the popular orator. Even when a bishop he never preached the same sermon twice—an error not to be commended, since great sermons are not built in an hour—but, while he was at all times superior to the average, instructive and edifying, he would on occasion when deeply stirred rise to heights of genuine eloquence and, sweeping all barriers of doubt and spiritual inertia before him, carry his congregation with him to the brightest visions that ever gladdened the heart of man. As a presiding officer of the General Conference he had no superior. He was not infallible, his knowledge of fact was not always omniscient, but such was his clear perception of issues and of the principles involved that his colleagues, some of whom were unsurpassed in their knowledge and in their mastery of parliamentary tangles, profoundly respected his judgment and leaned on him in sudden emergencies. “Is the Chair sure that his ruling is correct?” asked Dr. Buckley of Bishop Fowler at the General Conference of 1894. “He is not,” was the reply, “but he has received illumination from behind.” Bishop Merrill was at his ear.

After all, the most important duty of a bishop is not presiding over General Conferences, or even Annual Conferences, important and onerous as that duty is, but in fixing the appointments. Unless this work is done in a manner which shall make for the best living interests of the church there will be no Conferences to preside over. Hence the need for impartial judgment, appreciation, and sympathy, knowledge of human nature, a sinking of self in the will of God, and a divine passion for the glory of Christ's kingdom. In the cabinet Bishop Merrill was the friend of the Methodist preacher, as he was the careful administrator of the sacred trust committed to him to supply the churches with suitable men. No presiding elder was abruptly dealt with, no arbitrary appointment against the protest of his advisers was stubbornly insisted upon to the detriment of justice and the welfare of the flock. Bishop Merrill, like "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," heard the last word. No pastor, however humble, and even though as timid as a rabbit, need have hesitated to bring his case before him. Bishop Merrill had heart. He had experience. Schooled in adversity, he had sympathy for others. He knew what it was in other days to bear the cross of those solitary minds who live apart from the crowd, in fellowship with the kings of men, "who rule us from their urns." He even knew what it was to be underrated by petty creatures who, "wanting the mental range" or moved by envy, "would pare the mountain to the plain." He knew the hardships and privations of the itinerancy, the limitations and longings of the pastor's home. He had himself been in Egypt, though he was now in a place of influence; he had even been on Carmel, and was not unacquainted with Horeb. Nothing better reveals the heart of Bishop Merrill and the principles that guided him during those years of his effective episcopate than the closing paragraph of his valedictory at the General Conference at Los Angeles:

I am not conscious of ever having made an appointment under the bias of personal friendship or antipathy. The matter of personal merit and relative claims has necessarily influenced decisions, but the good of the work and the least possible embarrassment to all concerned have been paramount considerations. Not the slightest tinge of bitterness

toward any human soul will mar the recollections of what I have done during all the period of my official service in the church. I would that the consciousness of fewer mistakes might brighten the review. God's blessing has been on a portion of my work, and I humbly trust that his mercy covers it all.

Of his theological writings and their place in the literature of the church there is not sufficient space to adequately treat. He was as great a theologian as he was an ecclesiastical statesman. His *Aspects of Christian Experience*, which should be a companion volume to all works on Christian certainties in personal religion, and which would have been of immense benefit to the author of *Varieties of Religious Experience*, treats in the most lucid and scriptural manner those fundamental doctrines which relate to the inner life, sin, repentance, faith, pardon, regeneration, and sanctification. *Christian Baptism* is an exegetical and forceful contribution, setting forth the mind of the church, based on Holy Scripture, concerning the mode and meaning of that sacred ordinance. *The New Testament Idea of Hell* is written in manner befitting the solemn theme, but at the same time it thoroughly exposes the unscriptural character of Universalism and the vagaries of Annihilationism. *The Second Coming of Christ* is another forceful polemic, pulverizing the teachings of Pre-Millenarians. In *The Organic Union of Methodism* we see again the master mind dealing with the constitutional and historical questions of 1844. Other works, *The Crisis of the World*, *Mary of Nazareth*, *The Atonement*, *Digest of Methodist Law*, came at intervals from his prolific pen. Such discussions are dry and tiresome to some, and for such reading they have little taste. Theological literature, it is true, is not fiction. There is not in doctrinal teaching the color and glow and movement, the exuberant imagination and the exquisite delineation of character which charm the multitude in Balzac, Thackeray, George Eliot, Henry James, or Stevenson. Nor is this its function. It belongs to another realm. But this is true: that a study of Merrill's sentences will be an education in English of vastly more value to robust thinking than shedding sympathetic tears over imaginary heroes, which tears, indeed, might well be saved for greater sorrows. We

would not rob the world of its great masters who interpret for us the drama of life, and out of dreamy thought create for us flesh and blood characters in whose deeds and influence we see the workings of those immutable moral laws which grind on with certain and irresistible might toward definite conclusions, nor of those who weave for us the kindly tale which beguiles a restful hour. They have their place. But for the strenuous life there is no tonic like the bracing inspiration of a vigorous thinker. Merrill quickens thought. In all his writings there is seen his characteristic bent for positive truth, intellectual satisfaction in definite formulation of scriptural teaching, lucid statement, spiritual vision. He is never a fossil, never out of range with new ideas. His little work on Miracles and that masterful irenic on true liberty of biblical inquiry, which he wrote for the Northwestern Christian Advocate in an afternoon, show how well he kept himself abreast of modern thought.

Such in broad outlines, imperfect as they are, was Bishop Merrill as he stood before the church. Would that I could describe him better! Simple, massive, commanding, loving, a servant of God and devoted to every interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, his name will grow greater as we climb higher, for we shall then see the whole mountain from base to peak and the long reach of his influence on the thought and life and polity of the church. After his retirement at Los Angeles he sought repose. He was no longer the resident bishop of Chicago. The burdens of office no longer oppressed him. To the newly elected bishop, William F. McDowell, who succeeded him, he gave, as was his nature, cordial welcome, and placed at his service the rich experience and ample knowledge of his long official life. The relation between the two men was beautiful. It was Asbury and McKendree over again. But the old bishop was growing weary. He longed for quietness, for the King in his beauty and the land that is far off

Where never creeps a cloud, nor moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred, everlasting calm!

He little knew how near he was to those Elysian fields. But the end was at hand. The General Missionary Committee held its annual meeting in November, 1905, in Brooklyn. Bishop Merrill was in attendance. On Saturday, the 12th, he occupied the chair at the morning session, and in the afternoon he presided over the Bishops' conference. Friends noticed signs of physical weariness. But on Sunday morning he preached in Brooklyn, and toward evening crossed over to the home of a near friend at Keyport, New Jersey. That was his last presidency; that was his final sermon. That night, suddenly, the message came. He heard the call of the Unseen and went over. He was dead! Out from the night of earth he passed into the eternal morning, to the land of the unclouded day, where the dear Lord's tired ones rest and are never sick any more, nor worn nor weary, nor ever know again the heartaches of the earth-life, for "God shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

So died Bishop Merrill, one of the greatest bishops of Methodism and one of the foremost leaders of the Christian Church. He had spent eleven years on circuits, eight years on stations, four years on a district, four years as editor, and thirty-two years as an effective bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nobler tributes to ability and worth were never laid on the bier of the departed than those spontaneous expressions of his colleagues in the episcopacy, and this imperfect sketch might well close with the lines of the old hymn, "Servant of God, well done!" but there come stealing across the page the words of Him who turneth the shadow of death into the light of morning: "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

R. J. Cooke.

ART. II.—THE PROVINCE OF THE PREACHER

THE last word involves a limitation which should be noted. The theme is not the province of the minister, for "minister" is a wider term than "preacher." It is not the province of the pastor, for "pastor" is a different word from "preacher." It is not the province of the clergyman, for the clergyman has a kingdom of many provinces. My subject is the Province of the Preacher, the man in the pulpit delivering a message.

What is his province? What is the legitimate scope of his activity? What is the field assigned to him to be cultivated? It is a question of tremendous importance, and too often ignored by those whom it most concerns. The secret of efficiency in life lies in the ability to draw boundary lines. Success lies in resolute limitation. It is the man who is willing to impose limitations on himself who is most likely to get on. It is a great saying of Emerson that the one prudence in life is concentration. The more difficult the work the greater the necessity for self-limitation. A Jack-at-all-trades has a place in the world, but it is not a high place. He stands at the foot of the ladder. It is the man who does only one thing who reaches the upper spaces. The man who would sing a little may study many things besides music, but the man who would sing superbly must give himself to music alone. The dilettante in painting may dabble in a dozen avocations, but the man who would be a great artist must do nothing but paint. Would a man make a great impression on the world? Then he must limit the area over which he spreads his force. Some men make a great clatter by their widespread hammering, but after their work is completed men discover they have driven nothing but brass-headed tacks. The men who have driven in the great spikes which hold society and institutions together are men who have directed their sledge hammers to the same point again and again and again, and could not be diverted from their mighty undertaking by offers either of fame or of money. When Jesus said to his apostles, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles," it was

not because his vision was narrow but because he held the world and the ages in his eye. He kept his apostles within limits which were narrow because only so could he get the great tree planted whose leaves were to be for the healing of the nations. He simply expressed the temper of all great souls intrusted with a stupendous task when he said: "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" He could not turn to the right or the left. His face was set steadfastly to go to Jerusalem and there finish the work God had given him to do. We are living in times when the constant temptation of every man is dissipation of energy. It is a new world in which we are living. New kingdoms have been opened, and new kingdoms are always attractive. New wealth has been piled up, and new-got wealth has manifold fascinations. It is an age of liberty moreover, and every man is doing what is right in his own eyes. The ancient restraints are irksome and the old ways exceedingly tedious. Men say, "The world is my parish," and they roam whithersoever they will. Barriers are an imposition. Limitations are intolerable tyranny. That is the feeling everywhere. It is mighty in the world of education. "Let the boys and girls learn a little of everything and let them study what they please. Let them choose their own direction and let them go as far as they will. It is a shame to hold them in. Education is not discipline, as the fathers thought, education is enjoyment. Let boys and girls roam the great fields of knowledge at pleasure." Mighty voices are saying this in the world of colleges and schools. In the religious realm this spirit is mightier still. Every limitation in thought or conduct is rebelled against as tyranny. "Away with your doctrines and dogmas. They are definitions, and definitions cramp the mind and smother truth. Let nothing be defined. Waste no time in drawing distinctions. Give no attention to exactitude in the statement of great ideas. What is Christianity but a feeling? Why draw distinctions between the church and the world, between saints and sinners, between Christianity and other religions, between Jesus of Nazareth and other men? Do not be narrow in your thinking, but let us float like summer clouds through an

atmosphere luminous with love." Thus speaks one of the spirits that are now abroad. And the ambassador of Christ would not be human if he were not susceptible to the all-pervading Zeitgeist. The greatest men are ever the most sensitive to the temper of their time, and most responsive to its dominant moods and aspirations. He who would guide and lift his generation must have in him the forces which are boiling in the hearts of his contemporaries. Unless he is with men where they are he is not likely to lead them into that place where they ought to be. Only as he feels in his own mind and heart the pulsing of the forces by which the world is swayed will he be able to speak to men in the language in which they were born and become master of that sympathetic touch to which the heavy gates of the soul swing open. It is a unique congregation which the minister of our day is called to face; a congregation of men and women fed largely on newspapers and magazines, their heads stuffed with odds and ends of information swept together from the four quarters of the globe, their hearts filled with bewilderments and confusions engendered by the stirring, tumultuous time of which they are a part. It would be strange indeed if the preacher facing such a congregation did not at times become bewildered, not knowing how to minister in the name of Jesus to such multitudinous and clamorous needs. Is it any wonder that clergymen now and then lose sight of the boundaries of their vineyard, and go with other men to labor in fields which lie beyond the province marked out for them by the finger of the Lord? What a temptation it is to be an editor! What tremendous power a newspaper man possesses. He comes down into the arena in which men are living. He talks to them about things in which they are interested: politics, art, literature, science, business, recreation. All the kingdoms of the world belong to him. He picks them up, they sparkle in his hand, and by the breadth of his sympathy he achieves a mastery which the poor preacher covets and would fain attain unto. The themes selected for pulpit treatment in many pulpits within the past ten years give evidence that the temptation is subtle, and that even the elect may occasionally succumb. What a king among men the

magazine manager has come to be! He has transformed the magazine into a pulpit from which he thunders, in selected articles and essays, against what he conceives to be the evils of his day. Like the newspaper man he is exceeding broad, and whatever is of interest to humanity is of deep concern to him. Without using the vocabulary of the church he can deal with the problems of the hour and give ethical instruction which goes deep into the hearts and homes of men. The preacher looks at him with admiration and is tempted to go and do likewise. What a privilege to be a social reformer in a day when the social problem is uppermost! Evils lift their hideous forms on every side, and to strike them one after another, to stab them, to stir other men to stab them, that is work indeed. The gambling evil, the liquor evil, the social evil, the slum evil, the sweat-shop evil, the child-labor evil, the divorce evil, the trust evil, the race-hatred evil, the police-force evil, the evils which spring from overcrowding and underfeeding, the evils which are created by competition, the evils of the industrial system, and of the everlasting strife between labor and capital—these are only a few of the unhallowed brood of devils sent to plague our day and generation. Surely the preacher will become a reformer and with the reformers stand. No voice shall be clearer or more resonant than his. He will plunge with the boldest into each new agitation set on foot for the modification of old laws and the creation of new schemes for the curbing of evil and the strengthening of the forces of good. He will choose his subjects according to the advice of outside societies and organizations, assigning a Sunday for the discussion of each particular evil. Even his prayers will be ordered after the advice of these various reformatory organizations. For what is the preacher but a social agitator, a political reformer, a man who stands before the community as the sworn antagonist of every form of social wrong? This, then, is the temptation of the preacher of the twentieth century. He is tempted to be an editor, to make his topics sound like headlines; a magazine manager, his sermons magazine essays; a social reformer, a settlement worker, a Young Men's Christian Association organizer and hustler; a son of thunder, hurling thun-

derbolts at social evils; a professor of ethics, passing judgment on social panaceas and movements; a lecturer, stringing together jewels and glass beads picked up in his saunterings through the fields of science, philosophy and history; a sort of mouthpiece on whose lips there shall come to expression on the Lord's Day the fascinating things which have filled men's minds through the week out of which they have just come. No other man can wander so easily from his province as the preacher. The fences are low, and if he steps over them, no one but God will speak to him about his indiscretion. Every man in the community except the preacher is bound with hoops of steel to the task which heaven has assigned him. The physician must practice medicine and keep close to his patients, the lawyer must practice law and keep close to his clients, the editor must gather news and keep close to his subscribers, the teacher must teach and keep close to his pupils, the banker must keep close to his money, the business man must be loyal to his business, but the preacher can leave his work and flit like a bee from field to field, gathering nectar from a thousand flowers, and he himself may think he is making honey when in fact he is only buzzing. What, then, is the province of the preacher? Has Christ anything to say on the subject? We call him Master. He has sent us to do his work. He calls us friends if we do the things which he tells us to do. Has he said anything on the subject? Does his example shed any light on our path? He himself was a preacher; what was his province? Of course we cannot make our life in all points like his. He did things which we cannot do and left undone things which we must do. His personality was different from our own; so was his mission, and so also was his environment. These three determine what form a man's life shall take. The form of life in the twentieth century cannot be what it was in the first, nor can all the limitations to which the Son of God subjected himself be binding on those who are only mortals and who have a different and lesser work to do. It is the mind which was in him and not the outward fashion of his ministry which is also to be in us, and he follows most truly in his steps—not who imitates his specific actions, but who brings his

spirit with greatest force to work upon the hearts of men. But, while his ministry is not a pattern binding on us who are his servants, it must be profitable to note the trend and temper of his labor, to mark the point on which he throws the emphasis, to ponder the things which to him were cardinal and of sovereign moment. The evangelists have taken extraordinary pains to tell us how he conceived his work. The people of his day wanted him to do everything. That was their conception of the Messiah. A Messiah, to be worth anything at all, ought surely to do everything which the world needed to have done. He ought to turn stones into bread, and jump down from the roof of the temple, and gather up into his own hands the reins of power held in the hands of Cæsar. The people expected him to do all this, and their wishes echoed and reëchoed in the chambers of his own soul, but he came to the conclusion that such ambitions are only suggestions of the evil one; and he gave himself to a work so ordinary and commonplace that the people were grieved and disappointed and his disciples were sore dismayed. Men tried to entangle him in the disputes of his day, but they never succeeded. They brought to him the ever-recurring problem of the right distribution of property, but he said he was not a distributor of property and went on explaining the sins that eat out the core of the soul. When questions of party politics were hurled at him he threw them back into the faces of the men who propounded them and went on unfolding the nature of God. The air was filled with questions, political, social, economic, ecclesiastical, but he refused to touch them, so eager was he to say just one word more about God. Evils lifted their hoary heads on every side—slavery, Roman tyranny, the social evil, false customs, economic tragedies—but he never lifted a hand to strike them. So narrow was he, so blind was he! Men were hot in their discussion of problems. No age ever had more problems than his. But to him there was only one fundamental problem—and that was the problem of sin, and he had time for the discussion of none other. The estrangement of the heart from God—that to him was the root of all tragedies. A will fixed in rebellion against the good Father—that was the fountain of all

the world's woes. All problems of all kinds got their complications from the estranged heart, and all tragedies got their blackness from the mind that had become darkened by going away from God, and he had nothing to say about secondary problems and subordinate evils because his eyes were fixed on the one plague spot of humanity: a will disobedient to the good God. Such a line of action on his part was of course disappointing. It was even exasperating. The intellectual people of his day had no use for him. Men of acumen and large mental grasp smiled at the poor Peasant telling people little stories about God. Men of patriotic fervor alive to the needs of the day sneered at him because he did not fall in with their plans and adopt their panaceas. To all practical men who believed in grappling with problems and suggesting solutions he was a visionary, a fool. It did seem visionary, so much talking about God. The scribes did not like him. He had no grip on great problems. The Pharisees detested him. He had no zeal for a reform that was practical. The best people were disappointed in him because he did not strike a good heavy blow where a good heavy blow was most needed. Even his mother and brothers thought he was out of his senses. He was altogether too zealous in telling men about God. His disciples were dumfounded by his reticence and his inability to cope with the situation. In short, he was a failure because he so limited his province and confined himself to talking about the soul and its Maker. He made himself of no reputation by attempting so little. He estranged almost all of his contemporaries by his self-limitation, and that estrangement has continued to the present hour. The New Testament is still a stumblingblock and a rock of offense because it is too narrow. It is not the book of life because it is lacking in breadth. The German Strauss is offended because Jesus allows the life of the family to fall into the background, is neutral toward the state, rejects property, and passes all the esthetic intents of the world unnoticed. John Stuart Mill declares his gospel is not sufficient as a rule of action, and must be supplemented by instructions drawn from non-Christian sources. The Italian Mazzini thinks his heart was all right but his intellect

deficient because he took no interest in the great ideals of political liberty and national progress which made the nineteenth century glorious. All these men fail to understand him because they forget that he was a preacher, and that a preacher, to be successful, must keep himself within his province. If Jesus were to speak today, what would he say in reply to all his critics but what he said in Palestine, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" It was only by limiting the field of his activity that he was able at last to say: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Is it too much to say that when Jesus says "Follow me" he includes preachers in his exhortation? If he carved out his work with such clean-cut edges, and said to the twelve preachers whom he had selected to carry on his work after he was gone, "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you," it may be that all this was written for our admonition—to save us from the tragedy of attempting things to which we have not been called. Do you not think that the name of God would be more glorious in the hearts of men today, and the kingdom of heaven would have wider limits on the earth, if all who have been ordained to preach the gospel had only been willing to confine themselves to the one task assigned them? I like to think that a preacher should talk differently from any other man in the community; that a sermon should be unlike any other discourse known among men. I like to think that a Christian church should be different in atmosphere from any other building built by man. Public worship, so I think, ought to have a different tone from the tone of society or the street. On going into the house of God one should know at once that it is not a lecture hall, a reform club meeting place, a professor's class room, a newspaper office, the rendezvous of a literary or musical society. There ought to be in the air a mystical something which awes the heart and impels it to look upward. There ought to be something there which makes one feel like saying, "This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven." And it is the preacher who must be foremost in creating this atmosphere. His message must be different from that given by any

other man in the town. His central theme is God. His cardinal contention is that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. He will touch, of course, upon many themes, but he will touch them on his way to God. He will preach from many texts, but he will always come out at last in the presence of God. His field is religion. Religion is indeed the preacher's province. Religion has to do with God and the individual soul and with the family of souls. To unveil God's nature, to interpret God's providence and ways, to give fresh glimpses of God's mind and heart, to help men see God in the face of Jesus, to make the relations of the soul to God and of one soul to another soul real and glorious, to explain the life which is hid with Christ in God, to make duty beautiful and responsibility a thrilling thing, to expound the manifold riches of the divine mercy and forgiveness, to bring life and immortality to light, to make man eager to extend the limits of the Kingdom—in short to adorn the gospel of the blessed God, and to do all this out of a mind well versed in all the complications and movements of the day, and out of a heart that beats in sympathy with the dominant aspirations of the age—this is the province of the Christian preacher, and the man who does this work and attempts none other, giving himself whole-heartedly to the task of bringing God and man together, will enter more and more fully into the joy of his Lord, and his path, like the path of the just, will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. That this is the province of the preacher becomes to my mind altogether certain because this was the conclusion reached by the first great preacher of the Christian Church—Saul of Tarsus. He tells us in ways which cannot be misunderstood what was his understanding of the trust committed to him. He was first of all a preacher; not an ecclesiastic celebrating ceremonies, but an expounder of the oracles of God. He was an ambassador intrusted with good news from the court of heaven, and he besought men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. To him, as to his Master, there was but one central problem, that of sin; only one tragedy, a soul in rebellion against God; but one solution of all problems and one ending of all tribulations, the vision of God in Christ. Had one asked

him his conception of the province of the preacher, his reply would have been, "To preach Jesus Christ and him crucified." But to understand this we must ponder his letters. What alertness, what originality, what breadth of interests, what myriad-sidedness! He has swung completely away from the phraseology of Palestine. He is now in the great Gentile world; the forms of his thought are molded by the traditions and mental habits of the people to whom he speaks. How entirely different in form is the teaching of the epistles from the teaching of the gospels, and yet in spirit gospels and epistles are one. The tradition of Jesus's life and words must have been known to Paul. His parables and his discourses, at least in part, must have been repeated to him by some of those who had enjoyed Jesus's personal acquaintance. But scarcely a trace of the vocabulary of Jesus is anywhere discernible in the writings of the greatest of his apostles. This is one of the wonders of the New Testament. It throws a flood of light on Paul's declaration that he was determined to know Jesus after the flesh no more. Preaching to Paul was something more than the parrot-like repetition of the words of Jesus. He was not the victim of a delusion which has misled many, that a sermon is Christian if it abounds in biblical phrases. It was his work to mediate the religion of the Son of God to the great Gentile populations of the West, and he could not allow himself to be hampered in his work even by terms and illustrations used by the Lord himself. He had grasped the first secret of successful preaching: that a preacher must speak in the language in which men are born. But it is in his thought as well as in his style that Paul reveals his freshness and originality. His province is religion, and everything related to that province is of interest to him. To be a good Christian a man must think, and the average man needs a deal of help in his thinking. There are obstacles, legions of them, which get in between the soul and Christ, and these must be cleared out of the way. What is a preacher for if not to help bewildered souls find the light? The people of Paul's day were perplexed by a thousand questions growing out of the advent of the new religion. For instance, What was the

relation of Christianity to Judaism? What effect on Judaism would Christianity have? How much of Judaism was abrogated, and how much was still binding on the consciences of Christians? How could the truths announced by Jesus be reconciled with the truths proclaimed by lawgivers and prophets? How could the new truth be adjusted to the old? There were problems of thought and also problems of conduct. What was it proper for a Christian man to do? What actions were forbidden by this new law of love? What were the duties of a follower of Jesus in society, in business, in the home? In every realm of life swarms of questions arise to bewilder the converts to the new religion, and with these problems the man of Tarsus grapples in the name of Jesus. What a living, practical, up-to-date message Christianity becomes in the hands of this intrepid leader! The gospel on his tongue loses its Palestinian flavor, discards its local color, goes boldly forward into realms which the man of Galilee had never entered. Christianity is a mode of thought, and it must be understood in its relations to current thought; it is a way of life, and it must be comprehended in its relations to present-day customs and movements. Each succeeding generation is perplexed by scientific postulates and philosophical assumptions; consciences are distressed by the new combinations and entanglements created by social and industrial progress and racial development. He really abdicates his position as a preacher of the gospel who in an age distressed by doubt and bewildered by new forms of knowledge, and dazed and daunted by fresh developments in individual and corporate life, goes on repeating the threadbare phrases of a by-gone age; making no effort to guide the mind or drive confusion from the heart.

What a province the preacher has today!—a province to delight the soul of a man who has in him the disposition of Saint Paul. We are living in a new world. Old positions are left behind so rapidly that men cry out in distress. Old traditions are burned to ashes, and ancient doctrines are forced into novel shapes, and all things are becoming new. Christianity is now subjected to an attack fiercer than any which it has been called

to meet since it faced Hellenism in the second and third centuries. The Rationalism of the seventeenth century and the Deism of the eighteenth were puny antagonists compared with those which the nineteenth century brought forth. Science, philosophy, and historic criticism have combined to render many a position untenable and to throw all things into a new perspective. It is the preacher's golden opportunity. When the fog is dense men are most in need of a voice with light and courage in it. When the world has tumbled into chaos the master builder is in sore demand. When the way is long, and paths are many, a faithful guide is a friend indeed. Never has the world called so loudly as it calls today for a preacher equal to his work. Alas that so many men in Christian pulpits have not known the day of their visitation! They have had neither the insight nor the courage to grapple with the problems forced on us by the exigencies of our modern world. In a day when thoughtful men have needed someone to show them that the new scientific discoveries are not irreconcilable with the faith once delivered to the saints, and when new views of inspiration have so bewildered readers of the Bible as to leave them floundering in the mist, many a preacher has passed all these living problems by, monotonously repeating a message which was suited to a preceding generation, consoling himself with the thought that he was faithful to the gospel, when all the time he was shirking his duty and concealing his indolence and cowardice under ancient and consecrated phrases. It is the preacher's duty to help men. How can he better help them than by thinking with them about the problems which the new learning has created? What are men to think about the Bible? what is the Christian doctrine of prayer? what is the meaning of the divine immanence? and what becomes of sin and the atonement if the doctrine of evolution be true?—these are a few, and there are many more. It is the province of the preacher to deal with every form of current thought which dims the glory of Jesus or chills the devotion of the heart. Nor can he turn his back on the problems of conduct. What can the Lord's Day be in a twentieth century city? How much of the Puritan tradition can we keep, and how much may we wisely

let go? What does a man in our day owe to the state? What does Christianity have to say concerning social duties in our modern American city, political duties, corporation duties, and what are the duties in the new and vast arena of international life? A preacher is a prophet; he is a man who speaks for God. The man who speaks for God always has a controversy on his hands. It is the controversy of the Lord. It is a controversy which changes from age to age. Our controversy is not the controversy which Isaiah had, or which Jeremiah had, or which John the Baptist had, or which Saul of Tarsus had, or which Luther had, or which Wesley had; it is a new controversy, with a form impressed upon it by the dominant forces of our civilization. A man to preach today must know his age, must understand where men are living, must enter into sympathy with minds bewildered and hearts confused, and, grappling with the forces and complications of current life, he must so unfold the ideas of Jesus as to shed light in the midst of darkness and create hope and power in realms where weakness and discouragement have built their homes. All this labor has for its final aim the bringing of men to God. The first word and the last on the lips of the preacher is God. His province is religion. He speaks to the human heart. His work is to bring man's heart and God's heart together. A preacher who has ears to hear catches even in his dreams the pleading of a voice: "Come over and help us"; and although at times he may lose faith in men, and become discouraged by their selfish outcries and shallow ambitions, he will in his better moments come back to the conviction that all men everywhere have, down somewhere in the deep places of the soul, a voice pleading always: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." To show unto men the Father in Jesus Christ, whom he has sent—this is the province of the preacher.

Charles E. Jefferson

ART. III.—AFTER THE WAR

WHILE American sympathy during the war was almost wholly with Japan yet we have not adequately realized that throughout this struggle Japan stood for all those ideals which until now have been the especial heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. Freedom of speech, of conscience, of religion, justice impartially administered, the costs of government equitably apportioned, the rights of the individual sacredly guarded—all of these are ideals dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart. But not to the Anglo-Saxon heart alone; for all of these the Sun-Flag of Japan stands, and her victories were the victories of the civilization of the twentieth century over an antiquated, despotic militarism of the eighteenth.

If a dim perception of this has broken upon us as the war proceeded, then, as one of the results of the war, Japan has won her rightful place among the nations. And that place is not merely recognition as a great military power. It is not that Japan, in capturing the five hundred and eleven Russian cannon which, as I write these words, are parked outside the main entrance to the Imperial Palace at Tokyo, has captured and transferred to herself the reputation which Russia has borne so long. While Russia was feared she could not be respected. But Japan has proved herself worthy of our respect. We do not know which to admire most, her splendid fighting qualities, the executive ability shown in the organization and equipment of her forces, or the honorable way in which she has conducted her campaigns. There is no exaggeration in saying that Japan used the latest twentieth century appliances to wage a war in the spirit of the Golden Rule. War is supposed to afford few opportunities for the display of such a spirit, but the Japanese treatment of Russian prisoners would have been creditable to any country in the world. It was my privilege to be in the city of Fukuoka on a day when some eight hundred prisoners arrived from Port Arthur. As soon as I got off the train I saw that something unusual was happening, and as my friend and I rode along I noticed that we were the objects of a great deal of attention from the crowds of people that lined the streets, but

it was not until I alighted at his gate that I heard that a large body of Russian prisoners were expected and learned that we were probably taken for the earliest arrivals. The Russians were to pass my friend's house on the way to the barracks which had been assigned to them, and the street was full of people waiting for their arrival. A squad of Japanese policemen easily handled the crowd of expectant onlookers and lined them up in order on one side of the street, bidding them wait quietly. Nor was this enough. Just before the men passed two more policemen came along and warned the children that they were not to laugh or talk as the Russians passed. After a few minutes of quiet waiting the procession came in sight. First appeared the chief of police on horseback, then a squad of constables followed by a company of soldiers marching in absolute silence, their usual stamping tread replaced by one scarcely audible; and then came the great, hulking, grey-coated Russians. A few of them looked serious, more looked simply silly, and all were unspeakably dirty, and in everything but mere *avoirdufois* distinctly inferior to the Japanese guards. As they passed many of them turned and grinned at us, apparently surprised to see white faces in such a place. Not a word was spoken, however, and the Japanese crowd gazed at them in absolute silence and, when all had passed, turned and went quietly to their homes. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I do not think such an exhibition of courtesy and self-control under similar circumstances could have been seen anywhere in the world except in Japan. But what I saw that day was not all an exceptional thing. Japan everywhere treated her prisoners with the same consideration and kindness. They were regarded as guests whom the adverse fortune of war had brought to Japan. Some of them were even taught to read and write their own language by their Japanese guards, and sent letters to their friends at home which they had learned to write while prisoners of war. No wonder that fifteen Jews among them wrote a letter to the Emperor of Japan beseeching him that when the war closed they might remain in Japan and become his subjects! The civilized way in which the Japanese carried on war was also shown by the wonderful organization of their Red Cross and their military hospitals. A few days after

that experience at Fukuoka I visited one of the great Japanese hospitals located at Kokura. It was in charge of my personal friend Dr. Murata, and in his company I walked through ward after ward while the doctor told me the history of interesting cases among the four thousand patients under his care. I saw convalescents, almost ready to rejoin their regiments, who had been shot through the head from front to back but who were recovering with scarcely a scar; a tribute alike to the skill of the surgeons, the sanitary condition of the camp, and the hygiene observed by the men. And what Japan did for her own wounded she did for the wounded Russians as well.

Japan has imitated the best things in every civilized nation; if it will produce the same results, let us have more such imitation. Why has not China, which has been in contact with the Western world so many more years, also achieved the same results? The reason is in the difference in the character of the two nations. Japan is favorable to new ideas, susceptible to a new form of civilization now because she was what she was three hundred years ago. While she has used the best of all the appliances and facilities which the Occident afforded her, yet these mere appliances have not made her what she is today. The ideals which we have seen so well displayed by Japan in this war are her own, only manifested in new form and supplemented by the best ideals of the Western world. I have lived for three years in Kagoshima, the capital of the Satsuma province—which may be termed the very heart of conservative Japan, less influenced by the tides of Occidentalism than any other part of the empire—and I can affirm that in my opinion mere Occidental influences have not made Japan what she is. Her success in this war was the triumph of Japanese character, and is not so much a tribute to the superiority of her guns—for during almost all the war her artillery was inferior to the Russian—as it is to the character of the man behind the gun. Some people seem to think that the Japanese army was a picked body of men quite superior to the mass of the nation. Toward the close of the war I met an English missionary from Manchuria who labored under this misconception. After praising the conduct of the Japanese army as he had seen it he added that

Japan had shown wonderful wisdom in the way she selected men for her military service. "Why," he exclaimed, "she doesn't let a man go into her army who can't read and write!" The actual fact is that the Japanese army, raised as it was by conscription, was not an especially selected body of men, except physically; morally and intellectually it was not a whit superior to the rank and file of the Japanese nation, and from an educational point of view, since none of the students of her high schools and universities were called into the service, the army was hardly equal to the intellectual average of the Japanese people. The wonderful achievements of the Japanese army are not as noteworthy as the spirit in which they were won, and the possession of that spirit was no military monopoly. The whole nation, army, navy, parliament, and people, afforded a magnificent example of team play. Dozens of illustrations could be given. Listen to the last orders of the commander of one of the ships which were sailing to their death in the attempt to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur:

Let every man set aside all thought of making a name for himself, but let us all work together for the attainment of our object. It is a mistaken idea of valor needlessly to court death. Death is not our object, but success, and we die in vain if we do not obtain it. If I die Lieutenant Yamamoto will take the command, and if he is killed you will take your orders from your warrant officer. Let us keep at it until the last man, until we have carried out our mission.

The spirit which caused Commander Yuasa to issue that order pervades every man, woman, and child in Dai Nippon. "Keeping at it until the last man" made Japan invincible in the war, "keeping at it" has given her a permanent place among the great powers of the world, and "keeping at it" will enable her to leave her mark in the history, not only of the Orient, but of the world.

The second great fact which stands out as the result of the war is the converse of the first. The morning after the battle of the Yalu I met in Nagasaki an English friend who came to Japan soon after the first opening of the ports and had resided there ever since. He was rubbing his hands with glee. "Oh," said he, "Japan is going to pierce the Russian bubble as she broke the Chinese bubble." My friend's prediction has come true.

Japan has broken the Russian bubble. Not only has the Russian advance received a check but the real nature of that advance is understood, and Russia is estimated no longer at her own valuation but at her real worth. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" We still are prone to cling to Philistine standards. Russia is so big that we thought she must be great, and so it proved easy for her to make capital out of her bulk. She hypnotized the world into extravagant ideas of her prowess until public opinion was ready to accept all her preposterous claims to military invincibility. Under cover of this fictitious greatness Russia pushed and elbowed her way across Asia to the Pacific. She began to reach out from her legitimate territory over three hundred years ago, and her annual acquisition of territory since then amounts to a little over 25,000 square miles. This Russian advance is not legitimate colonization. It is not to be compared to the steady advance of a little band of Anglo-Saxon settlers on the eastern shore of a great continent who have pressed on until they have covered the continent with a line of cities and towns which touch that continent's farthest western shore. Our fathers crossed America because the fertile soil of the wide prairies tempted them. Russia was lured on by no such opportunity. She was shut in by mountains and deserts and wide seas, and has accomplished her expansion only as the result of a definite plan to which she deliberately set herself, and which in the future is expected to bring a sufficiently great return for her vast expenditure of life and money. Our fathers, too, developed the country as they occupied it—at least most of them did; there were some exceptions. I used to know an old farmer in Highland County, Ohio, of whom his neighbors said that "he was always in debt because he wanted to buy all the land which joined his." That is the way Russia has pushed on and on, without stopping to develop the territory she already possesses, and consequently adding to her indebtedness with every conquest. Neither has Russia been impelled to her aggressions by the necessity of providing an outlet for a teeming population. Her resources in Europe are undeveloped, and her territory is vast and thinly populated. In Asia she owns one third of the entire area but she has only one

forty-second of the population, while China, with one fourth the area, has one half the population and Great Britain, with only one ninth of the area, governs one third of the inhabitants. In no part of Asiatic Russia is one tenth of the land under cultivation, and nowhere is there a sufficiency of inhabitants to develop the resources. Posing, as Russia does, as a Christian nation, we should suppose that her first aim would be to educate her people and Christianize the vast numbers of Mohammedans and pagans within her borders, but she makes no attempt to preach the gospel among the Asiatic tribes, and their education is wholly neglected. And not only does Russia herself neglect this vast non-Christian population but she refuses to allow anyone else to care for them. Even during her brief occupation of Manchuria Russian generals tried to interfere with long-established missions there, and had Korea come under her sway one of her first acts would have been the expulsion of our missionaries and the suppression of our flourishing missionary work. So well was this danger understood that six years ago a leading member of one of the missions in Korea said to me: "We have not gone into institutional work in Korea because we do not care to build up anything which the Koreans cannot carry on when Russia drives us out." Thank God our work is saved that peril, as one of the results of the war!

In another respect, also, the Russian advance differs from the American advance. From the beginning it has been a record of cruelty so shocking that it is easy to see why Russian officials have looked with disfavor on the travelers and correspondents who have endeavored to penetrate her territory and report their doings, for some things are best done in the dark. The early Russian exploiters of Siberia were looked upon by the native tribes as devils incarnate, and the saying was current that the Muscovites "would make gridirons of the parents on which to roast the children." Russia's record in Manchuria during the Boxer troubles shows little improvement over her behavior three hundred years ago. If this is the true nature of the Russian advance, why, it may be asked, does it succeed? The answer is, Russia's advance succeeds because her settled policy never changes. Russia can wait. If not today, then tomorrow, the next year, the next decade, will bring

the coveted opportunity. America, England, all the countries where popular will has a voice in the affairs of government, are subject to change of policy and can scarcely carry through a fixed policy, unchanged, for a single decade. For example: America during President Fillmore's administration adopted a strong foreign policy and sent an expedition to open the ports of Japan to our trade. After the treaty had been signed, and a representative had been sent to Japan to carry it into effect, a new administration came into power which was interested in other things. For eighteen months it allowed Townsend Harris, our representative, to fret his heart out with loneliness, with never a dispatch from his government and never even a newspaper from home. England, too, has a few years of a strong foreign policy and then the government changes and a "Little England" policy lets slip all that has been gained. But Russia knows but one policy and has but one watchword: "Forward, march!" With bayonets fixed and bands playing, her armies go forth, year in and year out, to Russianize Asia. The Russian advance succeeds also because for the accomplishment of her purpose she maintains a host of willing agents on her frontiers; "men who," to quote Lord Curzon, "care very little about morals and a great deal about medals." If their aggressive action fails, or is challenged, it is easy for the government at Saint Petersburg to deny all responsibility for it; but if it succeeds no previous promise, no solemn agreement, no moral right, no sensitive conscience hinders Russia from availing herself of the advantage. With the Anglo-Saxon international conventions are something binding alike for advantage or for loss, but with the Slav they are to be kept just as long as gain accrues or necessity compels. "Honesty in these matters," said a Russian diplomatist quoted by Alexis Krause, "is a relative term. I may make statements to you today in all good faith, and feel justified in pledging myself to be absolutely bound by them, my actions being based upon one set of circumstances. Tomorrow I may learn that some of the circumstances which guided my judgment have materially altered. Am I to be expected to abide by a pledge made yesterday? Certainly not."

With this frank avowal of its underlying principles before us

it would be profitable if we were to count up the long list of violated treaties and broken agreements which make up what is called Russian diplomacy, but from one instance we may learn all. To select an example entirely removed from the scene of the present controversy, take the occupation of Khiva. Khiva possessed international importance as one of the northern gates of India. Rumors of an intended Russian expedition against it reached London; and caused so much excitement there that the Tsar dispatched Count Schouvaloff to England, as a special embassy, to explain the Russian intentions. He arrived in London in January, 1873, and in frequent interviews with Lord Granville he reiterated numerous platitudes expressing the deep friendship of his master, Alexander II, for England, and volunteered a number of pledges as to the absence of any intention on the part of Russia to annex territory in Central Asia. The sole object of the Khivan expedition was to punish acts of brigandage, to recover fifty Russian prisoners, and to teach the Khivan Khan that such conduct on his part could not be continued with impunity. The Russian envoy declared that positive orders had been issued to prevent the annexation of Khiva and that the conditions imposed be such as would not lead to the prolonged occupation of the territory. England received these assurances just as she would have desired her own pledges to be received—believed them and did nothing, and Russia took Khiva, and is there today and miles beyond it. An incident in connection with this taking of Khiva illustrates how Russian aggression is pushed by irresponsible medal hunters. The expedition against the place was divided into three columns. That under General Kauffman, the commander-in-chief, arrived late and found Khiva virtually taken and no chance left for fighting or glory. Therefore an expedition was ordered against the Yomud Turkomans, a peaceful tribe who had been very friendly to the Russians and whom there was no possible reason for attacking. They had sent their elders at once, on the fall of Khiva, to show their submission to the Russian yoke. But General Kauffman announced that he had decided on a payment from them of 300,000 roubles, one third to be paid in ten days and the remainder five days later. The nomadic Yomuds could

not possibly raise such a sum at short notice and an order was given for the extermination of the whole tribe. The general who carried out the order conveyed it to his staff in these words: "You are not to spare either sex or age. Kill all of them!" And, remember, this did not happen in the middle ages; it was merely the way in which Russia carried on her civilizing and Christianizing mission so lately as August, 1873. General Kauffman received the Cross of Saint George for his hideous massacre, and his success encouraged other officers to imitate his tactics.

Russia has not in the least changed her principles or her lack of principles. She is still as ready with plausible explanations and excuses to cover her aggressions and violations of treaties as she ever was. Even as I write this the daily paper affords a new illustration. I quote from a Los Angeles daily paper of July, 1906:

TREATY NOT VIOLATED

The occupation by Russia of the Aland islands, between Finland and Sweden, the Associated Press is officially informed, is one of the measures taken to prevent the smuggling of arms and ammunition through Finland into Russia, and there is no intention of violating the Treaty of Paris of 1856 by rebuilding the fortifications of Bomarsund destroyed by the British fleet during the Crimean War. The military force sent to the islands consists of a few hundred marines and infantry who are living in tents.

Could anything sound more plausible than that? And yet, if nothing is done and no protest is made, the few hundred marines will grow to thousands and their tents to permanent fortifications under the very eyes of the powers with whom Russia made the Paris treaty. At least, the history of Russia's conduct in regard to the ports of Batoum warrants such a conclusion. By the treaty of Berlin Batoum was ceded to Russia on condition that it was not to be fortified and was to be maintained as a free port. These restrictions were doubtless agreed to by Russia with the mental reservation that they were to be observed only temporarily, for in July, 1886, Russia notified the Powers that Batoum would cease to be a free port; and at the same time that the Russian tariff was introduced the fortifications, which (the treaty of Berlin notwithstanding) had already been commenced, were carried on until

Batoum is one of the strongest positions on the Black Sea. If we may judge the future by the past, Russia will carry out the provisions of the treaty of Portsmouth just as far as she is compelled to do so. Her purpose is checked but not changed, and that purpose as viewed by those responsible for her policy is not to develop territory, nor to refine people, but to use the territory she already possesses as a foothold for further conquests until, by dint of an ever-forward movement, she possesses not merely India, China, or Persia, but the whole of the Asiatic continent, which under the sway of the Great White Tsar may control the destinies of the world. In checking that advance Japan fought our battle, and her triumph is the triumph of Anglo-Saxon ideals over the imperialistic dreams of the Slav. It remains for us to see to it that the provisions of that treaty, entered into on our own shores and under our own patronage, are duly carried out; and when Russian conceit and aggressiveness recover—as ere long they will—from the shock they have received, Russia should find the Anglo-Saxon world and the Japanese empire united to oppose her and to turn her back from her wild dreams of conquest to her true mission—the development and enlightenment of the oppressed and down-trodden millions already under her control. In that case the war will not have been fought in vain, and in thus checking the white peril the yellow peril will be forever laid to rest.

Under the term “yellow peril” two wholly different ideas are included. One is a physical peril; an irruption of barbarism like that of Attila and his Huns—armed, united, ready to bear down and destroy the white race from the face of the earth. The other idea is that of commercial peril; a competition in industrial and manufacturing affairs so keen and cruel that the business enterprises of the Western world cannot stand against it. It will be a great help in considering this question to keep the two ideas distinct; the more so as some of those who fear the business peril most have darkened their speech by many words about the physical peril. The physical side of the yellow peril is the “*correlate of the white peril.*” If a race war should ever occur led by one of the yellow races, it will be because of the aggression of the white races. While Russia is the worst, she is not the only nation whose

aggressiveness threatens the peace of the Far East. Next to Russia stands Germany, and the rule of the "mailed fist" is only less cruel than that of the "booted Slav." Like Russia, Germany is a military empire, but, unlike Russia, she has great and ever-increasing commercial interests, and while the vision of vast hordes of Chinese, Siamese, and Indians, led by Japan, making successful war upon Europe, appeals to the vivid Russian imagination the prospect of commercial competition appeals still more strongly to Germany, and most of the cry of the "yellow peril" has come from her—if, indeed, the whole thing should not be marked, "Made in Germany," like so many of the wares, dubbed "cheap and nasty" by the Englishman, to be found in the shops of the Far East. German methods of aggression are well illustrated in the seizure of Kiaochow, which occurred in 1897. In the autumn of that year two German missionaries were murdered in the Chinese peninsula of Shantung. Representations were at once made to the Chinese government and indemnity and reparation were demanded. In November of the same year, while negotiations were in progress in Peking, a German squadron put into Kiaochow Bay, landed a strong detachment of sailors, and hoisted the German flag. On March 6, 1898, the Kiaochow Convention, with mining and railroad concessions, was signed at Peking, and Germany by the use of the "mailed fist" drove her first wedge into China. The Kiaochow Convention is a very brief document, but it is long enough to give Germany such a railway and mining monopoly in Shantung that no one else can do anything in that part of China without incurring German displeasure. Since the signing of this convention millions of German money have been spent in Kiaochow. Tsingtau, the port, has become a German city. I spent a day there in 1904, with a German editor from Shanghai as my companion, and I saw all there was to be seen. The city is built with the traditional German solidity and thoroughness. The streets are broad and well laid out and the sidewalks are so spacious that they would not be crowded even in the busiest part of New York. Electricity lights the town, a splendid water supply has been installed, and thousands of dollars have been spent in planting out trees on the hills above the town. There

are dwellings, offices, stores, hospitals, hotels, all government built and bearing the German mark. There is everything a city needs at Tsingtau except business. It is, in fact, an inverted city. Like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, who executed her prisoner first and tried him afterward, Germany has built her city first and hopes to get the business to justify it afterwards. But her expenditure grows larger every year and the place can hardly become self-supporting in the lifetime of the present inhabitants. It is clear that Tsingtau is not designed for present profit, but, like the Russian Dalny and Port Arthur, Tsingtau was built as a foothold for empire building, the starting point for the Germanization of that part of China.

Nor are these masters in the art of aggression the only nations represented on the soil of China. France has her possessions there about which little that is good can be said, and even Great Britain, far and away better as her mild rule is than that of Russia, is not represented in China merely for the good of the Chinese. Then, in addition to the great powers, all the smaller powers of Europe are represented by a host of hungry concessionaires all eager to catch any financial crumb which may come their way.

The only way to appreciate these things is to try to put ourselves in China's place and consider how we should feel if the case were turned around. We complain because of the few tens of thousands of dollars sent away from our country by the Chinese and Japanese who come to us as laborers or as business men. Let us remember that no European is in China to stay, that he does not invest his money there for the enrichment of Asia, but that its dividends are to enable him to return to England, or France, or Germany, for a quiet old age of wealthy retirement. Then, too, while the Chinaman in our country is the meekest of men, the European in China is the most arrogant man on earth. With a few exceptions he scorns the native as the dust under his feet. It is hardly necessary to give illustrations of what is a matter of common knowledge. One or two, out of many possible, will suffice. A few years ago, in Chefoo, I noticed a foreigner buying some fruit at a native stand immediately in the rear of the Sea

View Hotel. A crowd of idle coolies gathered around watching the proceedings, and one of them inadvertently crowded upon the foreigner. The latter, without a word, kicked him off the pavement, and one of the Taotai's Chinese policemen, finding him lying in the gutter, beat him with his bamboo stick for being there. On the voyage returning to Japan from the same trip I met a German commercial man from Tientsin. He was complaining of the jinrikisha men in that city. They were being spoiled, he said, by the presence of so many army officers who paid them more than their rightful fare. "Why, they have gotten so that they are not willing to draw a civilian! If you hail a jinrikisha outside of the club the man tells you he has a fare inside. But when a jinrikisha man tells me that I just give him a few cuts over the head with this," and he displayed an ugly whip, with a lash about eighteen inches long. "He always takes me, all right, after that," he added. The Chinese is patient, he suffers long, but he is not kinder in his heart than the rest of us, and the white man by his arrogance and brutality toward the yellow man will in time beget such feelings of hatred and indignation that some day the yellow man will rise and sweep the white man out of China. The white peril is the real root of the yellow peril. Japan was one of the earliest of Oriental countries to meet the white peril and she warded it off in a characteristic way: she closed the country to all foreign intercourse, which was the best thing she could have done under the circumstances; for the Taiko and Iyeyasu, the great men who had consolidated the empire and given it internal peace, were dead, and as the Japanese adage goes, "the great man leaves no seed." As Professor Murdock so well points out,¹ Japan had fallen upon a time of little men who were not able to regulate foreign intercourse, and so could only escape danger from it by forbidding it altogether. Perhaps Japan lost nothing by these three hundred years of seclusion. They were years of peace, during which the arts of Japan had that development which is the wonder of the world. When Japan was once more compelled to open her gates to the white man she resolved to meet him with his own instruments. She welcomed him, but only for what he had to give her.

¹History of Japan, chap. Iclil.

She did not allow him to exploit her for his own enrichment. She gave the white man no concessions. He built railways, but not for himself. He commanded steamers, but they flew the flag of Japan. Just as soon as she could do so Japan dispensed with her foreign helpers in every department of her national life. In her dockyards there are still a handful, one or two are connected with her railways, an adviser or two lingers in government service, and a score or two are teaching in her schools; but that is all. Under these circumstances it was natural that we should hear a great deal about Japan's anti-foreign spirit. In the course of thirty-five years the number of government employees who have been superseded and dismissed has been very large, and many of them have had much to say about Japan's narrow and exclusive spirit, until such has grown to be the common talk of the open ports. But looking at the case dispassionately, and again trying to put ourselves in Japan's place, is not this spirit of self-reliance most admirable? and is not the almost complete elimination of the foreigner from the Japanese public service the surest proof that Japan's progress is really her own? I think there can be but one answer to that question. For two hundred and fifty years the governing classes of Japan endeavored systematically to inculcate hatred of the white man and of his religion as a measure of defense against the white peril; especially in Satsuma I have met the grossest exaggerations and caricatures of Christianity; but the people even there are learning that these are only what the Buddhists call "hoben"—lies told for expediency—and the farmers and merchants today have no anti-foreign feeling. As for the official classes, having lost their inherited fear of the white man they are ceasing to hate him, and for the last four years, in all parts of the country, nothing could have been more cordial than the relations of officials with foreigners. These cordial relations the war has had a tendency to strengthen, for Japan's success has roused no anti-foreign spirit among her people. The war taught the Japanese to discriminate among white men, and the English Alliance and the widespread sympathy of the United States for Japan have driven the last nail into the coffin of the yellow peril so far as Japan is concerned. Japan could no more become the leader of a horde of yellow men in a race war than the

United States could; and before we condemn Japan for any exhibition of anti-foreign spirit which some ignorant mob may occasionally manifest we should ask ourselves if we would be willing to have condemnation passed upon our country as a whole for every local exhibition of anti-foreign temper or even mob violence. England, by allying herself with Japan, broke the solidarity of both races at a single stroke; for Japan, on her part, by entering into that alliance, came out from the yellow races and placed herself by the side of England and America as the supporter of the cause of civilization. But what of the other kind of peril, the commercial competition of Japan? That is unavoidable; for Japan must come into the world's competition. Her geographical position, the density of her population and the confined nature of her territory all point her to a commercial and manufacturing career. Japan's statesmen recognize this, and her new tariff, soon to go into effect, is shaped on the American principle of protection and must develop her nascent industries. But yet all these things need not cause any alarm to this country. The cost of living in Japan has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and at the present rate must soon equal that in most European countries. And as it does so Japan's relative advantage must cease. It will be our own fault if the new industrial Japan is not an ever-increasing customer for our cotton and other raw materials. We will build her machinery, and our capital may assist in the development of her enterprises, so that the two peoples may work together for the common good of all. Germany, the home of the warning watchword of the yellow peril, has had much to say about an American peril, but we do not feel called upon on that account to close our mills. Let us, then, be fair and generous in our treatment of Japan.

Henry B. Schwartz

ART. IV.—SAINT PAUL: A STUDY FOR PREACHERS

It is not unusual to hear Browning spoken of as the preacher's poet, though the exact reason for his selection is not easily determined; for he is often obscure to the point of density, frequently so ambiguous as to be open to almost any interpretation, and always so involved and convoluted as to be beyond the reach of the ordinary mind. By many Emerson is regarded as the preacher's essayist, but, though his writings occupy a place all their own, he is impractical, indefinite, transcendental; no more adapted to the eager, virile work of the pulpit than sails of fine lace for a ship in winter storms. Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, the stern preacher of righteousness and England's mentor for many years, has been held up as a model, but his pages are full of the turgid, bombastic, declamatory, and his style, though stimulating at times, has little that is worthy of imitation. But is it not singular that, in our search for studies and examples under which the preacher may be inspired to nobler work, Saint Paul has been practically ignored? He has been lauded as a missionary, and his tours have been graven on maps and charts without number; he has been admired without stint as a writer, and men have vied with each other in paying tribute to the purity of his style, the force of his logic, the vigor yet elegance of his pen; he has been revered as a saint, and his wonderful devotion to the cause of Christ, his unswerving loyalty to the gospel, his life of toil and sacrifice, have been so dwelt upon in public discourse that his name is now a world-wide possession; but as a preacher he is rarely spoken of. Yet in many respects he ought to be both a study and example for the preachers of this generation.

He had a definite conversion. And just as the keel underlies the ship, making possible the hull and decks; or as the foundation supports the house, giving form and substance to the entire structure, so with Saint Paul's conversion and his ministry. It was so clear, so positive, so absolute, that, from that day on the Damascus road, until that other day when he was led from the

Roman dungeon to the place of martyrdom, we never once find in him a doubt, or a fear, or a misgiving, regarding the gospel he had been called to preach. It may be that God in these later years needs no longer to send such a vision as that given to Saint Paul when the heavens blazed with light, when a Voice divine and commanding spoke from the shining sky, and when the glory was so overwhelming that the stricken, helpless man fell, blinded, to the earth. But the conversion of the one who would minister in holy things in these days must be just as positive as in the case of Saint Paul. Anything else means vagueness, doubt, and ultimately drifting into mere speculation and mysticism. Unless a preacher knows by personal experience that Christ is a Saviour from sin, how can he preach salvation? Unless he has had an actual vision of Jesus, one that has translated him from darkness to light, changed the world to him and changed him to the world, how can he preach a gospel which demands a new life, a renewed heart, a transformed character, the forsaking of everything pertaining to sin, and the completion of manhood in Jesus Christ? The reason there is so much uncertainty in our preaching is because we have not had a vision of Christ, we have not stood face to face with him as Paul did on the Damascus highway; we have not met him as consciously as Moses met God on Sinai and Elijah on Horeb. Hence we are often as one that beateth the air, the message we bring is only as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, no mysterious unction accompanies the word. Not having seen or felt the awful reality of spiritual and eternal things, we are unable to make these things real to those who hear us. We may have seen the bush in the wilderness but not the divine flame in which it was enwrapped, nor heard the Voice speaking from the fire. So the sermon is dull and unprofitable.

Paul had a divine call. Of this he speaks when before Agrippa and he refers to it many times in his epistles. With him the ministry was not a profession in which he might exercise his varied gifts, a vocation adapted to his mental resources and acquirements. It was not a position to be sought after or ambitiously desired, but a high, solemn office to which one could only

be called by the direct grace of the Holy Spirit. And he is careful to state that when he was called to this ministry he conferred not with flesh and blood. In this he was wise; eminently so. When a young man, under the influence of God's Spirit, is beginning to feel "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," the less he confers with flesh and blood the more certain he is of entering into and understanding the divine will. For friends, even the best and wisest, are not free from unworthy motive; they are partial, prejudiced, liable to mistake, and will sometimes advise contrary to the purpose of God. Flesh and blood have too much influence in this matter. Because a young man has certain gifts of speech, is fluent, ready, confident, has had some advantages by way of education, shown a measure of ability in church work or the leadership of meetings, because he may have been born in a parsonage, or have blood relationships to a university, it is often assumed that he has been called to the ministry; so he enters it as a business, or a profession, with no assurance of a distinct divine call to that work. What is the result? Having no overwhelming, all-absorbing consciousness that he is rendering the service assigned him by the divine Head of the church, he cannot speak with authority, he cannot announce himself as a man sent from God, he cannot declare that he is a herald bearing a message from the King. Soon, very soon, the people to whom he ministers realize his position. So they listen to him as a lecturer, an essayist, a public speaker, a pulpit entertainer, not as a prophet of the King immortal, eternal, and invisible. After a time, when the vivacity of youth has departed, the fires of early eloquence died down, the poetic phrase worked out into common prose, he becomes tiresome, monotonous, a dead weight upon the church, without energy, without enthusiasm, with no power to awaken a community or arouse men who are dead in trespasses and sins. And then of what use is he? Possibly he may assist in paying off church debts, repairing church property, canvassing for church papers, but as a preacher, a thrilling, mighty, convincing preacher, who makes men think, compels them to hear, startles them from their lethargy, brings the truth with amazing force to their con-

science, and finally leads them to Christ—in all these things he is a failure too deep and serious for human thought to estimate. And more serious still is the effect upon the people. For in many instances they have come to regard the ministry as a profession and the preacher a professional, so they treat him as a hireling; a man who may be hired at a salary to supply the pulpit; just as a sexton may be hired to take care of the church property or an organist to play the organ. Without a divine call, a clear, definite expression of the Holy Ghost, no man can ever hope to be a successful minister of the gospel of the grace of God.

Paul had special preparation. This does not refer to his training in the schools of Tarsus nor to his pupilage at the feet of Gamaliel. So peculiar is the work of the Christian minister, so mysterious are the results he must labor to secure, so far-reaching are the effects of his preaching, and so solemn are the matters over which he has control that, altogether apart from the schools—however high—there must be a special tuition, a distinct preparation, before he takes his place as an accredited ambassador of God. We see this in the case of Moses, for though he was trained in all the wisdom of the Egyptians yet he must needs have the revelation of the burning bush to qualify him for leadership. We see it also with Isaiah, who could not enter on his prophetic office until he had seen God in his temple and beheld him high and lifted up. Hence we find Paul, soon after that memorable day on the Damascus road, going, not up to Jerusalem to receive ordination at the hands of the elders, but into the wilderness, to the region known as Arabia, in which stood the holy mount where God gave to men the revelation of his will. Under the shadow of Sinai, wind-swept, fire-scorched, storm-shaken, down whose granite crags the voice of God as a terrible trumpet had sounded, this man sat in awesome silence listening for the echoes of that mysterious day when heaven flashed something of its glories upon earth and when the mountain trembled to its base at the touch of the Almighty. No wonder that he afterward could write of the mountain that was touched with fire and smoke, or of the veil which shrouded the face of Moses when God spoke to him out of

the bending sky. From that desert experience Paul came to men with a supreme reverence for the law of God and an overwhelming sense of the majesty and purity of that law. Nor do we ever once find in him a doubt regarding the obligations of that law or the validity of the evidence on which it rests. He had no trouble as to the authorship of the Pentateuch. He had no apparent concern with the dual writings of Isaiah. The thought of the Book of Job as only a splendid dramatic poem had seemingly not entered his mind. He raised no question respecting the Psalms, and never gave an opinion that would tend to controversy. At no time did he claim for one prophet a larger measure of inspiration than for another. These things he left for men who have a genius for trifles; who would rather dig among Greek and Hebrew roots than eat of the tree of life. He may not have used the daring phrase of Elijah, "Thus saith the Lord," nor always spoken with the splendid vehemence of Isaiah, but there was no faltering, no attempt at parley or compromise. To him the Scriptures were a revelation of God's will. Through them God had spoken to men and so he studied them profoundly. He knew them thoroughly. Their inner and deeper meanings became plain to his mind. He saw in the allegory, the incident, the ceremony, what God intended. The word therefore was to be received without question. It was absolute. It was not a subject of doubt or gainsay, for God at sundry times and in divers manners had spoken unto the fathers by the prophets. Possibly much of the doubt now disturbing the public mind, the uncertainty under which many labor, the latent, if not positive, unbelief regarding the Scriptures, is owing to the lack of special preparation on the part of the preacher. True, he has gone to the schools of Tarsus and can show the parchment with seal and ribbon, and he has also taken a full course under Gamaliel, but has he spent years of deep, earnest study in the word of God—reaching to its inner meanings, absorbing its mysterious spirit, realizing its divine purpose—until there has come into his soul a profound conviction, fixed, firm, immovable, that the law of the Lord is perfect, and that, though the heavens and the earth may pass away, the Word of the Lord abideth forever?

If so, he has had the same preparation as Saint Paul; if not, all his other studies are of little avail.

Paul had a manifest message. His own statement regarding this is clear, and he often alludes to it and in the most positive terms. He says, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord"; "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness"; "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God . . . I have fully preached the gospel of Christ"; and "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel . . . let him be accursed." Saint Paul evidently did not feel called to enter upon a crusade against the Roman government, though as a Jew and a patriot he must have longed for freedom from Roman bondage. And it is equally evident that he was no leader in social reforms, a champion of one class against another, agitating for certain measures that public wrongs might be remedied. He might have done so, and with wonderful effect, for he exercised a strange spell over popular assemblies; the simple motion of his hand at times being sufficient to quell a turbulent mob. And surely there were many instances of injustice, oppression, bribery, misgovernment, which would strongly appeal to such a nature as his. Yet seemingly he takes no part whatever in public affairs, but contents himself everywhere with the simple, earnest preaching of the gospel. Like a messenger chosen to deliver a jewel of priceless value, he allows nothing to interfere with the errand upon which he has been sent. It was not his place to tamper with that stone, to exchange it for one of greater brilliancy or more attractive setting, to put it aside for another of his own selection. His one business was to take the message with which God had honored him and carry it to the people for whom it was intended. We find him, therefore, always engaged in this duty. He might have delivered in Ephesus a brilliant lecture on "Meteoric Stones" and conclusively proved that the gross, misshapen image in the temple of Diana had no claim whatever to reverence. On Mars' Hill he might have given a dissertation on the genius of Phidias as a sculptor, or Socrates as a philosopher, and at once won favor from the Athenians. But

in each case he told the story of Jesus and the resurrection. And this was, after all, the wiser course, for the man who preaches Christ preaches everything else. Just what the sun is in the heavens—the mighty center around which the planets swing, the source of life and light to everything on the earth, the supreme energy in which we live and move and have our being, under whose rays the corn rustles in the harvest field, the fruits mellow in the orchards, the rains fall on the thirsty land, the clouds glide along the sky, the winds rush from their hiding place—so is the gospel of Christ to the thought and conscience of the world.

Once get men under the power of that gospel and all other matters will easily adjust themselves. The man who gets right with God will soon get right with his fellow-men. No need to preach to such a man about temperance, or amusements, or on matters of capital and labor; the simple fact that he has accepted Christ and become his disciple includes all other things. Some of us fail to understand this; hence we spend our time on “mint and anise and cummin” and omit the the only matters of abiding value. The preacher’s main business is to tell men of Christ, of their obligations to him, what his gospel will accomplish in them and through them; and the more faithfully he does this the more loyal he has been to the message intrusted to his care. This involves sacrifice. It means a stern refusal to pander to the wishes of the multitude, the loss of a tempting popularity, the absence of that public recognition which, with some men, is a coveted possession. But what matter? There are better things than crowds thronging a church to hear tawdry lectures on topics of only passing moment. To convert a sinner from the error of his ways, to quicken a church into a spirit of genuine revival, to lead souls into actual fellowship with Christ, to bring a message from heaven to struggling, burdened hearts is worth infinitely more than columns of newspaper praise, or the plaudits of the largest community.

He had an unprejudiced mind. That a man who had been brought up a Pharisee and of the strictest sect, a member of the tribe of Benjamin, who all his life had conformed rigorously to the rules of his faith, could give himself without reservation

to the Christian Church, and so far forget his Jewish traditions as to become an apostle to the Gentiles, is surely ample proof of an unbiased, unprejudiced mind. And we see this spirit in all of his epistles. Who but a man of his type could have written that famous chapter in which charity is so extolled?—a chapter from which every noble poet and high thinker has since drawn the richest inspiration. Who but a man of his generous soul could have so far broken away from priestly traditions as to declare that it mattered not who preached Christ, or in what spirit, if only Christ was preached? For real independence of thought, superb loyalty to truth, breadth of vision, range of sympathy, no man in all Christian history is a more splendid example. He knew nothing of bigotry, intolerance, narrowmindedness, of slavish dependence on rules and customs, or of fear lest the charge of heresy be brought against him. Wherever he saw truth he gave it instant recognition, and when he knew of churches narrowing themselves into a sect, claiming Cephas, or Apollos, or even himself, as their chosen apostle, he at once disavowed all such restrictions, declaring that the whole range of the apostolate was their possession. It would require a superheated imagination to think of Saint Paul taking any part in the controversies of this day. Just as an eagle with one touch of its mighty wing brushes aside the cobwebs woven across its nest, or as the ocean steamer moves out in supreme strength from the dock unmindful of the ice which has been formed in the night, so would the apostle dispose of the vapidity which now engage the attention of men set apart as ministers of Christ. What short work he would make of apostolic succession! To think of him wasting an hour discussing the mode of baptism is unimaginable. Vestments, orders, forms of service, questions of church government, quibbles in doctrine, hair-splitting distinctions, to him would be a degradation of the ministry, a shameful misuse of the vocation to which God had called him. No man should be so broadminded, so richly tolerant, so generous in his appreciation, so ready to extend the fraternal hand, so eager to recognize goodness in whatever form, so willing to welcome God's light no matter who carries the lanterns, as the one who

ministers in the gospel of the grace of God. Anything by way of priestly assumption, rigid adherence to mere tradition, insistence on spiritual subservience, the surrender of the rights of conscience, is contrary to the genius of real Christianity. Whatever else the preacher is or is not, one thing is imperative: he must have a frank, open, honest, impartial mind, one that will enable him to rise out of the horrible pit of bigotry, out of the miry clay of intolerance and prejudice, and stand on the rock of clear, unbiased thinking, where he can realize something of the largeness and catholicity of the gospel which Jesus gave to the world.

Paul had an independent spirit. Not merely independence in thinking, but in all the essentials of his ministry. Without being in the least autocratic he would brook no interference, and insisted always on working according to his own plans. He differed frankly with Peter, who doubtless desired to exercise some authority over him as one so recently converted. He mapped out his various missionary tours according to his own desires. He selected his companions, invariably taking the leadership and holding it under every circumstance. Though he firmly taught that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and declared that the ox treading out the corn should not be muzzled, yet, rather than be dependent, he worked at his trade as tentmaker. In Rome he dwelt in his own hired house that he might the more conveniently, and with greater freedom, receive those who came to him. Everywhere we find him untrammelled, unrestricted, living out to the full his own independent life, never seemingly influenced by conditions favoring or unfavoring. And he writes in the same way. With an excess of humility he might declare that he "came out with excellency of speech or of wisdom," and that he was at times "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling," but we soon discover that the "trembling" is done by those who read the epistle; the writer proving that his letters are not only "weighty and powerful," "but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." In a phrase, having the sweep and flash of a Damascus blade, he forever silences the Galatian murmurings: "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord

Jesus." Willing, if need be, to be all things to all men, ever giving humility a leading place among Christian virtues, always gentle and courteous in his bearing, yet he is as unyielding as granite when there is the slightest infraction upon his personal rights. He understood the real meaning of meekness: strength in repose. He knew the place where forbearance should stop: when men would take advantage of it. He recognized the claims of everyone and insisted on the same recognition for himself. Hence his ministry was of preëminent manliness. The church felt very decidedly that he was no soft sentimentalist, upon whom they could impose any burden or whom they could humble into meek submission. It may be that conditions have changed, that the simple nomadic life of the apostle is not now possible, that the ministry involves certain social obligations which are not to be ignored, that the government of the church has been placed beyond individual reach, that the preacher is no longer a law unto himself, and that to expect anything of the freedom of Saint Paul is out of all question, but for some reason independence of spirit and life is not regarded with the same favor as in former days. Indeed, the man who dares to act and think for himself is regarded with suspicion. To have the reputation of being really independent almost disqualifies a man for certain positions in the church. Such men are usually spoken of as radical, aggressive, overzealous, positive, with tendencies more or less dangerous. The church authorities are ever on the watch for safe men, men of tact, men who can manage things, who will not provoke opposition, under whose administration the people will enjoy a goodly measure of contentment and peace. This explains possibly why we have no John Wesleys, no George Whitefields, no wide-sweeping revivals, no popular uprisings after the manner of former days. We complain, and justly, of many things lacking in the church life of today, but it may be that much of this is because the preacher has sacrificed his independence. He is afraid of men. He dreads the stigma that may be put upon him. He is sensitive, nervous, easily disturbed, and shrinks from anything that would evoke criticism. So instead of allowing his individuality full play, doing his work

without regard to either penalty or favor, following his convictions no matter where they may lead, acting with the spirit of supreme command as a general at the head of an army, he walks softly, timidly, almost apologetically, fearful lest he be rebuked for assuming any leadership whatever. The preacher ought not to be dogmatic, nor obstinate, nor bent on having his own way, for there are other interests to be considered, and other men have rights, but he ought to be divinely independent and maintain that independence. Saint Paul did so, hence his success.

Paul had an all-conquering faith. At the first glance it might seem as though faith would be a necessity in one so favored, and rise as naturally out of his life as a tree from its roots or the harvest from the earth. But faith is not a by-product. It is not the result of antecedents. Nor is it made up in prescription form—so much hope, so much trust, so much courage. It is a distinct quality; and, though it may embrace other qualities, yet, like the steel framework in a building, it unites and compacts the whole structure. It is easily possible for a man to have courage yet lack faith. Thomas was ready to accompany Jesus to Jerusalem and die if need be, but no one has ever claimed that Thomas was the apostle of faith. Peter with a single sword was ready to attack the guard who came on the errand of arrest, but recklessness is not faith as we soon find in the case of that same apostle. It is easy to say that, given such a marvelous conversion as Saint Paul was favored with, anything but the highest faith would seem almost impossible. What, then, of the men who saw Jesus transfigured, who communed with him after his resurrection, who saw him ascend to heaven in a cloud of glory? But where do we see in Saint Paul's life an hour of discouragement, a time of depression, the slightest foreboding regarding the future? Nothing moved him from his course. Nothing daunted him for a moment. Festus, Agrippa, Nero, howling mobs, unjust judges, scornful Greeks, haughty Romans, determined Jews, false brethren, ungrateful churches, idolatrous cities, hunger, cold, weariness, floggings, all seemed to have no more effect upon his faith than ocean spray upon iron cliffs. Think of a man who could

glory in these things, who could actually rejoice in the privilege of showing in this way his loyalty to Christ! Is it any wonder that he conquered, and that through him the gospel not only had free course, but was glorified? Such a man must succeed. A faith like his is overmastering. Men can but yield under such a tremendous force. It is irresistible. It is all-powerful everywhere. Circumstances, no matter how unfavorable, cannot stay its course. Like the tide, raised by divine energy from the sky, it sweeps on regardless of breakwaters or barriers.

We find, therefore, in every part of Paul's ministry immediate results. Not always, however, what the preacher of this day would regard as success; for at times the most bitter opposition was aroused, men were enraged beyond measure, tumults and riots ensued, and frequently appeal to the civil authorities was necessary. Yet was this not, after all, the highest success? And is not the same ministry needed now? The arm of the Lord is not shortened, his ear is not heavy, the gospel is yet the power of God, the Word remains quick and powerful, the Spirit has not withdrawn his convicting grace, the divine energies under which Saint Paul preached are still within reach. Why, then, are there such meager results? How we bewail the downtown problem, our inability to reach alien populations, the removal of churches from sacred and historic locations, the sparsity of congregations, the inroads of worldliness, the desecration of God's day, the neglect of God's house, and the terrible indifference on the part of multitudes regarding spiritual things! Never was the preacher's faith put to a greater test than now, and never was a more absolute, all-conquering faith so sorely needed; and without such faith all else is of little value. But if the preacher, through faith in God and his gospel, was able to conquer in Ephesus, Corinth, Philippi, why not in Boston, Chicago, New York? If faith is back of the word, as powder is back of the bullet, the result would seem inevitable.

J. Wesley Johnston

ART. V.—THE PASSION PLAY IN SICILY

IT was in Passion week of the year 1904 that my friend (a professor from Chicago), his wife and myself started from Naples for a trip to Sicily—two of us for pleasure and one for duty. At 7:30 P. M. we boarded the beautiful new steamer of the Campagnia Navigazione Italiana, Galileo Galilei, for a night voyage to Palermo. We arrived there at six o'clock the next morning and were met by our Italian pastor, who in his usual way greeted me with a holy kiss on both cheeks. This may be called an un-American method of greeting, but in the environment of Italy it was suggestive of the experiences of Paul the apostle. We spent the forenoon of Thursday in seeing the sights and then, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we started for Messina. After resting there for the night we took the train for Roccalumera, an hour's ride from Messina. There our circuit preacher met us and took us to a carriage that was waiting. We left the beautiful seashore and started for a trip inland, fifteen miles. The route was on the edge of the river and a continual ascent until we had reached an altitude of three thousand feet above the sea. The river bed was almost dry, and being fully a quarter of a mile wide, and in some places even wider, it seemed to casual observers a useless waste of space in an island so limited as Sicily; but if they could see it after a storm and hear the rush of the mountain torrent they would soon change their opinion. When we were about half way on our journey I noticed a wooden shed in the middle of the river bed, and right below us, fully two hundred feet, we saw some men busy planting trees in its stony ground. The proceeding was so singular that I asked our minister what they were doing. He confessed his ignorance, but inquired of a passer-by. Imagine our pleasure when we were told that, tomorrow being Good Friday, "Il Martirio di Cristo" would be performed in the bed of the river. The trees that were being planted were to make up the garden of Gethsemane, while the wooden shed a quarter of a mile away was to be the judgment hall. We found that the play would begin at nine in the morning and close at four in the afternoon.

The next morning found us there about ten o'clock. There was a great company present, fully two thousand of the peasant people. We three were the only Americans; indeed, I suppose that we were the first Americans that had ever visited that inland hamlet. It was a picturesque sight, purely Oriental in its setting. All the colors of the rainbow were seen in the clothing of the natives, and all of a purely Sicilian type: the homespun clothing, the gaily caparisoned corsets that encased the æsthetic-colored waists, the heavy boots of both sexes and quite frequently no shoes at all, the pure white head coverings as well as vari-colored ones, sometimes stiffly starched and presenting a pleasing appearance, or in the form of a light shawl thrown over the head, of the prettiest combinations of color; no bonnets, no twentieth century fashions, or even nineteenth, but a little of the middle ages introduced for our entertainment—a sight never to be forgotten. And surely the whole thing was mediæval in its character. It was the modern theater in embryo, a kindergarten system of teaching the gospel story according to ecclesiastical methods, methods so crude that we do not wonder that the people lost all interest in the story itself and forgot to reverence even the central figure. The procession from the Garden of Gethsemane had just started for the judgment hall when we arrived. All the characters of the play were dressed in the garb of Christ's day. Peter was trying to hide his identity in the crowd—he no longer followed the Master—but his first century clothing made him more conspicuous than ever among the Sicilian beholders. The central figure of the play was taken by a weaver of a neighboring village. He did his part very well. I watched him closely as he walked between the Roman soldiers from the garden to the judgment hall. He had a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance and seemed to understand the important part he was taking. His interpretation was that of a man who felt his case was hopeless; that self-defense was of no use, everybody was against him; let the worst come; he was ready for it. The impression produced upon my mind will not soon fade. Not only in the garden scene but in the judgment hall and on the way to Calvary he maintained the same attitude to a marvelous degree. After he had been clad in white, and the crown of thorns

had been placed upon his head, he stood before the governor in the attitude of one who "as a lamb brought before the shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." It was a pathetic sight to see him as the Roman soldiers bowed mockingly before him and cried 'Bein ti sia, Re de' Giudei!' (Hail, king of the Jews!) And as they smote him on the cheek he received the insult without a flinch. When Pilate led the white-robed man to the front and cried to the gazing multitude, "Ecco il vostro re!" (Behold your king!) it was simply thrilling to note the hopeless passivity of the prisoner, as with hands tied before him and with head drooping he faced the heartless crowd, and I felt my blood running cold as the mob cried out: "Crocifiggilo! crocifiggilo!" (Crucify him! crucify him!) And from every side I heard this cruel shout and observed the indifferent laughing of the multitude. It must have been fearfully similar to the real scene, and I felt a revulsion from the whole thing and almost wished that I had not been present. This passion play is purely a relic of a religious festival. There was no semblance of the religious spirit in this performance.

There was one scene enacted in Pilate's house that was not drawn from the gospel narrative and yet was very impressive. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were represented as having a private interview with Pilate. They made strong appeals for the white-robed prisoner (who, however, was not present during the interview), and it was interesting to note the effect of their arguments on the vacillating judge. Then came Annas and Caiaphas also for a private interview, and by this time the procurator was almost beside himself. Finally he sat down to sign the death warrant, but before he could do so a little page boy brought a letter and handed it to him. He broke the seal and read the message from his wife: "Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream this day because of him." It was pitiful to watch the miserable representative of Roman justice with the conflicting thoughts passing through his mind—a very fine piece of acting. It takes an Italian to throw life into a drama. But Pilate must arrive at some decision, and he has already practically told the people that they shall have their own way. So, in a very dramatic manner, he calls for water and

washes his hands before the multitude, sitting down once more to sign the terrible document. It was interesting to see the wily old priests watching the irate, irresolute judge. Occasionally they smiled knowingly at each other and every now and again Pilate would address them angrily, and they in a most courteous and respectful way would give a response. At last, after several minutes of splendid theatricals, he signed his name and then threw the detested parchment to the ground. The high priest stooped to pick it up, and putting it into the capacious pocket of his loose flowing robe, with a wicked leer at the crowd which told of victory, he passed out. Then came a change, which contradicted the traditions of Pilate's career as to his having reached Switzerland and having committed suicide off Mount Pilatus. Right there and then the remorse of Pilate over his fearful act was seen by the crowd, ending with the Roman drawing his own dagger and with it taking his own life. The scene of the sorrow of Peter followed—a cruel exhibition of a broken heart, which showed very poor taste. This in turn was followed by the remorse of Judas, who, flinging the thirty pieces of silver at the feet of the priests, rushed from their presence and, prostrating himself to the ground, cried with an exceedingly bitter cry. Then came the suicide, followed by another scene which was almost serio-comic and evoked a great deal of laughter. A figure dressed in red, representing, of course, the ruler of the abode of the lost, rushed upon the scene and bore off in triumph the body of the arch betrayer.

This ended the scene on the improvised stage, and at this point—it being about one o'clock—a rest was taken for refreshments. It was interesting right here to see the attitude of the people. They seemed to be perfectly indifferent to their surroundings and had evidently come to have a good time. It was more of a holiday than a holy day. I have no means of knowing what spirit prompted them to reproduce the historic play. There was no doubt a great absence of any devotional spirit, though I like to think that there were a few at least to whom the play had a definite religious meaning in the higher interpretation of the word; but the impression made upon my mind was that the play was enacted because of a traditional interest from time immemorial in

the tragedy, in the same sense that Uncle Tom's Cabin is still listened to by thousands though the issue which it emphasized has been a dead one for over thirty-five years. So it seemed, in far-off Sicily, that the "Martyrdom of Christ" had historic value only.

The dinner over, then came the procession from the judgment hall to Calvary. This was a scene which will live with me as long as I live. The central figure fainted three times under the burden of the cross, and Simon the Cyrenian, coming down from the hill with a bunch of hyssop on his head, was pressed, much against his will, into the service of helping to bear the load. The sorrow of the women on the way to Calvary seemed more real than any other part of the play. It appeared to impress them as real and their cries and groans could be heard above the din of the multitude. The procession stopped two or three times to give my friend an opportunity to photograph the scene, but by this time it had become so real to me that it seemed like sacrilege, and he got so excited that the pictures did not prove a great success.

The road to Calvary was nearly half a mile long, and we succeeded in getting a good position right in front of the cross. The people had crowded around the hill and a bridge just behind us was literally one mass of living beings. All day long the clouds had been gathering and it became a question whether we should escape the threatening rain. Now occurred the most thrilling event of the day. When the figure had been fastened to the cross, and the cross had been placed in position, a bomb was exploded to imitate the earthquake and tumult of the real tragedy. It startled everybody, and all were in the act of running away, when lo! the gathering clouds broke, urged on by the explosion of the bomb, and the rain poured in torrents upon the already much frightened crowd. It was a sight never to be forgotten and fearfully realistic of the event of which this was only a poor copy. The people scattered like chaff before the wind, and in five minutes the holiday-attired sight-seers were all gone into shelter and the play was ended. There were very few who seemed religiously impressed. I think that my two friends and I felt the religious effect of the play more than the others for the simple reason that it was a new thing to us and because we had made that scene on Calvary a real

spiritual fact in our lives. That tragedy on Golgotha had for us more reality than ever; the Christ on the cross for the first century was the Christ on the cross for the twentieth century. Not alone on Calvary did Christ suffer and die, but today in every one of his true followers his life is being lived, his cross is being borne, his agony being endured, his suffering being repeated, and I instinctively thought of the words of Paul: "Till Christ be formed in you" (Gal. 4. 19). After the rain had ceased I made inquiries in reference to this passion play and found that it had been the custom for years to reproduce it in one or another of the adjoining villages. The priests opposed the performance, for reasons best known to themselves, but I saw two or three priests present. There is no doubt that the play has been given there for hundreds of years, and the thoughtless remarks that I heard made by those present indicated very clearly that it was looked upon as a play and nothing more. I had a conversation with some of the performers and found them to be very intelligent young men. In the evening I preached at Roccalumera, in the home of a Sicilian who had been in New Orleans at the time of the Civil War and who showed me his enlistment papers of the Confederate army. A large company gathered to hear the gospel from one who spoke with a foreign accent, like Paul of yore. "Joseph of Arimathæa" and "Nicodemus" were in the audience and listened most attentively to the message of the gospel. Indeed, more than once I saw tears in their eyes as I lifted up Christ. There is a settled socialistic sentiment in the community, and this sentiment is always decidedly anticlerical. The citizens have little use for Churchianity, but they have great respect for Christianity; they sneer at the priests, but they honor Christ.

After all, the mystery play may fail to reach the hearts of the people but the gospel of Jesus Christ can win its way to all hearts. This was the impression produced on my mind as I viewed the presentation of the Passion Play in Sicily.

Fredrick H. Wright

ART. VI.—PHILOSOPHY THE UNDERGIRDING OF
RELIGION

A DELEGATE to our recent Missionary Convention startled me one morning after prayers by asking how I, a teacher of philosophy, could believe in the Bible. The question reveals an attitude toward philosophy that is not, I fear, uncommon among religious people. It is a suggestive fact that my questioner was the daughter of a successful preacher and was educated in an institution that especially emphasizes the religious life. Yet perhaps his attitude is not so strange. Apparently there is much in the spirit and method of philosophy to disturb one whose interests center in religion and religious dynamics. Philosophy insists on testing all our beliefs and taking nothing on faith except the ultimate presuppositions of knowledge. Everything must submit to the cold scrutiny of reason, and only that is sacred which can give a satisfactory account of itself. Such a procedure is naturally distasteful to the glowing religious consciousness. Religion is primarily an emotion. It manifests itself in a sense of God's nearness and loving guidance, and in the spirit of worship and service. Religion cannot hope for anything from philosophy in the way of emotional uplift; on the contrary, as soon as the searching criticism of philosophy is turned upon religion all the rich emotion seems to shrivel away. God seems to move off to the far end of a chain of syllogisms, out of reach of the human heart hungry for communion.

In view of this apparent opposition, it will be my main purpose, in what I have to say, to point out how philosophy rightly understood is a powerful and much-needed support of religion. It cannot, of course, take the place of religion—though some have thought that it could and have thereby made shipwreck of faith—but it is a helpful undergirding when the tempestuous winds of skepticism and error arise. We can see this in a general way by considering how vital is the connection between dogma and religion. Much is said in certain quarters nowadays about the pernicious effect of dogma. The demand is for a creedless religion.

Instead of formulas, give us life!—so runs the protest; instead of definitions of God we want an experience of his presence. Why haggle about distinctions and speculations when our call is not to question but to enter into service? Creeds but divide the church and weaken it. There is some truth in this contention. When regarded as anything more than a practical basis of coöperation a church creed may become a serious embarrassment. It is then, however, not the creed that is at fault but the effort to reach strict uniformity in its interpretation and enforcement. Strict uniformity is psychologically impossible, whether in creeds or in anything else. As our experience worlds differ, at least in detail, our interpretations necessarily differ; and, however careful the formulators of the symbols may have been to avoid ambiguity, no two believers will understand the words in quite the same way. But those who inveigh against creeds appear to have more than this in mind. They argue against a reflective criticism of our beliefs and such a statement of them as would constitute a creed. It is not hard to see, however, that this position is false. If we take our religion at all seriously, we cannot help thinking about it, just as we think about our other experiences. Life presents to us the problem of finding out what our various experiences mean. Our first crude notions must be revised to meet the requirements of growing insight, and the work of revision does not cease till life is done. Religious experience can be no exception. Indeed, as nothing is more vital to us than religion, or more far-reaching in its effects, there is the greater need of thoroughness in making the intellectual adjustments. Moreover, an experience is religious only as it includes a recognition of its source as divine. Since no experience, considered merely as an emotion, gives any account of its origin, the faith in God which makes an experience distinctively religious is, strictly speaking, an inference, and as such amenable to proof or disproof. What is to assure us that the inference is correct? For multitudes of people this is a disturbing question, especially in view of repeated attempts—some apparently successful—to formulate a naturalistic explanation of religious phenomena. To try to meet the issue by emphasizing the evidential value of unmediated religious experience—experience pure and

simple—is a mistake. It seems a last resort, an effort to make a final stand after all the strategic points have been surrendered. I would not utter a word derogatory to religious experience as the basis of religious belief, but I must protest against the attempt to make it explain itself and do service for a theology. The serious aspect of such an attempt is the ease with which the enemies of the faith can frustrate it. When we would prove the divine origin of our experience we must enter upon a laborious critical study the end of which is something very like a philosophy. This leads me to touch upon what seems to me an important truth, namely, that we must go to philosophy rather than to science for the weapons of defense when our fundamental beliefs are assailed. There is much mistaken anxiety among religious people concerning the results of scientific research. On the one hand, science is often belabored as agnostic or antireligious; on the other hand, a scientist who can propose a working adjustment between scientific theories and a somewhat emasculated conception of religion is hailed as a deliverer. The sciences, however, in their proper character, have little, if anything, to do with religion or the conceptions on which the religious life is built. They are occupied with the task of tracing the uniformities among nature's processes. In contrast, the distinctive function of philosophy is to investigate the efficient causes of these processes. Science culminates in laws and formulas, philosophy in insight into the nature of that which determines the laws and exemplifies the formulas. Religious questions are irrelevant for science, unless, indeed, religious phenomena themselves are made the subject of scientific study, and even then the range of investigation is limited. If the scientist goes on to argue that the religious experience can or cannot have a supernatural origin, he crosses over into the territory of philosophy, and there he generally proves himself a stranger. The fact is, the scientist by his very training is in some measure handicapped for philosophical study. This is strikingly illustrated by the philosophically grotesque deliverances of the eminent naturalist, Ernst Haeckel. He has for so many years confined his attention to physical objects, such as he can weigh and measure, that the power to deal with the intangible, unpicturable conceptions of

philosophy has become largely atrophied. Rarely do we find in the history of thought a man that is eminent both as a natural scientist and as a philosopher. Now, when the distinctive fields of science and philosophy are sharply differentiated by the religious worker, he will in nowise be disturbed by the discoveries or theories that the scientist, as scientist, may bring out; and, while he still goes to science for illustrative material showing how God works in the world, he will see that religious difficulties of an intellectual sort are in every case philosophical and only philosophy can resolve them.

By way of specification it will be in place to consider briefly some of the assumptions that underlie religious faith. Christians will agree that the first of these is the personality of God. But how are we to know that God is a person? The processes of nature seem unheeding in their ceaseless change, and suggest, not a God considerate of his children, but a mechanical force that works by law. Many an earnest thinker has stumbled at this point, and been unable to go further, because the evidence was to him ambiguous and did not necessitate the theistic view. We cannot blame science for not furnishing the needed demonstration, for that is not its business. Nor can we blame science for seeming to be antitheistic; it is unalterably committed to the task of finding explanation of nature's processes without appeal to design. Scientific explanation must, in the nature of the case, be mechanical. Huxley but expressed the typical attitude of the scientific mind when he declared that the progress of science means the "gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity." Where, then, can one who feels the force of these difficulties find help? Again I say, in philosophy. Here the evidence for the personality of the infinite, while it is indirect, is yet so strong in its cumulative force as to amount to a practical demonstration. Whatever the question we take up in philosophy, we come sooner or later to a point where we must either accept the theistic explanation or confess that there is none. The philosopher is not insensible to the unfathomable mystery in such a conception, but he can show how this mystery explains all others, while no other ultimate conception explains anything. But, someone will

say, philosophy has not always been theistic. True. Hence we must make a distinction between individual attempts at system building—often on the basis of an inadequate principle—and philosophy as a slowly accumulating body of doctrine in which the combined insights of all the ages are incorporated. We at present stand upon vantage ground where those systems that fail to reach the theistic view are seen to be defective. They are simply so many halting places in the movement of thought toward its ultimate goal.

Moreover, it is a significant fact that, in every age when a materialistic or agnostic philosophy has prevailed, religion has had comparatively little power over the leaders of thought. Nothing suffers so much from a superficial and antitheistic philosophy as religion—unless it be morals. History offers many illustrations of this truth. One of the most striking is the lamentable condition of morals and religion in England and on the Continent during the eighteenth century—the self-styled Age of Enlightenment. Hume's agnosticism had had time to work itself out into life, and the result was a carnival of license and unbelief. France suffered most, and there a crude form of materialism held the field. Germany, the land of thinkers, was perhaps least affected. The reason may be found, in part at least, in the fact that the idealism of Leibnitz continued well into the century to dominate the thinking of his countrymen, and in the further fact that long before the century's close the transforming influence of Kant's philosophy began to be felt. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, a repetition of these conditions was threatened. Hegelianism as a system had been cast aside, and scientific evolution had proved its marvelous suggestiveness. Certain able writers began to advocate a materialism in many respects as crude and superficial as that which had gained currency a century before. But they were met by those who had learned a profounder philosophy. The emptiness of all forms of materialism was thoroughly exposed. Yet the baneful effects of that temporary recrudescence of materialism are still felt and doubtless will be for a long time to come.

The second fundamental presupposition of the religious life is the reality of the human spirit. The most subtle attacks upon

this doctrine have repeatedly been made by the empirical psychologists. They think they have succeeded in resolving the soul into a succession of mental states. One of them, who voices the conviction of many, declares that the hypothesis of a soul is of no more value to the psychologist than is the hypothesis of a fluid to an electrician. Many psychologists go even further than this. Professor Münsterberg—who, by the way, belongs to that rare class of scientists who are also philosophers—declares that the real facts of the mental life, as revealed in consciousness, must be put aside by the scientific psychologist, and in their place a symbolic construction set up that is throughout mechanical. From the scientific point of view he can make nothing of personality and freedom, though he recognizes that both are implied in the very possibility of psychology. I am not here to criticize this dictum. The scientist knows his business. But evidently, if he finds that he can get on without the hypothesis of a soul, or that he can resolve the soul into a series of mental happenings, his influence will count decidedly against belief in the reality of the soul as distinct from the physical processes. What then? If science analyzes and legislates the soul and spontaneity out of existence, shall we denounce science and take refuge in our ineradicable convictions and live by faith? Convictions are good in their place, but few of them can withstand the undermining of a scientific analysis. It is fortunate, therefore, that the larger and more thoroughgoing treatment undertaken by philosophy not only establishes the threatened convictions regarding the reality of the soul and of freedom, but makes this reality the all-explaining principle. Philosophy shows with entire conclusiveness, it seems to me, that all knowledge, of whatever sort, presupposes personality and freedom. A scientific psychologist such as G. Stanley Hall may therefore well look askance at philosophy, and declare that psychology has suffered more from epistemology than from any other source.

I am tempted to dwell a little longer on this general attitude of philosophy toward the doctrine of the soul. It is evident that philosophy occupies the opposite point of view from that of science. The latter studies the external world in complete indifference to the mental activity involved; even when it would concern itself

with the mental life it strives to transform that life into something analogous to the world without. Philosophy, on the other hand, takes its position at the center and source of knowledge—the knowing subject. It asks the back-lying questions, How do we come to know? What is implied in the assumption that we can know? and, What conception must we form of nature in view of the fact that reality as known is a mental construct? In occupying this central position philosophy not only acknowledges the existence of the soul but is constrained to recognize the soul's right to satisfy all its fundamental needs—a face of prime importance to us in considering the relation of philosophy to religion. The soul, in its masterful way, assumes that we can know the world in which we live, and in the interest of knowledge keeps working over its conceptions of things till it is satisfied with the result. This is because as cognitive beings we need knowledge. The case is the same as regards the moral life. The soul that knows itself can never deny the reality of the moral law nor of a supreme lawgiver, for only such an assumption can meet the needs of its moral nature.

A third presupposition of religion is that man is accountable to God both for his deeds and for his purposes. This accountability follows from the very conception of God as the author of all, and of man as a free intelligence capable of realizing purposes and developing a character thereby. Philosophy enforces this conclusion with great emphasis and cogency. As is well known, philosophy is so much in sympathy with the basal doctrine of divine immanence, that it is often in danger of forgetting the correlative doctrine and lapsing into pantheism. In showing that nothing can intervene between man and God philosophy brings the two face to face. It yields the insight that nature, with its myriad forces and its system of laws, is but the expression of God's unmediated activity upon the soul of man, and has no other existence. When man comes into contact with nature, for good or ill, he is touching divine power and purpose. Hence, from the philosophical point of view, man renders account to God moment by moment through life; the record is written in his physical being and in his character.

This suggests a further reflection. Evidently the three pre-

suppositions already noted are fundamental, and all others are in a sense derivative; yet the doctrine of a future life is so closely bound up with our religious consciousness that it seems of primal significance. Has philosophy anything that will help us here? Can it speak an encouraging word? I believe the result of a study of philosophy is very greatly to strengthen our hold upon this doctrine. To begin with, philosophy brings the conception of the existence of the self out of the hazy indefiniteness and uncertainty of ordinary thought and establishes the truth of the conception beyond a peradventure. This continuous emphasis upon personality as the ultimate fact in all experience tends to fix on the soul an absolute value; that is, tends to show that the soul has value as an end in itself and not merely as a means. Further, philosophy, in making clear this conception of the soul as of unconditional value, shows that the soul's perfection is the only worthy final purpose for the universe as a whole. Thus it establishes an inherent probability that the soul survives the body and lives on through all the future. This probability is reinforced by the idealistic conclusion that the world of matter is only phenomenal, the vesture of the soul. But that the good actually do live in ever-growing enjoyment of what God has in store for them, and evil-minded also live the unending life of degradation and suffering, philosophy of course cannot prove. Its last word on the subject is, whatever God wills will be.

And now, to bring our subject more closely home, what has the study of philosophy for the preacher? Two points only I will mention. In the first place, it helps to keep the well-springs of originality open. The man learns to do his own thinking and dares to draw his own conclusions. Not that the minister should carry the methods of his study into the pulpit, and there display his critical acumen, but his sermon, as a finished product, should bear abundant evidence that it is a message which he has worked out for himself. Preachers are sometimes a little too fearful of seeming to be argumentative and heavily intellectual. But I suspect that nowadays there is more danger in the other direction. We are all prone to fall into easy-going intellectual ways. I need not dwell on the corroding effect of such laxity; it is only too

familiar—the waning interest in the deeper questionings that disturb men's minds, the willingness to lean heavily on authority, to appropriate homiletical helps, to trust in a picturesque vocabulary, elaborate illustrations, and great show of proof in demonstrating what no one questions. "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed." The study of philosophy ought to make strongly against such preaching, for it keeps the mind close to the undercurrents of life: it is ever flashing on the mind new and inspiring insights. Thus it helps to make the minister a quickening spirit. His words are with power, and what does the preacher in his dealings with men crave more?—power to lift men out of their groveling selfishness and low-vaulted conceptions of the truth. In the second place, philosophy can be of service to the preacher in enabling him the better to deal with doubts and questionings. It is a well-known fact that, given the requisite endowments and zeal, a preacher can attain to a considerable measure of success though he mix not a little superstition and error with his teaching; but if the time ever comes when he is made to see the difficulties that beset any of his peculiar beliefs, he faces a crisis for which he is poorly prepared. He must spend many a day and night in agonizing thought if he would win for himself intellectual peace and that assurance without which his words are vain. It is when the obstinate questionings will not down, and the man is all adrift, that philosophy can do its greatest work for him. But may not a preacher escape these questionings? May he not get such a grip on the truths taught in the Bible as to have no occasion to doubt or hesitate? I do not see how he can if he seriously undertakes to keep in touch with modern life. Of necessity he must live in the atmosphere of questioning—or take to the cloister. But the preacher must not only himself be established in the faith; he must be ready to help another who may be groping in the midst of doubts and uncertainties. With scientific study unsettling the faith of many young people, with charges of heresy calling for adjudication, with Christian Science and the "New Thought" infecting almost every community, it seems impossible for one who essays to be a leader of men in things of the spirit to escape the necessity of thinking his way through the vital issues of philosophy.

In closing I should like to give a single illustration. A certain friend of mine in the theological school found no time for the study of philosophy. He was popular and in demand, so that it became difficult for him to avoid a multiplicity of engagements both social and ministerial. When urged to improve his exceptional opportunities for philosophical study he treated the matter lightly. He was too busy. After graduation, when he went out into the work, success still attended him. His winsome personality and manifold accomplishments attracted a large and devoted following. And he was genuinely helpful. The spirit of Christ shone in his ministrations. Among those who especially enjoyed him was a young scientific student, who in time became a regular attendant upon the church services. As his interest grew he felt a desire to have a talk with the preacher on some of the doubts that were troubling him. Accordingly he called, and in the course of the conversation he introduced the subject of his intellectual difficulties with the Christian faith—difficulties growing out of his reading in Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, and their like. The pastor exhorted him, pointed him to his Bible, urged him to be more faithful in his religious duties, but proved quite unequal to the task of meeting those difficulties on the intellectual plane where alone they could be effectually overcome. The young man went away disappointed. Not only had his pastor failed in the hour of testing, but the Christian religion had been made to appear something divorced from reason and the intellectual ideals of the soul. The minister himself then began to get glimpses of the yawning depths of doubt. His beliefs seemed in peril, and not knowing how to defend them he did not dare to face the issue squarely.

From such a pitiable situation, philosophy could have rescued him. It would have enabled him correctly to diagnose the young man's case and then to lead him step by step out into the light and peace of a well-grounded faith. One such triumph is worth all that the mastery of philosophy may cost.

Geo. A. Wilson

ART. VII.—CONVENT LIFE IN OLD MANILA

THERE are not many places in the world where the twentieth century is separated from the sixteenth by a single wall of mud and mortar. The convents of Manila furnish such a spot, and the visitor with a little historical imagination may step into the life of the mediæval monastery with all the sights and sounds of the age of Calvin and Knox. Within the Walled City the five larger convents of the Jesuit, Recoletos, Franciscan, Dominican, and Augustinian orders occupy several acres of ground, and their exteriors present a bare and uninteresting aspect that gives little hint of the treasures to be found within. Many Americans pass these buildings daily with no thought of their value to the antiquarian. There is no more valuable introduction to the study of the monasticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than a visit to these institutions, exhibiting today the life of the age of the renaissance. The convents of Manila represent the architecture of three hundred years ago; they contain the books, the paintings, the bells, the furniture, and retain the mode of dress and the habits of life of an age that was in full vigor when Columbus discovered America, and that has elsewhere given place to modern habits of life and thought. To drop back into the past and find it living, and maintaining its daily progression of duties prescribed five hundred years ago, is an experience not to be neglected, and is worth coming some distance to find. The first impression of a visit to one of these monasteries is of surprise and pleasure at the beauty and comfort of the inner cloisters and courts as contrasted with the somber exteriors. The monastic life is turned inward, and the houses were built to shut out the world. The rumble of traffic and the strife of the street never penetrate these shaded paths by the quiet fountains, and if houses made with hands could be so built as to shelter their pilgrims with peace, these eight-foot walls should serve their purpose well. A little monastery life would be an excellent antidote for some of the ills peculiar to the twentieth century. No feverish unrest finds lodgment there. No nervous prostration is written on the faces

of those robed and gowned padres who complacently look out from the upper *ventanas* at sunset. Here the untroubled and incipient saints could meditate on holy things and plan political coups by which to accumulate property to sell to rich Uncle Sam. Some shrewd doctor will some time recommend convent life as a new form of rest-cure; and then we will spend our vacations going about with bare feet and white robes, which is perhaps as near to an angelic appearance as most of us may hope to come. If, however, we could lengthen our belts to match those of the padres we might be in part compensated.

The visitor is always met at the entrance by the doorkeeper of the order, who in some cases is a lay brother though he looks like a "religious." In fact they all look alike. The individual is hard to separate from the order. He wears the face of a graven image and seems as imperturbable as the Rocky Mountains, but he is a very peaceful and placid sort of man, is well fed and good natured, and gives the visitor an impression of having finished his religion early in the day. There are always men who will go to no end of personal trouble to show the visitor the things that he wants to see—provided, of course, that they are on the list of the things that are to be shown. For there's the rub! The paintings, the cloisters, the bells, the books, the carvings, the organs, and the altars are all full of interest and beauty, and are to be seen for the asking, but back of these things that are seen are the unseen things of the inner life and spirit of the church and the order, and this the casual visitor cannot see; never will they be shown. The inner courts and cloisters are much alike. Some are wider and some are higher and some are cleaner, but all have the Roman arch, all show the fine perspective of retreating colonnades, and all are hung with old paintings of saints and martyrs. The paintings are a various lot. The oldest of them are almost completely obliterated by the scars of time, tropical heat and moisture being very destructive of pigment and canvas. Colors are faded to an indistinguishable brown, and, as for dates, there are none. No brother knows how old they may be, and none ever thought to inquire. Sufficient unto the day is the statement that they represent the great souls that have served the order. Some of the

subjects are not good to look upon just before bedtime, though that would probably make little difference to a nerveless monk with his two hundred and forty pounds of avoirdupois. Before these halls are turned into rest-cures some of these paintings will have to be turned to the wall. The sight of twenty martyrs crucified in a row is not soothing; the spectacle of a man impaled upon a stake, or of a bishop with his head half cut off smiling down upon the streaming blood, is bad for the nerves.

The Augustinian convent is the most extensive and complete of any in the Philippines. Behind a bare exterior stands a group of magnificent buildings containing quarters for hundreds of monks. The inner courts are beautiful with verdure, and so far from the street that the perfect quiet is unbroken by any hint of strife from the world without. The cloisters are broad and roomy and a sense of great comfort pervades the buildings. The refectory is a splendid old hall, with seats for a hundred and fifty at the tables, and with its raised dais and lifesize crucifix takes the visitor back to the days of yore with the sudden completeness that makes such an experience so refreshing. The architecture of the pile is in striking resemblance to the Spanish Escorial, and the careless visitor may become lost in the maze of courts and cloisters. The old building is connected with the fine new structure across the street by a covered passageway over the thoroughfare, and one may wander all over two city blocks without leaving the building. The library is the finest in the islands and contains a range of five centuries and twenty languages. It is open to visitors on special occasions only, and there is little evidence that any practical use is made of its treasures by the inhabitants of the convent. The recreation hall in the third story, overlooking the bay, is two hundred and twenty feet long and is a treasure for the relic hunter. The old padres were no believers in "all work and no play" for Jack or his father confessor, and every convent contains its rest hall. The scene in one of these halls with its massive beams, and its aged inmates puzzling their shaggy brows over a game of chess, would furnish a subject for a Rubens, or a Titian.

To the booklover the libraries are veritable treasure houses that put a severe strain on the tenth commandment, if not on the

sixth. Musty volumes that left the press three hundred and fifty years ago stand beside modern books that are worthless. Paper so fine and strong that it may last for a thousand years, and press work old and beautiful after its kind, are bound in the indestructible *pergamino* (rawhide) that neither moth nor rust has been able yet to destroy. The materials and workmanship of these old books quite put to shame the modern cheap productions. Some of the work is done in two colors, and shows a painstaking care that has been rewarded by results that have stood for three and a half centuries. What would a bibliomaniac do in these libraries if for an hour there were no guardian? What would we not pay for one of these priceless volumes? If only—but what's the use? If they were for sale, they would not be here; and if they were not here, they would be very high priced; and if they were high priced, they would be made to order at whatever the traffic would bear. If we are to have the genuine thing, we will have to pay the price of finding it at original sources, and look with guarded eyes upon relics, any one of which would be the prized treasure of an American library. The range of languages is not wide. The Augustinian collection includes Hebrew, Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, English, Chinese, Japanese, and all of the leading Malay and Philippine dialects. The subjects are much the same in all the libraries. The works of the fathers are well represented, the bulls of the Popes are kept, with a general list that runs through the history and theology of the church as well as the sciences of the old age. It is a little surprising that there are not more works purely Philippine; but the friars were no exception to the rule that no time seems great while passing, and there is plenty of data for research if sufficient time is spent in the finding it. It is evident that the collections are kept exclusively for the use of the priests and that they are but little used at any time. It is not strange that the monks have no idea of the antiquarian values of their treasure. Their education has not fitted them to appreciate other than ecclesiastical values, and the whole atmosphere of the place is that of a museum rather than a workshop. Most of the libraries are closed except at certain rare intervals, and the guardian of one of the doorways informed the

visitors that it was impossible for any but the priests to see the books, and that even then they were to be read only under closely-guarded conditions.

The individual quarters of the priests are nearly all single rooms, built in long rows, with all the doors opening into the cloister of the inner court. They are bare of decoration but comfortably furnished, with easy chairs and good beds. There are servants in profusion everywhere, for the priest is not in the habit of doing anything for himself that he can get anyone else to do for him. Every convent has on the second floor a large room with a doorway to the choir of the church. Here in the afternoon the padres congregate to pray, and they pray so audibly that the big sanctuaries echo with the resounding roll of their chanting. The furniture of most of the convents is very plain, and was built rather for strength than for ornament. The libraries are walled with rough shelving, and the tables are usually covered with a dust that shows no signs of recent disturbance. The empty shelves of the Recoletos bear witness to the fact that many books were sent for safe keeping to Spain in the troublous times of the insurrection. Now comes a disappointment to some fair reader, but the truth must be told: all of these interesting things are inaccessible to half of the visitors, for no woman is ever allowed beyond the doorway of any convent. She may enter the church—with covered head—but thus far and no further. She will have to be content with hearing the men describe what they have seen and heard. It is a pity that it is so, but so it is.

The convents and their contents are fascinating, and the padres are both interesting and picturesque, but after much time spent in seeing things the visitor at last leaves with a feeling that he has seen only the outer shell of something that he can never fathom from without nor understand by sightseeing methods. The mills of the great church grind slowly, but they grind some strange grists—which is no concern of this paper.

George A. Miller.

ART. VIII.—CHURCH UNITY

EVERY year the religious statistics are forthcoming. Then we are duly admonished that there are one hundred and fifty and more religious sects and denominations in our country. Many excellent persons believe this to be a deplorable fact, an evidence of the great weakness of Christianity, and they make it the theme for a frequent lament. "Surely this was not the purpose of the divine Founder," they say. "When Saint Paul called the church the bride of Christ it was not a harem he had in mind." Deplorable or not, we know that this fact of the apparently divided condition of Christ's cause in the world is made the occasion of much criticism from those who stand outside the churches. With many church unity is a favorite subject of discussion. New interest in it has been awakened of late by the broad fraternal spirit recently manifested in the governing bodies of Wesleyan and Canadian Methodism and by the Disciples of Christ. And perhaps the most noteworthy event of recent years bearing on church unity was the great Church Federation Conference of a year ago in New York city, where thirty of the largest Christian bodies got together by delegations and discussed, not how they could fuse their separate organizations into one body, but how they could better cultivate a unity in sympathy and in Christian service; a unity in effort for realizing more perfectly the great purposes of Christ's kingdom here and now. Now, in discussing the apparently divided condition of Christianity and the prospects for church unity we shall find much aid and comfort in clear and worthy conceptions of "church" and "unity." These words by any means have not one fixed and constant meaning. The word "church" has two meanings in the New Testament, the latter implying far more of ecclesiastical organization and polity than the earlier, and in modern speech at least three or four meanings are distinguished. Church unity discussion in which the use of the word "church" is shifted from one meaning to another is a great source of confusion, and is one of the unfruitful works of darkness with which much newspaper and magazine discussion of religious subjects abounds.

The truth is that the best of us are often victimized by the terms we employ. We fall a prey to what an old writer has called "the exceeding imposture and deceit of words." Language is relative, and we need constantly to beware of the confusion in which its imperfect nature is apt to involve us. The value of words is not like the value of coins, fixed by law and always the same. We often need to "focus" the terms of a discussion, especially in the realm of morals and religion, and appeals to the dictionary do not suffice. Etymologies are not always the pathway to truth. Theology, for instance, has suffered grievous things at the hands of the wooden literalists and the orthodox sticklers for the *ipsissima verba*. These people think in perpetual bondage to mere words and figures of speech, and usually miss the truth of which the human word and rhetorical figure are the imperfect vehicle. Their method has a marvelous show of rigor but has produced no end of confusion, dogmatism, and pugnacity. No; etymology settles few things, and fruitful exegesis needs more of an equipment than a grammar and a dictionary. Some words are altogether too great for the dictionary; if we would find an adequate definition, we must turn to the book of human life. If, then, we attempt to discuss church unity it will be quite in order to ask just what we mean by the church and in what the unity is to consist.

A recent writer in a church paper spoke of "the church founded by our blessed Lord and existing, an unbroken organism, from the days of the holy apostles until now." A moment's reflection convinces us that this is not full of meaning. We recall the long list of Christian communions each claiming to be just as truly the church as the others. We can find no valid cause, from reason or history, why we should acknowledge the claims of only one (or two) of these to be the "unbroken organism." Conscious of imperfection in these variously named churches, and having heard perhaps the ecclesiastical machinery creak with friction, we crave a higher ideal and possibly take refuge in the notion of the true and perfected Church of Christ on earth, an unblemished organism existing back of the visible organizations. But alas for this notion, so fondly cherished by many Protestant churchmen of all denominations, that there is really nothing on earth to correspond to it.

An ideal may, indeed, exist apart from mere physical or material embodiment, but the ideal church must be an affair having to do with men, not glorified spirits. For however we may seek to idealize the church, we must not forget that it is really an institution in human society existing for men and made up of men. It is the church militant, the church here and now, that we mean when we begin to talk about church unity. What, then, shall we understand by the "church"? Verbal definitions are apt to be pitfalls. We had better not define the church. But we can turn to the New Testament, and especially to Jesus's teaching, to find out what conception he had of the church he said he would build. The burden of Jesus's message was the kingdom of God. For the elucidation of this great spiritual ideal nearly all his parables were uttered. Not until late in his ministry, however, did Jesus speak of a separate communion of his followers. But one day he did speak of his "church": . . . "I will build my church; and the kingdom of Satan shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16. 18). What word did Jesus use? He probably was not speaking Greek, and so the word *ἐκκλησία*, used by the gospel historian, was not the actual word that fell from his lips. Jesus was doubtless speaking his native Aramaic and used a word which was equivalent in meaning to the Greek *ἐκκλησία* or the Hebrew *Kahal*. Both of these mean "a company of people who have been called out." According to Matthew, Jesus used this expression in his counsels concerning the settling of disputes among believers (Matt. 18. 17). In these two cases only is Jesus reported as speaking of any separate company of his followers. But that such separate bodies were intended, and that organization was foreseen by Jesus, is clear from Matt. 16. 18, and he ordained the Eucharistic Supper as the distinctive sign and bond of his followers' fellowship. But beyond the establishment of this simple rite Jesus made no provision whatever for the organization, doctrine, or polity of his church. In the teaching of Jesus, therefore, "church" means the number of those who have been called out from the world into spiritual fellowship with himself. But we know how this simple calling together in one body of the followers of Jesus developed into clearly defined religious organizations within a generation

after his resurrection. These churches, the result of the missionary activities of the apostles, especially Paul, became the organized embodiment of the great spiritual world-movement founded by Christ. And this is what the church is as we know it today—the organized embodiment in human society of the great spiritual world-movement which Christ founded and which he called the kingdom of God. Wherever are gathered together in human organization those who have entered this kingdom through the experience of faith in Christ there is a part of that church which he said he would found. Thus it will be seen that, as an institution in human life, the church is organic to the divine life of its Founder. But, like all organisms, its nature is not exhausted by what it appears to be at any particular point in its history. Its real nature is to be found in the end or purpose for which it exists. And the great purpose of the church is to nurture the divine life in men. It is most truly in accord with the aims of the divine Founder when it best fulfills this purpose of its existence. If we look at the church in this broader way, as an institution in human society existing in and for a great divine purpose in the world, we begin to be able to lift our conception of it above differences in outward form. The true Church of Christ is not, as we sometimes hear, the kingdom of God on earth, but rather a divinely ordained institution in human life for realizing the kingdom of God on earth. The church is indeed a divine institution, but we must look for its divinity, not in its history, nor in the complex organization it has developed, but rather in the great divine end for which it was founded. Thus the church is instrumental to the purpose of its Founder. It is a means to an end—the greatest end for which any human means could be employed. This view of the church is very different from that of the churchman to whom the church is an end in itself as well as a means to an end. And so the churchman tries to find the divinity of the church in its outward features: history, traditions, liturgies, and polity. Now, this broader conception of the church is really the only one that makes it worth while to talk about church unity. One fails to grasp the true nature of Christ's church when it is supposed that unity must be a unity in the outward, visible forms of the

religious life. One hundred and fifty leaden bullets are not united by dumping them into the same bag. Without going into a metaphysical analysis of what unity may mean, it is difficult to see that the unity desired by the churchman would be anything more than the unity of the bullets in the bag—a unity in name and outward forms. The merging of denominations now separated by unimportant differences or by issues now dead is to be earnestly hoped for. And there are many signs which encourage the belief that the number of separate communions is to be materially reduced. But that the churchman's fond dream of one church organization is soon to be realized no one can hope who understands the history of religious beliefs. So long as men continue to differ in their mental and moral capacities, and in their tastes and training, varieties in creed, forms of worship, and plans of church administration may be looked for. But, after all, is this obliteration of denominational differences, so longed for by many, vitally necessary to the effecting of church unity? Here again the meaning we attach to unity will govern the answer. We have seen that if we would grasp the true nature of Christ's church we must think not in terms of outward economy but of inward life; not of creeds and polities, but of the great divine end for which the church was founded and exists today. With this conception of the church clearly grasped I think we shall be led to see the truth that the only unity which means anything important, and is worth talking about today, is community of spiritual life; a oneness in sympathy, purpose, and aims among Christ's followers; a unity in effort toward that great end to which the church is instrumental. The only conception of unity which will stand critical analysis is not the unity in the realm of the material and impersonal, but unity in the realm of the personal—spiritual unity; not unity in things, but in thoughts and purposes. No sameness in name, no similarity in dogmatic standards, no identity of liturgical forms has significance in the absence of community of purposes and fellowship in service toward the great common end. And with community of purposes and fellowship in service realized, sameness of name, creed, and forms of worship becomes a matter of minor importance. Indeed there are some of us who

believe that, with spiritual unity realized, the oft-deplored divisions are, on the whole, really for the best.

In conclusion let us remind ourselves of some evidences that indicate that we are beginning to realize a genuine spiritual unity among the churches. The old-time dogmatic battles are pretty well over. The smoke of theological controversy is clearing away and out of it is coming clearer insight and larger charity. As an illustration let us take the traditional debate between the Calvinist and the Arminian. We now see it was largely a battle of words and formal logic. A failure to recognize the imperfect and relative nature of language gave rise to two extremes in thought which admitted of no formal reconciliation. But we have learned that the deeper truths are not always capable of logical demonstration. The history of thought seems to indicate that a certain amount of logical bushwhacking is necessary to bring every great truth out from under the domain of formal logic into the larger light of its practical value for life. The truth has emerged concerning divine sovereignty versus human freedom. Nor has it been found by cautious steering between the two contending factions, but by a recognition of the truth on both sides. God is sovereign over free men; a dark saying on the basis of formal logic and mere verbal exegesis, but one found to correspond to the facts of life nevertheless. We must not understand God's sovereignty in any absolute way so as to abrogate human freedom, for freedom is fundamental to the moral life. Nor must we understand freedom as the unrestrained liberty of choice we imagined it to be, for what we know of the influence of heredity and environment shows us that a kind of natural predestination is wrought out in each life. Freedom remains, and God is supreme. The practical outcome of this laying aside of a time-honored debate has been cordiality between the so-called Calvinistic and free-will churches, once hostile or indifferent to each other. Indeed, these distinctions are faded out, and the very names smack of the days now gone by. How freely the members now pass from one communion to another without any thought of Calvinism! During the past few years many men trained in Methodist faith and practice have entered prominent fields of labor in what used to be called Calvinistic

churches; and what has happened in the case of this old debate, once so rife, has happened or is happening in the case of other old theological disputes; and with the fading of many dogmatic differences a new emphasis is coming to be placed, in all Christian communions, upon the few but very precious fundamentals of our faith and a new community of spiritual life is beginning to be realized. The recognition by enlightened Baptists of the validity of other sacraments than their own; the recognition by enlightened Methodists of the need of abandoning hard-and-fast forms for Christian experience and of exalting those agencies which make for Christian nurture; the catching of the evangelistic spirit by not a few workers in the Episcopal communion; and the recognition by all that the "sect of the Good Samaritans" are close followers of the divine Master—these are some of the encouraging signs which indicate a growing unity, in sympathy, purposes, and efforts among all Christ's followers. Far more important than organic unity is this community of spiritual life. And it is being realized. Foreign missions and city evangelization have shown the imperative necessity of Christ's followers working shoulder to shoulder in the great battle against sin and darkness. The new century is to witness the most splendid triumphs for the cross of Christ; and one of these will be the great strengthening of those mystic ties of love and loyalty to the common Lord which bind together in spiritual fellowship all who love and follow him.

Francis L. Strickland

ART. IX.—THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT IN WORDS-WORTH

THE great difficulty in the discussion of this subject is to determine the meaning of the term "romanticism." There have been innumerable definitions offered, and many disputes over the question, but it seems to be as far from settled as ever. One view, that of Heine, also upheld by Professor Beers, has attained considerable prominence: the romantic movement was a return to the Middle Ages for the inspiration and sources of poetry, or "*die Wiedererweckung der Poesie des Mittelalters*." Professor Beers quotes Heine as saying: "All the poetry of the Middle Ages has a certain definite character, through which it differs from the poetry of the Greeks and Romans. In reference to this difference the former is called romantic, the latter classic. These names, however, are misleading, and have hitherto caused the most vexatious confusion." This is a first-class definition for purely scientific investigation, where an exact standard must be laid down and everything measured by that; but it is too narrow for the subject in hand. General considerations are preferable, and we turn to Walter Pater's discussion of this term as quoted by Professor Phelps: "The essential classical element is that quality of order in beauty. . . . It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art. . . . It is the addition of curiosity to the desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper. . . . The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is as the accidental effects of these qualities only that it seeks the middle age." This is not an exact definition of the subject matter of romantic poetry, as was the other, but rather indicates the romantic "mood." Romanticism and classicism are not schools of poetry, but "spirits" present to a greater or less degree in all poetry. We may consider together with this the idea of Dr. F. H. Hedge, as given by Professor Phelps: "The essence of romance is mystery. . . . It is the essence of something hidden, of imperfect revelation. . . . The peculiarity of the classic style

is reserve, self-suppression of the writer. . . . The romantic is self-reflecting. . . . To the Greeks the world was a fact, to us it is a problem. . . . Byron is simply and wholly romantic, with no tincture of classicism in his nature or works." Just one more hint along the same line. Mr. Saintsbury says: "The terms 'classic' and 'romantic' apply to treatment, not to subject, and the difference is that the treatment is classic when the idea is represented as directly and with as exact an adaptation of form as possible, while it is romantic when the idea is left to the reader's faculty of divination assisted only by suggestion and symbol." It is the general idea of the writers last quoted which reaches best the heart of romanticism. The mood of the author, the spirit in which he writes, and hence the manner in which he deals with his subject, these are the tests. Classicism is objective, restrained, complete; romanticism is subjective, free, constantly aspiring, and suggestive. These spirits manifest themselves in an author's choice of subjects, his style, and especially in his method of treatment. It is by studying these that conclusions are reached as to the romantic elements in a poet.

Wordsworth is a tremendous spirit: independent, solitary, forceful, full of inquiry, and of great strength. He is essentially revolutionary in character. He is the first conscious poet of nature for nature's sake, and is the leader of the reaction against the school of Pope and Dryden. This very fact, that he took such a prominent part in the overthrow of the classical school, shows that there is something essentially romantic in his make-up. Yet there exists, as there must in such a sturdy spirit, a classic tendency, something which we do not find in the extreme romanticists of his age; or, to put it the other way, we find in Coleridge and Keats and Shelley, in a marked degree, a trait which is scarcely observable in Wordsworth. That wild, weird cry of Shelley, that extravagant delicate sensuousness of Keats, that varied and strange beauty of Coleridge, Wordsworth does not possess, but he does possess that which stamps him as essentially romantic and makes him the greatest poet of his age: deep, meditative, inquiring spirit; that inner eye which perceived the deeper meaning of all his subjects and was a true interpreter of realms before unknown

to man. The classical element in his poetry, which prevents his going to the extremes of his contemporaries and which aids remarkably that wonderful insight in its search after the truths of life, is self-restraint. "There is a volition and self-government in every line of his poetry, and his best thoughts come from his steady resistance to the ebb and flow of ordinary desires and regrets. He contests the ground inch by inch with all despondent and indolent humors, and often, too, with movements of inconsiderate and wasteful joy." Thus Wordsworth is essentially romantic in possessing a deep, spiritual, inquiring and aspiring temperament rather than the superficial, cold, matter-of-fact, complete sense of the classic, yet one of his chief characteristics is self-control, as opposed to the free wild spirit of the pure romanticist. In this combination of the strongest element of the classic with the spiritual insight of the romantic lies the force which places Wordsworth in the front rank of poets. Tracing these elements of romanticism and classicism in Wordsworth's mind, they express themselves in (1) his treatment, (2) subject-matter, and (3) style; they come into conflict or they support each other; they vary in strength, and they rise or fall in quality—the meditative inquiry sinking into metaphysics and the self-restraint into stubbornness.

First, with regard to the treatment. In the author's method of treating a subject lies the individuality that makes him what he is. The subject-matter and style are largely the result of environment, circumstances, and training, but the treatment portrays the spirit of the man. So it is with Wordsworth. He is always inquiring as deeply as possible into his theme; his treatment is subjective. He is satisfied with no superficial glance at nature or human life. His view is certainly not objective. He considers everything with regard to the spirit within it. Nature is to him not merely a collection of objects, of scenes, of views; but a universal spirit:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth goes to the bottom of whatever he touches. All poets

before him had simply used nature as a background, as Shakespeare or Milton, or described some one scene, as Burns. Wordsworth taxes nature and describes her, and then tries to interpret her; to get behind the visible and to discover the meaning of it all and of what nature is the manifestation. When he turns to tell of his own life it is no mere narrative, but an interpretation of the growth of his spirit. His childhood is full of the deepest meaning. He sees how in every game of sport, in every experience he was absorbing nature, and how, step by step, he became conscious of his love for her. Then came his travels abroad and the effect of the French Revolution upon his spirit, his great hope in that cause, the utter despair resulting from the failure of the movement, in which his heart had been wholly centered, and then his interest in and study of nature, as aroused by his sister, which lifted him from his despondency. We can see here that his mind is absolutely subjective and can note its marvelous penetrating power. In one of his first poems, "Written In Very Early Youth," composed when he was sixteen years of age, we find:

Now, in this blank of things, a harmony
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
That Grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest.

He begins immediately to read the true meaning of a mood of nature and its effect upon his spirit. And so he continues, perhaps not in so many words revealing the inner meaning of his theme, but at least describing it so that it may reveal itself. Even in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," which would most of all be a poem of action, this moral element enters, and the best stanza is:

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His dally teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Is not this attitude toward his theme essentially romantic? It is contrary to the superficial manner of Pope. Can we not say that the man who wrote the "Intimations of Immortality," with all its deep thoughts, its spirituality, its aspiration, its hopes and long-

ings, was a true romanticist? Yet there is a classic element present here. It is that saneness of treatment. He refuses to be carried away by the whirlwind of emotion which his subjectivity arouses in him. He is the exact opposite of Shelley in this particular. That poet can feel the deeper spirit of nature and is borne into a world of unutterable longing and idealism; he makes no move to stop his headlong career. Wordsworth, on the other hand, though he realizes nature as fully as Shelley, yet combats these tendencies and holds himself in check, refusing to be carried away by melancholy, as Shelley, or by ecstatic joy, as Keats. Wordsworth has ballast; the other two lack it. Mr. Hutton, in his essay on "The Genius of Wordsworth," illustrates this point most forcibly. He puts side by side two poems on the same subject, "The Fountain," one by Tennyson, the other by Wordsworth, and brings out the characteristics of Wordsworth's treatment of the subject by comparison. He shows how Tennyson is cast into a mood of reflection on the past by the fountain and remains there through the entire poem; a melancholy strain. Wordsworth is at first thrown into the same emotion, but, recovering himself, he refuses to be thus bound and turns to treat of the matter sanely and naturally. This sane method is also shown in the "Liberty Sonnets." He will not wander along, ranting on some hobby, but looks honestly and openly at the entire field and restrains whatever wild impulses he may have. You feel the power and masterful self-control of the mind behind the sonnets as you do not when Coleridge expresses himself freely and extravagantly. In this self-restraint Wordsworth resembles the classic school. Pope was entirely sane and matter-of-fact. His poetry lacked Wordsworth's insight and subjectivity, but he prided himself upon his absolute refusal to soar, and condemned utterly those who did. Thus we have the two determining factors in Wordsworth's treatment of his theme—subjectivity and self-restraint; the former romantic, the latter classic. These two are constantly present but in varying degree, the one contending against the other. The interpretative sense raising a tumult in his mind, which is ever seeking after expression and gives us those beautiful passages so apt and so often quoted, the restraint holding this tumult in check, now mastering

it and then again being swept aside by some burst of feeling. With age the one stiffened from a conscious intelligent delight in the subjective sense into a strong moralizing element, the other from a light check to a tight rein, an effectual damper. The tendency to philosophize changes often to mere metaphysical speculation, and the self-restraint becomes stubbornness which absolutely refuses to allow the imagination to play; and so we get the immense volume of matter which can scarcely be called poetry. This is the case to a certain extent in the *Prelude*, but chiefly in the *Excursion* and in most of Wordsworth's later poems. Then, again, the former element becomes a sensitive, beautiful perception and imagination, and the later element controls this that it may not go too far, but express itself to the best advantage and with the most power; and it is when this occurs that we get such wonderfully beautiful, strong, ennobling poems as "The Intimations of Immortality," "The Highland Reaper," "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge," etc. When we turn to consider the subjects about which he chose to write, and the subject-matter or material which he chose to use in expounding or presenting those subjects, there is by no means such a chance to catch his romantic or classic element as there was in the case of his treatment of them, yet even here a little investigation discovers at least very prominent tendencies in the two directions. Wordsworth in his choice of subjects also was a revolutionist. He leaves the school of Pope and Dryden, discards wit and satire as rubbish utterly unworthy of him; following in the steps of Burns as far as they lead, he then sets out for himself and, traversing regions which his predecessor had not explored, he finds for himself a new field, before untouched, and cultivates that thoroughly. Chaucer and Spenser, especially, treated of objects in nature—the daffodil, the daisy, etc.—as did innumerable other lyric poets in the centuries before Wordsworth. Even Pope has his nature sketches, but he peoples Windsor forest with fauns and satyrs. But did any of them write of nature the entity, the manifestations of a universal, the teacher of man? Did they devote themselves to that field and consider even the most insignificant objects therein? Wordsworth, however, did not want a new subject merely because it was new. He must have a subject

worthy of the most profound thought. What subject could he have chosen better suited to this purpose than nature, and nature in her relation to man? Pope has his "Essay on Man"; Wordsworth his immortality ode. So intense is his interest in the greatest matters of life that he leaves his particular field and writes on "liberty," and we have the wonderful "Liberty Sonnets."

His was a profoundly inquiring spirit. Yet he does not in any considerable degree write of nature in her wilder moods. The mountains and the sea are conspicuously absent from his poetry. We see but little of the storm. It is the cloud of a summer day, not the heavy, black rain cloud. It would seem that here is another indication of self-restraint. He refrains from nature as expressed in her extravagant moods. He loves simplicity. These factors are shown in his refusal to use supernatural machinery. He scorns as unworthy of thought the superficial gnomes and fairies of Pope, those delicate creatures which come and go in their own way quite naturally; nor will he use the weird, terrible spirits of Coleridge or the wildly pleasing creations of Keats. We can explain Peter Bell in the same way. In this field his love for the simple goes to the extreme; and he chooses Peter Bell and the ass for his characters. He treats them in his subjective way, and not giving sufficient grounds for the emotion appealed to produces a most ludicrous effect.

In choice of subject, then, as in treatment, Wordsworth exhibits certain definite romantic and classical elements. How is it in regard to style? He was a master of language, and made it bend to his will and serve his purpose, and so we should find that his style, meaning thereby his art and style in the broadest significance of those terms, simply follows his treatment, and that practically the same elements are present in both. In the first place Wordsworth utterly discards the stiff, conventional heroic couplet and that stilted, unnatural style known as poetic diction. He framed his own theory of poetic diction and took up the position that poetry must be practically prose in meter. For the heroic couplet Wordsworth substitutes the sonnet—that typically romantic form—the ballad, with whose growth the romantic movement was definitely connected, and blank verse; but most of all a verse

form of his own invention, based on a combination of three or four tetrameters and one trimeter. He will not be bound by the classicists, but with the true romantic spirit leaves their superficial, high-flown figures and style and their restricted heroic couplet for a natural expression and a free, unhampered verse form. He has not ordinary, complete thoughts to express, but profound and intangible ones. One quality which Wordsworth lacks almost completely, which, indeed, most English writers possess only to a very limited extent but which the true classicists among the ancients had to a very considerable degree, is that sense of form, that perception which shows the poet what is truly needed in his work, which makes his poem definite evolutions, perfect pieces, complete wholes; "so that if you cut them, they will bleed." Gray possessed this. His odes, in particular, have a very definite progress. But this quality is not found in Wordsworth. He lacks in general the classic sense of completeness and proportion. Yet his style has always stood for purity. It is free from all faults of grammar and rhetoric, and his theme speaks for itself without the poet interposing. In Keats's poetry you feel his personality and look at nature through his eyes, and it is the same with Shelley. Not so, however, with Wordsworth. He presents the picture as it is, with no allusions or superfluous images. Is not this another indication of this master mind striving to suppress itself that it may express nature real and actual? It is self-restraint. So with his music. This feature of Wordsworth's poetry is abundant and beautiful; he is not bound down as are the classicists. His music is a beautiful harmony, an accompaniment to his song. It does not push itself forward and call the attention of the reader from the song as with Coleridge, particularly in *Christabel*; it may have variations, but no one wild or extravagant appeal, as with Shelley, Keats, Byron, or Scott.

Let us compare the first stanzas of Shelley's and Wordsworth's "Skylark." Shelley's:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

And Wordsworth's:

Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will—
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

The first is joyous, bounding, happy, free; Shelley is up with the lark and delights in and loves the bird. His music expresses this fully. Wordsworth has no less love, but it is of a more meditative cast. It is subjective. Yet it is aspiring, mysterious. Wordsworth holds himself in check; he looks at the bird from the ground, he presents it as it appears from a deeply emotional yet sane standpoint; and his music is calm and even and beautiful. Taking into account these elements of style will greatly assist in accounting for Wordsworth's great defect—baldness or barrenness. With no sense of form to guide him he writes and writes and writes, and with a romanticist's egotism considers it all poetry; and with a check constantly upon his style, and not even classic figures to brighten the way, he naturally falls into the most prosy flatness. But in his best poetry Wordsworth displays sense of form, that saving trait, and this added to a warm imaginative style, made the stronger by purity and charming music, gives us many of those wonderful poems of which the classical "Laodamia" is typical.

We have now seen that Wordsworth, tempered and restrained by classicism, is, nevertheless, essentially romantic in subjectivity, imagination, and spirituality; and we have traced these elements in his treatment, subject-matter, and style. This combination in one man of the noblest qualities of romanticism and classicism produced the greatest poet of his age of poets—William Wordsworth.

Don E. Bridgman.

ART. X.—BIOLOGY AS A SOURCE OF PULPIT ILLUSTRATION

AN open, receptive mind is necessary as never at any previous time in the world, because the men who are working on scholastic problems are better trained and have the best facilities ever afforded, with the result that an enormous number of facts new to science is continually being published, the accumulation of which may mean a different, or even a new, interpretation of the present generalizations. In discussing the manner in which biology serves as a source of pulpit illustration I shall enumerate a few fundamental generalizations with some practical esthetic and ethical phases.

Biology deals with matter in the living state. When a bird or butterfly is killed, it does not lose any weight and the elements which compose the body of the bird or butterfly are always found in nature. If a chemical analysis is made, no new elements are discovered. So we are accustomed to speak of matter in the living state, the study of which is the peculiar province of biology, as contrasted with matter in the nonliving state, the study of which is given over to chemistry and physics. Concerning what constitutes or renders matter living it can be said that, thus far in the observations of men, no one has ever created matter or seen it change from the nonliving state to the living except through the influence of preëxisting living matter. Living matter, as such, can do a number of things that are peculiar to it alone. For example, living matter grows by transforming nonliving matter into the living state, during which transformation certain complicated chemical changes occur which are only known to take place under the influence of living matter. It has been reported that Professor Burke has been able to cause matter to change from the nonliving to the living state through the influence of radium. The results of his studies as reported are as follows: through the action of radium on a substance known as gelatine very small bodies are produced which, he believes, grow and, when they reach a certain size, divide into two equal and equivalent bodies in the same man-

ner as many of our simpler plants and animals. These bodies, formed under the influence of radium, are termed radiobes. They dissolve in warm water, become diffused in sunlight, but return again after being placed in the dark for a few hours, and when injected into another gelatine mass do not give rise to more bodies. Each of these three characteristics distinguishes radiobes from living matter. Living matter acts just oppositely when subjected to the above tests; so that we are in all probability dealing with an unstable chemical compound, and the generalization that the living state can only be produced under the influence of living matter has again been tried and found true. One of the most fundamental of these laws is that matter never assumed the living state or gives rise to a new living individual except through the immediate influence of already existing life. In the plant and the animal kingdoms there are some organisms which retain their individuality but a few hours, after which their whole body becomes divided into two equal and equivalent parts and the individuality of the parent merges into these halves. The parent does not die, but as a result of the division there are now two individuals where before there was one. There is always this continuity between parent and offspring whenever in nature a new individual comes into being, whether the plant or animal be simple or complex. The second generalization is associated with the unit of structure. The chemist accepts the atom as his ultimate analysis of matter, while the physicist uses the molecule and ion. Living matter can be analyzed into molecules and atoms if desired, but in so doing the characteristic which we recognize as living disappears; so that the biological unit can only concern itself with the smallest bit of living matter that can exist by itself, namely, the cell. The term "cell" was first used in 1665 to describe cork, as made up of "little boxes, or cells, distinct from one another," and had no particular reference to living matter. From this date on for one hundred and seventy-five years desultory investigations only were made. In 1838, a year memorable in biology, two Germans, Schleiden and Schwann, one a zoölogist, the other a botanist, showed as the result of their investigations that all living things were composed of living units. In the case of the simplest plants and animals but

one unit is found while in the higher many are united; for example, in man there are almost countless millions of cells and there is no part of our bodies that on analysis cannot be resolved into cells. In the examination of a microscopic preparation of muscle, brain, or liver, one would experience no difficulty in distinguishing their cellular structure, and also that each possessed cells of different shapes. The same is true of the remaining parts of the body. You can readily see that the cell, therefore, furnishes a common basis for the discussion of all aspects of biology. Although there are several other well-recognized generalizations in biology I will present but one more and then pass to another phase of the subject, that one is the interesting interdependence existing between plants and animals. This is so fundamental in character as to be frequently overlooked. When we study the trees growing close together in the woods many dead branches are present among the lower limbs, because the dense shade above has cut off the sunlight from the leaves that would otherwise have grown on these branches. Just as soon as the leaves cease to grow the limbs die. Some of the eastern states have appropriated many thousand dollars the past year for the annihilation of the gypsy and brown-tailed moths. These moths are so abundant as to threaten the destruction of the trees in a large part of Massachusetts because they eat the leaves. If the leaves are so important and essential to the life of the plants, then something interesting must take place in them. The green plant placed near the window soon turns its leaves so as to expose them to the most light. In these leaves there are numerous green-colored bodies which are doing a wonderfully interesting work, and when carbon dioxide comes under the influence of the green coloring matter and sunlight a new product results, namely, starch, which is now food for the plant and animal. During this starch-making process oxygen is set free which is used by the animal in respiration and the carbon dioxide is a product of animal activity. The further phase of this close relationship is the fact that, no matter how abundantly the animal is supplied with the raw elements, it cannot construct them into food. The length of time that animal life could continue to exist would be very short were all plant life to be destroyed. One has

well said that "the plant is the chemical laboratory in which is prepared the food of the world." The results of the practical application of biological generalizations are so manifold that we must confine this discussion to one illustration. With the advent of the cell theory and its application to man the study of medicine received an ever-inspiring stimulus which was for all time to place it on a scientific basis. Previous to this time demons, witchery, and the like, were accepted by physicians and patients as the cause of disease; and there are no more fascinating pages written than the biographies of such men as Pasteur, Jenner, Lister, and many others, as they fought against the dogmas of the church and the superstitions of the people in establishing the cause of all infectious diseases as due to the presence of some definite tangible organism. Today it is a well-accepted fact that what are known as infectious and contagious diseases (scarlet fever, consumption, grip, measles) are to be considered apart from such disorders as melancholia, dropsy, rheumatism, and the like, the exact cause of these latter being as yet not well understood. If medicine is prescribed for the infectious disease, a knowledge of the conditions of the individual cells comprising the diseased organ is now necessary, and the medicines prescribed are given with the purpose of producing a definite reaction in these same cells. This means scientific medicine, which before was impossible.

When the disease-causing, or pathogenic, bacteria invade our bodies they produce by their presence a derangement of certain definite cells. These become inhibited from doing their normal work, or are even destroyed, because of the presence of certain poisons, known as toxines, which are the product of the bacterial growth. The modern physician aims to neutralize the toxines and build up the body, letting nature destroy the germs. This brings us to the interesting question of immunity. A few people seem to be proof against all infectious ailments while the most of us are subject to certain definite diseases and a few take everything that comes along. Again, at one time we do not take a given disease and at another time are very ill with it. The researches of the past twenty years indicate that the white blood corpuscles literally devour the invading bacteria, so that in most instances we are not

aware of the presence of such pathogenic bacteria as happen to have gained access to our bodies; but, when we do have the disease, it is thought that the white blood corpuscles are unable to cope with the germs and the toxins produced make us aware of their presence. How does it happen that we get well? This further fact is known: that certain cells of the body have the power to produce a substance which neutralizes the toxin of the bacteria and it is therefore called an antitoxin. This antitoxin, because it neutralizes the toxins, enables the cells of the body to do their normal work and we recover. The application of this principle is at the basis of all of the artificial antitoxins used today. In view of what has just been said it is evident that the sanitary regulations of our country are aimed to destroy the causes of infectious disease, and when we stop to reflect on the value of these sanitary laws, the reasons for observing them, and the resulting saving of life, it is one of the most magnificent signs of progress of our day. For "these laws express the highest level of intelligent public knowledge and opinion"; or, to put it in another way, these laws stand for the relative stage of advancement in civilization; and from a comparison of the sanitary laws of one nation with another nation, one city with another city, we have a fairly correct estimate of the state of civilization in that nation or city.

Some esthetic phases: The beautiful in nature always appeals in one way or another to what has been termed our esthetic sense; we all recognize this relation but find it hard to define. We frequently meet people who impress us with peculiarly noble, broad-minded ideas. The quality of their knowledge reveals to us at once that only the noblest and best thoughts find a place in their minds, and when we are permitted to know them we discover an element of the beautiful which feeds and tempers the quality of their ideas. To one it is music, to another it is art, or poetry, or nature, "that quickens the being and makes the sorrows more sorrowful; the joys more joyful; the whole life more vivid." A few years ago botany recognized but sixteen varieties of violets; now there are over forty. Many new names have been introduced, and some of the old ones changed, but the same violets still grow in that low meadow or springy spot or shady nook where I went to find the

yellow, the white, the blue, or the long-spurred varieties. But this is not all, for I am something more than I was before I knew these beautiful violets in their own homes, and their simple beauty to me is like the glory of some departed sunset.

Some ethical aspects: Since the time of Descartes philosophical thinkers have gravitated to the two extremes in their interpretations of animal intelligence. One would look upon the animal as a mere automaton controlled by blind, or rather unchanging, instincts, with no power of intellectual correlation, while others would regard the animal as the prototype of all mental characteristics found in man. The first class of writers designates the mental qualities, then, of the animal as analogous to those found in man; the second class would use the term "homology," thereby implying that in origin they were identical. A study of the activities of human beings reveals to us much of their ethical standard. The treatment meted out to the Jews and peasants by the Russian nation stands in suggestive contrast with the attitude of England and America toward the same classes, and shows by how much the former nation has failed to recognize the inalienable rights of her people, which means that a lower ethical standard prevails there than in the latter nations. During the recent war in the East our nation insisted upon limiting the area of warfare and demanding certain rights, hitherto not permitted for non-combatants, which gave to the world a loftier conception of the rights of individuals and nations. This implies that our conception of ethics is changing, and if progressive civilization is our motto and the Christianizing of the world our hope, then our conception of ethics must be different tomorrow from what it is today. It is the approximation of the ethical standard as revealed in Christ's teaching which is ever leading civilization. In a similar way we can speak of the ethics of animals which is revealed by a study of their activities, but as to whether this is to be interpreted as analogous or homologous to human ethics we find again a difference of opinion. This much, however, can be said: that we do not find the ethics of animals improving with time. The habits and attitude of the wolf or tribe of wolves are practically identical today with the same habits in a wolf or a tribe of wolves of a

hundred or a thousand years ago, and the civilizing influence of man is not able to effect a material change in them. So we may say that the conception of animal ethics is stationary as contrasted with the progressive conception of ethics in man. We can see in the perpetuation of the manifold varieties of living things interesting examples of the subservience of certain definite structures in order that others may increase and do what is recognized as a greater work. Attention has already been directed to the manner of reproduction in simple plants and animals, where the whole organism divides into two equal parts. As we pass from the lower to the more complex individual we note the apparent care taken that the cells which are to continue the race shall be in sufficient numbers to warrant that some at least shall mature. In most organisms there are produced thousands of cells where but one develops, the production of which requires a vast amount of energy—sometimes involving the whole life of the parent. In the lower animals this is not unusual, and while in the higher but frequently considered yet almost as true. Two illustrations will make this clearer. In the colony of the honey bee there are three individuals; the queen, who presides over the colony and lays all of the eggs; the workers, who gather the pollen and nectar, and the drones. The queen mates but once during life and with a single drone. As a result of the mating the drone dies, so that for every colony of bees a drone has given his life. The various species of salmon were probably once inhabitants of our fresh waters but now spend all but the breeding season in the ocean. As this time approaches, while swimming about near the shore they come into the cooler fresh water, which seems to attract them, and they follow the stream inland often several hundred miles, leaping falls, and become exhausted in attempting to reach the cool head waters which, once found, receive their eggs and milt. The parents die after having undergone this magnificent struggle. But in certain parasites the sacrifice of the parts of the body is occasionally carried so far that extreme degeneration results. In one of the marine crabs there is found a very strange parasite. It does not possess any appendages, sense organs, digestive tube, or structures, the possession of which seems necessary to make life worth living

to an animal. Its shapeless masses like roots grow all thought the body of the crab. The most of this parasite is composed of reproductive tissue nourished directly by the juices of the crab. When the eggs develop the resulting larva has sense organs, a nervous and digestive system, and locomotory organs. This free swimming individual bores its way into the body of the crab and leaves these organs on the outside to drop off and disappear. In the study of a simple plant or animal we are impressed by the large number of things that it can do, such as securing food, protecting itself, responding to changes in its environment, reproducing its kind, and all of this without possessing any special structures to do the one or the other of these necessary functions. If we take an organism of a slightly more complex type the first characteristic that attracts our notice is that there are definite structures which have a given work. If a tree is examined, it is found that there are roots, a stem, branches, and leaves, and so specialized has become the work of each that the tree dies if deprived of any one set of organs, nor can these be interchanged. When the dead leaf is studied the veins are found to be hard and acting as a support to the delicate structure of the leaf. The stem and roots are mostly hard and woody tissue. Now, if we examine the growing end of the root or stem, it is soft and generalized in character, but as soon as it becomes hard certain definite tissues are evident. In this change there has occurred an interesting transformation. The growing tip was nearly all composed of living cells, the old hard stem or root is nearly all composed of dead cells. In order that the tree may have strength to withstand the storm and wind many cells become transformed into wood, and in so doing are no longer living. They give up their individuality, or living identity, for the good of the whole tree. This fact becomes more apparent when a cross section of a tree is examined and we realize that only the narrow layer just under the bark is alive.

The human body is to be considered as a unit and there is a marvelous perfection in each set of organs with their respective functions. How did it happen? It is an easy matter to show how the muscles and bones have developed from generalized cells.

These are the two mechanical tissues. The bones simply give shape and protection while the muscles enable us to move. Certainly humble duties are these—yet how necessary. The digestive system, which so transforms the food that it can be taken into the body by the circulating structures, does work absolutely necessary but humble in the eyes of the world. But there is a conspicuous tissue in our bodies which coördinates and presides over all the others. Should the nerves governing the digestive tract be severed no work could be done by these organs. We would not know when we were hungry, and we would, consequently, starve. A little blow on the head, resulting in the accumulation of a clot of blood on the brain, and we may be burned or have a leg amputated without feeling the process. The nerve cells are the structures with which all of the attributes of the mind are associated, yet in their development in any animal there is a time when muscle, bone, and nerve cell are indistinguishable. In the adult all of the organs are subservient to the nerve cells. The simple work of each of these organs makes possible the magnificent work of the whole organism. In some mysterious fashion the sensitiveness to the beautiful, the longings of the soul and the hope of immortality are present in these nerve cells—the possibilities for great wrong or infinite good are associated with their activities; and it is a sad commentary that the things that most inhibit the fullest activity of these marvelous cells are a product of civilization. On the other hand, many men are so caring for and training these same cells that they are able to do a greater and more varied work than ever before in the history of the world.

The living universe is made possible by the presence of an indefinable force which many biologists regard as of divine origin. The study of biology, therefore, must necessarily give a more sympathetic attitude toward God; and a full, or even a partial knowledge of the various ways in which organisms live should enlarge the ability to solve the problems, of God in nature and God in man; for each explains the other and the two are in perfect harmony.

W. M. Smallwood,

ART. XI.—GROWTH OF SUFFRAGE

WITH the admission of the Territory of Oklahoma to statehood a critical survey of the rise of the privilege of suffrage in the United States is especially fitting. Suffrage is the participation of the people in representative government. The elective franchise is not a natural right, but an adventitious, alienable privilege whose basis rests in the right of the people to *the* voice in the government. Suffrage is representative: the family, not the individual, is the unit of society. Its end and limitation are the welfare and safety of the state. It is a safe rule to raise the would-be voter rather than to lower the elective franchise. The state, too, has rights.

The English colonists who settled at Jamestown and Plymouth came with the rights of Englishmen. Suffrage was then very limited in England. When occasion offered they instituted just such a government as Englishmen of the seventeenth century would naturally create out of past experience and present necessity, of and for themselves. Freed from ultraconservatism, the colonists widened the franchise but stopped far short of modern democratic ideas. However, there were popular elections of some sort in each of the colonies from the earliest date down to the Revolution. Virginia led in this representative government—her first "House of Burgesses" assembled July 30, 1619. All were Englishmen. The qualifications for electors were varied and indefinite. There were peculiar tests for each colony. Changes in the requirements were frequent. During this epoch seven qualifications for voters are met with. Following English precedent, property was the weightiest test, with religion a close second. Residence was more important than citizenship. After 1700 race qualifications appeared among the southern colonies. Virginia alone mentioned sex. The age test was finally fixed at twenty-one years. There were no efforts at uniformity. In New England the chief qualification was religious, elsewhere property. With separation from England came little change for the colonies severally. The central government under the "Articles of Con-

federation" interfered with the commonwealths as little as possible—which was not at all. Article V provided that delegates should be "appointed in such manner as the legislatures of each state [commonwealth] should direct." When the Constitution was framed each commonwealth had the right to regulate suffrage. During the "Constitutional Convention" a national suffrage plan received the vote of but one commonwealth (Delaware). Hence the Constitution declares that the franchise for the election of the members of the House of Representatives shall in every commonwealth be the same as for the "most numerous branch of the state [commonwealth] legislature" (Art. I, Sec. 2). Only in the last amendment does the Constitution trench on the commonwealth right to regulate suffrage. The term "citizen" was chosen in 1787 because it was vague. No definition was attempted. Until the XIVth Amendment one was *first* a citizen of a commonwealth. One thing was certain: the privilege of suffrage was not coextensive with citizenship. During this formative period of the nation few changes were made in the qualifications for electors. Property continued to be the chief test, while that of religion became obsolete—though such a qualification was still required for office in eleven commonwealths. Citizenship was not mentioned. Except in New Hampshire, where non-resident property holders voted, a definite period of residence was required. Race feeling was not acute, for negroes voted. Generally only males were electors, though a few women "inhabitants" voted in New Jersey. On the whole the privilege of suffrage was very limited—less than one in thirty were electors. "Property, not men, voted." After the War of 1812 was the birth of national consciousness reflected in the citizenship test for suffrage. Thereafter the electorate was widened very materially, but the negro was persistently kept from the franchise. While the XIVth Amendment made the nation truly federal—defining a citizen as one "born or naturalized" in the United States—it failed signally to secure to the negro the privilege of suffrage. The "right" of women to vote and the menace of the foreign elector claimed little attention, although by 1850 there was systematic agitation for woman suffrage and a fast rising tide of immigration.

The double movement in the qualifications for the electorate was not sectional, there was unusual uniformity: widening to admit all whites, native or foreign, narrowing to exclude the negro. By 1867 the qualifications for suffrage became very greatly altered. Twenty commonwealths required that the voter be a citizen of the United States and eight that he "declare his intent" to become a citizen. Only New Hampshire failed to fix a definite term of residence for electors, but under the stress of immigration and abolitionism the term was growing shorter in the North and longer in the South. A property qualification was not required in twenty-eight commonwealths and in six others it had dwindled to a tax test. No woman had voted since 1807. The negro was denied the privilege of suffrage in all but six commonwealths and discriminated against in one of these; in but two (New Hampshire and Massachusetts) would public opinion permit him to vote. The foreign vote was becoming formidable—especially in the cities. Slavery had kept immigrants out of the South. While the XIVth Amendment discouraged the unjust disfranchisement of citizens, the XVth declared that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." But suffrage was still a commonwealth matter: the United States could take cognizance only when one of the above amendments was violated. Yet the negro could and did vote. But he was soon divorced from the unfamiliar privilege. Meanwhile two other suffrage questions claimed attention. In 1869 the territory of Wyoming granted full suffrage to women and at that time the influx of aliens became startling. Thus three problems confront the publicist: the negro, the foreigner, and the woman. During the last quarter of the past century significant changes have been made in the qualifications for electors, mirroring clearly these suffrage questions. The XVth Amendment forced the word "white" out of thirty-seven commonwealth constitutions; but recently ten southern commonwealths have revived the property test, and have exempted the impecunious whites, so that the negro alone is affected. There are no real property qualifications elsewhere. Thirty-one commonwealths require the voter to be a citizen, and

in ten he can vote upon "declaration of intent." The term of residence required of electors has become longer in the South, shorter in the North, and still shorter in the West. In four western commonwealths women vote at all elections, while in twenty-one they enjoy "school suffrage," and in six a sort of "municipal suffrage." Eleven commonwealths require an educational qualification; unfortunately six of these are in the South where the negro alone has to meet the test; ignorant whites are skillfully excepted. Thus the newest as well as the oldest qualification for the elective franchise is made to serve the ends of partisan politics. The age test (twenty-one years) has never been changed.

A glance at the Twelfth Census discloses some startling facts. Out of 75,994,575 of population, 10,341,276 are foreigners and 8,833,994 negroes; out of 21,134,299 possible voters, 2,288,470 are illiterate. Also in the extreme West, with a population of 4,091,349, the males outnumber the females by 504,115. Thus, while the presence of the foreigner and the negro has created suffrage problems in the North and South respectively, the *absence* of woman has done as much for the West of high altitudes. The three sections are solving their problems: the North is raising the qualification of citizenship, the South is disfranchising the negro by property and educational tests that bear upon him alone, the West has begun to extend full suffrage to women. The hindrances are: the foreigner's habit of colonizing in the large cities, the negro's moral obliquity, and the woman's indifference. The electorate has grown from 150,000 to over 21,000,000. Suffrage from a feeble beginning has come to be *the* problem of the republic. Everything depends on the bond uniting state and government. In recalling the two and one quarter million illiterate voters it is well to remember that a stream cannot rise above its source. While much can be accomplished through impartial and stringent suffrage and election laws the education of the electorate is the nation's best safeguard.

Albert J. McCulloch,

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

THE CONSUMMATE FLOWER OF ÆSTHETICISM

ÆSTHETICISM is a doctrine of some philosophies, a theory of art now dominant in artistic circles, a practical cult followed intentionally by a cultivated few and unintelligently by a miscellaneous multitude. It is a modern Epicureanism having for its cardinal and comprehensive postulate that pleasure is the supreme good. Its prescription for the improvement of mankind is the cultivation of taste and the development of æsthetic sensibility. It maintains the pagan doctrine that the purifying influence in life (the Aristotelian *καθαροίς*) is æsthetic rather than moral, and that the hand of Art is competent to sprinkle humanity with lustral water, making it clean and sweet and beautiful. The two fatal errors that damn this pagan doctrine are its repudiation of morals and its extravagant glorification of the physical senses. Æstheticism has gradually assumed such dogmatic definiteness, bold aggressiveness, and shameless indecency as to startle, horrify, and exasperate a not-over-sensitive public, provoking a justly furious storm of indignation. Culminating in such shocking examples as Oscar Wilde and Stanford White, it has exposed its real nature so glaringly as to make the civilized world stand aghast. But the world will lose the lesson of those horrible examples unless it perceives that they are the natural fruit, the logical and legitimate result of the doctrine and practice of æstheticism. Repudiate morals and glorify the senses, and nothing more is needed to insure rottenness and ruin.

For twenty years Oscar Wilde posed as the prince of æsthetes in England, afterward spent two years in prison as punishment for loathsome crimes, and died a dozen years ago in squalor and misery

in the Latin Quarter of Paris, as friendless as he was frivolous, as deserted and destitute as he was degraded, shunned by all mankind excepting Robert Ross, his literary executor, and Lord Alfred Douglas, who paid the expenses of Wilde's burial. Ten years after the forlorn ending of the chief aesthete's career, the patience of the decent portion of mankind has been sorely tried by an effort on the part of certain intrepid champions of aestheticism to restore Oscar Wilde to public tolerance and even to favorable regard. In pursuance of this effort Robert Ross published a small prose volume entitled *De Profundis*, written by Wilde during his incarceration, and a string of verses entitled *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, written after his release. These volumes, it is claimed, contain a confession, an apology, a self-vindication, a reparation. Upon the basis of these two very peculiar documents, left by a fatally perverted nature, one man has written of "Oscar Wilde's Atonement," claiming that by what is therein contained the prisoner of Reading Gaol has fully atoned for the egregious folly and the horrible evil of his life. But in those documents we can discover not even a faint desire to offer any apology for himself and his abominable crimes. Another advocate of aestheticism wrote exultantly of "The Rehabilitation of Oscar Wilde." But the effort for such restoration proves as futile as an attempt to rehabilitate an addled egg. Worst of all among the rehabilitators, considering his position, is Professor Hugh Walker of Saint David's College, Lampeter, England, who published in the *Hibbert Journal* an article entitled "The Birth of a Soul," the gist of which was that the two documents referred to prove that their unhappy author became, while in prison, a new man by experiencing "a second birth in a sense far deeper than that which is usually attached to the glibly-repeated phrases of traditional theology." (A professor who pleads the cause of Oscar Wilde is likely to indulge in flings at traditional theology.) Neither in *De Profundis* nor in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* is there adequate proof of any real transformation of character. The core of Professor Walker's article is in this sentence: "The change worked in Wilde while in prison is so enormous that it may fairly be described as the birth of a soul. The new soul was begotten by sin and born of agony." Evidently this professor does not understand the method of spiritual regeneration nor the signs and evidences of a new birth. A new soul is begotten not by sin but by the Holy Spirit convincing of sin, and is born not of mere suffering but of sincere renunciation of sin and repentance unto good works. That

the miserable convict of Reading Gaol ever approached or desired such a state of mind there is no proof. So absurd is Professor Walker's ethically shallow article that we cannot wonder at Andrew Lang's comment when he read the account of the birth of a soul, in which the professor describes the author of *Salome* as being as "beautiful as a floating bubble played upon by the sunlight, sporting upon the surface of life." "How innocent some of the clergy are! Anything but a beautiful bubble was Dr. Walker's hero," remarks Mr. Lang. And when he reads further the professor's opinion that it may have been worth while for his "beautiful bubble" to sin as deeply as he did, inasmuch as it helped him to write about it as he did, Mr. Lang exclaims: "Here is quite the newest morality. One reads with incredulous laughter; but the stuff is in print in the *Hibbert Journal*! In the name of the prophet—Bosh!" Not with laughter are we able to read such dangerously superficial and demoralizingly sentimental "stuff." It is necessary to protest against the blurring and muddling of the moralities in literary and artistic and even theological circles. It is a duty to insist on the awful moral lessons which drip from the fate of Oscar Wilde like drops of blood from a sharp chisel's edge. Vastly instructive and impressive is it that these tragic ethical lessons are found bleeding down in a realm the rulers of which undertake to exclude ethics altogether—the world of aesthetics. Out from the career of this apostle of aestheticism sounds what Dr. Olin A. Curtis calls "the moral outcry, the serious warning for sinful men."

Wilde's case affords opportunity to study aestheticism in full bloom, since he was in doctrine its most insistent and in conduct its most consistent apostle in modern times. He had the courage or the impudence of his principles and lived down to them without reserve or hesitation, daringly desecrating his life to the unmitigated practice of his luxurious philosophy. The normal ultimate development of aestheticism is sheer abandoned sensualism. Its full evolution is usually repressed either by a decent regard for the opinions of mankind or by fear of the police. But this leader of aesthetes developed shamelessly and fearlessly to the full. Thus he came to be the typical aesthete of his day. We call him the consummate flower of aestheticism, a most noxious, mephitic, and poisonous bloom. He tells us how in his college days he started on the course which made him the chief of aesthetes and finally put him in prison: "I remember when I was at Oxford saying to one of my friends as we were strolling round Magdalen College's narrow bird-haunted walks one morn-

ing in the year before I took my degree, that I wanted to eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden of the world, and that I was going out into the world with that passion in my soul. And so, indeed, I went out, and so I lived." And so, indeed, he did, heedless of moral prohibitions or injunctions and regaling himself with whatever forbidden fruits his rampantly rebellious nature chanced to crave. Unlimited indulgence of all tastes and appetites was his program from the outset. Boundless lilies and languors, roses and raptures he reveled in, reckless of right or wrong, wisdom or folly. So purposing this elegant Oxford exquisite went out. How he fulfilled his purpose and what came of it he tells us: "I lived for pleasure to the full. There was no pleasure I did not experience. I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine. I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. I lived on honeycomb. . . . I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I surrounded myself with the smaller and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went into the depths in the search for new sensations. Desire at the end became a malady or a madness or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure wherever it pleased me and passed on. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. . . . No man ever fell so ignobly as I did." Even Michael Monahan, one of his perverse admirers, who wrote of "*Oscar Wilde's Atonement*," admits that Wilde went to his prison with the burden of such shame and reprobation as was never laid upon a literary man of equal eminence; that not a voice was raised for him, the starkness of his guilt silencing even his closest friends and warmest admirers; that the world at large approved his punishment; that even the people who dislike to see the suffering of any sinner were so revolted by the nature of his offense that they turned away shocked and silent; that the sin of Oscar Wilde was so gross and inexcusable as to deserve no charity and permit of no discussion; that while, if his crime had been mere murder, his genius and his fame would have raised up defenders; as it was, all mouths were stopped and all faces were averted in disgust as the forlorn wretch went friendless to his inevitable doom. That is the sort of criminal who is declared to have made, in a couple of pieces of fine writing, such an atonement as demands from mankind a forgiveness

for his sins and a restoration to its favor; and this is the offender for whom Professor Walker of Saint Davids endeavored to prove in a dozen pages of the Hibbert Journal that sin and sorrow so transformed him while in prison that he came out a new-born soul. The alleged regeneration is most unsatisfactory, and entirely unconfirmed. That the vilest prodigal may return, if he will, from the company of harlots and of swine to the pardon, and purity, and peace of the Father's house, there to abide forevermore, is cardinal Christian doctrine. But that this particularly riotous æsthetic prodigal ever really renounced the error of his abominable ways—of this no proof has been furnished.

Nobody in our time disputes with Oscar Wilde the title of typical æsthete. He is called an *édition de luxe* of æstheticism. In a Paris café he told André Gide that morality had absolutely no interest to him. Very early in his career he announced to the powers of darkness and of light his intention to maintain neutrality toward their disturbing and tiresome contentions. With the age-long quarrel between Right and Wrong his high-and-mighty elegance would not concern itself. His proclamation of neutrality read thus:

In dreams of art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God nor for his enemies.

It was the voice of selfish and luxurious indolence saying: "Let God and his enemies fight their grim battle out while we exquisite æsthetic souls in a Fools' Paradise gratify our tastes and embellish our ease by cultivating the beautiful, carving statues, painting pictures, practicing graceful poses, polishing fine phrases, inventing plays and poems." But in moral topography there is no neutral zone. Good and evil divide the entire territory of life between them. Pretended neutrals are usually found sitting in the seat of the scornful and pitching their tents toward Sodom. Practically, to hold off from God is to stand in with the adversary. These professed neutrals give aid and comfort to the enemy, and instead of sitting on the fence as indifferent spectators of the tremendous tournament are rushing defiantly on the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.

The typical æsthete claims to be a superior being, because endowed with what he calls "the artistic temperament," which constitutes an exceptional class, exempt from the restrictions and obligations which condition men in general. In quality compared with

ordinary people he feels himself to be as Sèvres china is to common earthenware. But skeptical critics treat these superior beings with remorseless disrespect. Here is Mr. Chesterton saying irreverently:

The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. It is a disease which arises from men not having sufficient power of expression to utter and get rid of the element of art in their being. . . . Artists of a large and wholesome vitality get rid of their art easily, as they breathe easily or perspire easily. But in artists of less force the thing becomes a pressure, and produces a definite pain, which is called the artistic temperament. Thus, very great artists are able to be ordinary men—men like Shakespeare or Browning.

And here is an exasperated editor who, on being told that somebody's fantastic and self-important behavior was due to the artistic temperament, exclaimed: "Artistic temperament! There is no such thing. It is only another name for bad manners and a swelled head." Certain it is that megaloccephalus frequently goes with the so-called artistic temperament. Maarten Maartens makes one of his characters say: "I loathe the 'artistic temperament.' It explains away every weakness and condones every crime."

That Oscar Wilde is the typical æsthete is confirmed to us by the fact that he is a preposterous megalomaniac, suffering with a tympanitic tumefaction of the organ of self-esteem. He imagines that he has played a great rôle in the life of his epoch; regards himself, poor fellow, as exceedingly important to the art and culture of our modern age; says that not only did he himself realize his phenomenal importance very early in his career, but that he forced the world to recognize it too; says also that few men ever held such a position of leadership and had it so acknowledged in their own lifetime. While he recognizes Byron as a figure of some literary significance, he yet feels himself Byron's superior because of his own relations with things nobler, larger, more vital, and more permanent than the author of *Childe Harold* ever knew. He actually thinks he has won in literature an eternity of fame. But he vastly overrates his tonnage and displacement in human affairs. As the German said of Bimi, the orang-outang, in Kipling's story: "He haf too much ego in his cosmos." His megaloccephalus was incurable. Not even the stern suppressions and menial drudgeries of prison life could reduce his grandiose egotism to moderate dimensions. Looking out upon society from his cell he pities it for its stupid inability to perceive his exceptional greatness, and for its lack of urbanity in not

suspending its laws in deference to a really dynamic and imperial nature like his own. Counting his precious self and his pleasure of supreme importance he became a professional dandy, fop, and dude, a melodramatic coxcomb with a greed for adulation, drawing after him in his vain, peacocky train a cooing coterie of degenerates characterized by vapidness and viciousness. He considered himself a lord of language, a master of Tusculan prose, and by producing one witty comedy, one poor novel, some artificial verses, a shameful, sacrilegious opera, and a few rhetorical essays, he attained a temporary prominence in the class of writers Labouchere had in mind when he gave the following recipe for making a modern English literary celebrity: "Half educate a vain youth at Oxford; let his hair grow; dip him into erotic French literature; add one idea, and chop it small; log-roll the whole; then serve up as a rival to Milton, Sheridan, and Shakespeare." In the world of letters he was, at best, only a purveyor of fragrant verbiage, a peddler of sweet lavender on the sidewalks of literature.

This typical aesthete counted himself superior to law. "I am a born antinomian," he says; "I am one of those who are made for exceptions, not for laws." But the great cosmic system of things recognizes no such privileged class. The universe is garrisoned and patrolled by sentinels that let nobody pass without the countersign. The stately, solemn, observant laws nod to this antinomian from the judgment seat that they note what he says, and will make record of his doings, and attend to his case—it is sure not to be overlooked nor lost off the docket. There is a parable which says:

Once upon a time a man who was either a lunatic, a fool, or an overgrown infant, went up in a balloon. Nonchalantly remarking that he was not made for laws he flung himself gaily out of the airship in cool disregard of the law which Newton thought he discovered. The balloonist said he was not made for gravitation. But gravitation did not so understand; gravitation straightway claimed him for its own. And quickly he lay on the ground, a heap of broken bones, shredded muscles, split veins, and spouting arteries, spilling his life into eternity. Gravitation is an indiscriminating power, the obedient servant of the system of things. Having received no official orders to make an exception of lunatics, fools, infants, or antinomians this mild, mighty, unemotional force brought down the balloonist as apathetically as if he had been a stone.

Similar is the fate of antinomian aesthetes who fancy that they belong to a privileged class, immune to penalty; who expect the law of

gravitation, or the law of cause and effect, or the law of sowing and reaping, or any other of great nature's laws, to become deferential and obsequious when their majesties approach.

Naturally enough Oscar Wilde, the typical æsthete, was as superficial as he was sensual; as faithless as he was filthy. No one is surprised when he tells us that he gives *his* faith to what one can touch and look at, that *his* gods dwell in temples made with hands, and that as for religion, he seldom gives it a thought, but when he does he feels like founding what might be called the Confraternity of the Faithless, for whose communion a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate, upon an altar of crumbling clay, with unblessed bread and an empty chalice, the blasphemous sacrament of irreverence, disbelief, and desecration. To be faithless was as natural to him as to be filthy. Distrust of spiritual realities beat with his blood and disbelief in all things high came easy to him.

For the helplessly hesitant and weakly faithless we have nothing but pity: nothing but sympathy for the pathetic irresolution of natures which suffer like Hamlet from a morbid temperament, a questioning mind, and an indolent disposition, too bewildered and indecisive to commit themselves to any affirmative belief or positive action,—who pass their days not really living but timidly hesitating or listlessly lingering on the skirts of life, and who, while incapable of faith or action, yet hold fast in the dark with a pure intent to all that is clean and fine and dear to honorable souls. But no such pity is possible toward Oscar Wilde. His faithlessness was born of a preference for filth. A degenerate of similar tendency though in a different circle was the ex-Reverend Hugh O. Pentecost as appears from his own base, blatant, insolent words:

Right and wrong, good and bad, moral and immoral, have no meaning for me. The happiest moment of my life was when I found that I had eliminated conscience, root and branch, and had no moral sense whatever. Good and evil are all gammon and spinach to me. If you'd get rid of conscience and all that tommyrot, you'd have the solution to every problem in life. I have no fear of God nor of the devil. I propose to yield to every temptation. I only need to be sure it is a temptation. If it is—good-by, I'm gone. Every temptation I have in the world, I yield to—every one. Character? There is no such thing as character.

Now, whatever the motive for such a wild, anarchistic proclamation as that, one effect of it was sure—by it all persons were duly warned against trusting H. O. Pentecost.

In the long misery of his hard prison life the æsthete of Reading Gaol cast about for relief. He appealed to society for help; what he really wanted was to be released, recognized, reinstated. But society, concerned for the welfare of its members, turned a deaf ear to his entreaty, not considering it safe to let this moral leper loose among human habitations. Society judged him unfit to be trusted even with his own children; so for their protection the law took them away from him, denied him all sight of them. Of this he writes: "It was a blow so appalling that I did not know what to do, so I flung myself upon my knees, and bowed my head, and wept, and said: 'The body of a child is as the body of the Lord: I am not worthy of either.'" Sorely and bitterly needing help, and looking for it in every direction, this poor sensualist shows his incredible mental and moral aberration by saying: "Neither religion, nor morality, nor reason can help me at all." Only suppose he had had sense enough to flee for refuge to that lofty, benign, and powerful trinity, Religion, Morality, and Reason—what could they not have done for him? Do not all sane men know that this great Three were together perfectly able to heal him of his leprosy, to cleanse him from his sins, to take his feet out of the horrible pit of miry clay and set them upon a rock and establish his goings? If he had made friends with that mighty Triumvirate, he could have washed his robes and made them white, and stood at last with the redeemed, a sinner saved. But contemning and rejecting Them, nothing was left possible for his stained and suffering soul but to steep and stew in a witches' broth of irreligion, immorality, and unreason, in a place of darkness, and madness, and fire. If any complain that this is preaching, let them make the most of it. It is what those stern, solemn, and faithful pastors, Nature and Experience, preach age after age in language which forever bites, scorches, and blisters.

One of the heralds of Oscar Wilde *redivivus* undertakes to tell us what high company visited him in jail and what consoled this vile criminal after he had distinctly flouted religion, morality, and reason:

Art, his adored mistress, whispered her thrilling consolations to the poor castaway—society had taken all from him—liberty, honor, wealth, fame, mother, wife, children—and shut him up in an iron hell, but by God! it should not take art. With his little pen in hand the world was under his feet. Solemn judge, stolid jury, the beast of many heads and the whited British Phillistia, let them come on now!—but soft, the poet's anger

is gone in a moment, for beauty, faithful to one who had loved her t'other side o' madness, comes and fills his narrow cell with her adorable presence, bringing the glory of the sweet world he had lost—the breath of dawn, the scented hush of summer nights, the peace of April rains, the pageant of the autumn lands, the changeful wonder of the sea. Imagination brushes away his bounds of stone and steel to give him all her largess of the past; gracious figures of poesy and romance known and loved from his sinless youth, the elect company of classic ages to whom his soul does reverence and who seem not to scorn him; the fair heroines of immortal story who in the old days had deemed him worthy of their love—he would kneel at their white feet now, but their sweet glances carry no rebuke; the kind poets, his beloved masters who bend upon him no alienated gaze; the heroes, the sages who had inspired his boyish heart, the sceptered and mighty sons of genius who had roused in him a passion for fame—all come thronging at the summons of memory and fancy—a far dearer and better world than that which had denied, cursed and condemned him, and which he was to know no more.

Much help and consolation the poor convict must have gotten from the fancied visits of this fluttering company of the imagination, yearning for his society and flying from afar for the horrible privilege of settling down about him in the measly squalor of his hideous plight! The only convention that quite matches Michael Monahan's great convocation in Oscar Wilde's cell is that described by Balzac with matchless irony as gathering about the bed of one of his characters:

The peris, nymphs, fairies, sylphs of the olden time, the muses of Greece, the marble Virgins of the Certosa of Pavia, the Day and Night of Michael Angelo, the little angels that Bellini first drew at the foot of church paintings, and to whom Raphael gave such divine form at the foot of the Madonna at Dresden; Orcagna's captivating maidens in the church of Or San Michele at Florence, the heavenly choirs on the tomb of Saint Sebald at Nuremberg, several Virgins in the Duomo at Milan, the hordes of statued and pictured angels from a hundred Gothic cathedrals, the whole nation of ideal figures that artists invent—all these angelic incorporeal maidens rushed to Massimilla's bed and wept there.

The typical case of Oscar Wilde stands to warn us against those who would hold the æsthetic world entirely sundered from ethics and philosophy; who teach that the realm of beauty is a self-contained world, complete itself, so distinct and independent that the ideals of truth and moral goodness have no jurisdiction over it and no part in it; who would say, "If a so-called work of art is offensive to reason and morals, then let reason and morals go on about their business, with averted eyes if they please, but not stop to interfere with matters

which do not concern them. Even though they have to hold their noses as they pass let them go by in silence." But for the measurement and appraisal of everything in the human universe there is a higher norm than the canon of good taste, and all the works of man's hands and all the actions of man's life must be judged at the bar of reason and morals, whose decision is irreversible, final, there being no higher court to which appeal can be taken for a work of art or any other work which reason and morals have condemned. It is in a rational and moral universe that all works of art must survive or perish. Over against æstheticism is idealism, which declares that those works which merely gratify the eye or the ear will surely perish, and only those which address the mind and have a message for the soul can survive in such a universe.

The æsthetical people say that to regard art as merely an agreeable accessory to life, and no more, like the minstrel after the banquet, is the view of the uninitiated, the Philistine, the man on the street. But it is perfectly clear that to put æsthetics to the front, claiming for them prime importance, is equivalent to making recreation, diversion, amusement, and pleasure-seeking man's supreme business, and putting life upon a diet of bon-bons, confetti, and delicatessen, the inevitable result being sickly satiety, dyspeptic loathing, and general debility. Any just comparison or intelligent valuation of human interests must rate æsthetics as of relatively trivial importance. They have to do with light surface matters which are to the depths of man's life as the iridescent froth of foaming waves upon the surface of the sea is to the great oceanic deep, vast, unfathomed, and tumultuous, gulf-streamed by tremendous tendencies, tidal-waved by the lift of firmamental forces, and bearing on its bosom brave expeditions and rich argosies. The proper use for æsthetics may be indicated by what Josh Billings said of flattery: "It is like cologne-water, to be smelt of but not swallowed."

The æsthetes regard Christian society as prudish, priggish, and Puritanic. They reject its standards of value, and reverse its orders of merit. They rank the code of etiquette above the code of ethics. To them *gaucherie* is worse than guilt. They hold it better to be well dressed than to be chaste, and to be polite than to be honest. With them *bien ganté et bien chaussée* is more than virtue, and good form rather than good morals is the prime social requisite. They explicitly declare that an ear for music is a finer and more covetable possession than a quick conscience. They think more of Delsartean

grace of physical pose and carriage than of divine grace in the heart or the combined beauty of all the Christian graces that ever dressed, decorated, and dignified a human character. They regard a sense of color as more important to the development of the individual than is a sense of justice or a sense of moral decency. And the result of their scheme of development in its ultimate and legitimate effect is what Professor Charlier's broken English pronounced "*Ze devil-upment of ze human character.*"

The object of all culture is to improve and perfect man's nature. And this perfecting is best accomplished, not in the realm of sensation by titillation of the sensory nerves or hyperexcitation of emotional sensibility; nor yet in the realm of intellect by stimulating those neurons on the cortex of the brain which are said to be the instruments of mental energy; but rather and only in the realm of morality by awakening and educating the conscience, that organ of spiritual perception which takes knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong—that part of man's threefold nature which makes him capable of the beatific vision and by potent spiritual assimilation likens him to God. And the perfecting of the higher nature will insure the due development of the lower. Not only is moral culture fundamentally essential to man's progress; it also pregnantly includes or provides for *all* true culture. It contains in itself the promise and potency of the healthy development of all human faculties and the well-being of all interests. Man's felicity and dignity are not in the exquisite physical moment, nor in mental clarity and force, but in purity of heart. Nothing can match, and no one is permitted to disparage, the supreme glory of the hour when a clean heart is created, and a right spirit renewed within, when the moral nature comes to itself and takes command of the ship of life. And on the other hand, artistic culture and all the vaunted æsthetic ideals put together are meager, inadequate, and ineffectual, utterly incapable of organizing man's world in the interest of health, or of wealth, or of nobleness, or of dignity, or even of the loveliness which is their chosen and peculiar province.

To the genuine æsthete, the moralization of life is the sterilizing and monotonizing of life. To him virtue and piety seem as insipid, tame, and tasteless as a diet of oatmeal gruel and cambric tea. He prefers "high" game and spiced viands, seasoned with tabasco, washed down with fire-water. He resembles in a way the Beluch at Isa Tahir who watched Captain Webb-Ware's servant filtering

the water for dinner. On account of the bad water in many parts of the Orient, an effective filter was part of the traveling Englishman's camp outfit. At Isa Tahir the only source of supply was a dirty yellow pool thick with filth, and the captain's servant was running a bucketful of it through the camp filter from which it flowed out clear as crystal. The native Beluch who watched this rushed to Captain Webb-Ware in great trepidation and concern. "Sahib," he said, "do you know what your servant is doing? He is taking all the color, all the strength, all the smell, and all the taste out of the water you are to drink." The Beluch was an æsthete, a gentleman of taste. Such a Beluch was Voltaire who denounced chastity and purity as interfering with human freedom and happiness; and such Renan became, declaring finally that he regarded an honorable life as a mistake—a tame and fettered life.

When æstheticism banishes morals, then all vices become compatible if not congenial with it. Stephen Phillips violates none of the canons of probability in portraying Nero as being at once a murderous, incestuous monster with a ferocious lust for blood, and at the same time an æsthete with a taste for music and letters, who quarrels with his mother because she lacks the artistic temperament, holds æsthetic tournaments in which he struts and sings with dancers and buffoons to sensuous Oriental music, and dies at last in a theatrical pose crying in frenzied vanity: "What an artist perishes in me!"

The æsthetes even hold that vice and crime may contribute to æsthetic perfection and enhance artistic skill. Years before his own public downfall, Oscar Wilde, referring to Thomas Wainewright, the painter, who was also a noted forger and a proved poisoner, said that Wainewright's career as a poisoner improved the quality of his art. Wilde and Wainewright were not unlike. Both were æsthetic souls, keenly sensitive to beautiful surroundings, and both varied life's dull respectability with a few exciting crimes. Wainewright poisoned several persons because he coveted their money, or perhaps upon æsthetic principles because their personal appearance did not embellish the landscape. This cultured devotee of the beautiful was transported by rough and ready English law to Van Diemen's Land, where he continued his æsthetic criminal career, painting pictures and poisoning people by turns. Oscar Wilde says that being a murderer made this man a better painter. Is mixing poisons a training for mixing colors? If, as the æsthetes hold, art is the

thing of highest importance, and if, as the typical æsthete holds, experience in crime can improve art's quality, then the æsthetes have provided themselves with a justification for their crimes. But it is a devilish delusion that a vile or wicked life can improve any of the products of genius. Mr. Mabie is right in saying that

the artist never lived who violated the laws of life, moral or physical, without damage to the quality of his genius, and to the value of his work. A man may come out of the gutter as one has come in our time, to sing a song or shape a lyric, but no man ever came out of the gutter to write the *Divine Comedy* or Shakespeare's masterpieces. One cannot do or see great things without perfect health of body, mind, and soul. There is only one road to greatness, and that is the road of character. If we lose the purity and sincerity and innocence of the child, we may still do technically clever and artistically flashy things, but we will cease to do great things because the power to conceive them will have passed from us.

Oscar Wilde's extravagant praise of Paul Verlaine is what might be expected from him, but no great or healthy work could possibly come from a man of Verlaine's habits, all of whose writings were a product of the heady fumes of wine. When the powerful excitement of his revel was at its height, Verlaine wrote with fiery force things vulgar and impure. In the weak, tremulous state of reaction and remorse which follows prolonged debauch, he attempted devotional poetry. But his alleged spirituality is almost as unwholesome as his sensuality. Virtue and temperance and health are essential to the production of great art. This is one reason why there is so little that is great in current French literature; and this is why when an Oxford undergraduate expatiated to Dr. Jowett on the charms of a typical French novel, the master of Balliol said to the student: "What sentence is written above the entrance to hell?" "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here," replied the young man. "No," said Jowett, "it is '*Ici on parle Français.*'"

Naturally, the æsthetes freely condone, or rather ignore, the crimes of their champion and chief, and would like to restore him to his pedestal and publicly reassemble his worshipers about his feet. So much as this their very principles require of them. A Capuchin monk once said to one of Renan's friends: "He has done many evil things, your friend Renan, many evil things; but he has spoken well of Saint Francis, and Saint Francis will arrange all that." With similar condonation would the artistic guild say of Oscar Wilde: "He has done many evil things, but he has spoken well and

written finely about Beauty; therefore he holds a place in the Valhalla of æstheticism among the heroes and champions of the Beautiful." And if what Mr. Chesterton says is true, some amends should be made to Oscar Wilde. Chesterton thinks society treated Wilde unfairly, inasmuch as it encouraged him for years in preaching an immoral attitude by fêting and lionizing him while he was posing as the leader and teacher of the æsthètes; and then when he took to practicing the immoral attitude he had preached, society closed in on him and restrained his active immoralities by means of handcuffs and prison cells. Mr. Chesterton fails to think clearly. He should discriminate. The people who for years fêted Wilde for preaching immorality were not the people who arrested him when caught in the flagrant criminal act. The lionizing was done by a coterie of self-demoralized æsthètes and their following; the punishing was done by the official agents of the great sane, majestic moral sense of the community sturdily bent on enforcing decency. Society took no harsh exceptional or inconsistent course in Wilde's case. A free community is always tolerant of mere theories, however pernicious, immoral, or destructive; but when the theorist puts his objectionable and injurious theories into practice by overt acts, then he encounters the teeth of the effective machinery which society maintains for its own protection and which does not discriminate between æsthètes and other anarchists. When Chesterton charges society with unfairness toward Oscar Wilde he errs through his failure to discriminate between a coterie and the community. But he is perfectly correct in saying that what this chief of the æsthètes did was simply to carry out in practice the doctrines of his cult. He lived his principles to the full, and so he became the consummate flower of æstheticism. Usually it is some weak-minded or unbalanced disciple of destructive theories that is rash enough to perpetrate the extreme overt act logically enjoined by the evil teaching, as when Czolgosz, fired by what he has heard at anarchist meetings or read in yellow journals, goes out to do the act which the teachings of the leaders suggest and justify. But in the case of the æsthètes, those anarchists against the moral law, it is their chief prophet, apostle, and teacher who has the nerve, the reckless daring to practice what he preaches and to live down to the principles they all uphold.

Nothing is plainer than the superficiality and futility of æstheticism as a means of culture. What proof more positive of its superficiality is possible than the æsthète of Reading Gaol who, having

devoted his life to cultivating his æsthetic taste to the last degree of exquisiteness, at the height of his career knows as little of true refinement as a tree-toad knows of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. That the man who was the consummate flower and the complete embodiment of æstheticism could be at once so dainty and so dirty, so squeamish and so squalid, so nice and so nasty, is proof that the refinement of a merely æsthetic culture goes not much deeper than does the rouge on a courtesan's enameled cheek. As to its futility, the words of a bright Englishman are true: "This is the *carpe diem* philosophy; but the *carpe diem* philosophy is not the philosophy of happy people, but of very unhappy people. Great joy does not gather the rosebuds while it may; its eyes are fixed on the immortal rose which Dante saw: and great joy has in it the sense of immortality. . . . No blow has ever been struck at the natural loves and laughter of men so sterilizing and paralyzing as this *carpe diem* of the æsthetes." Both the superficiality and the futility of æstheticism are conspicuous and pitiable. It fails so entirely with both lobes of its brain that one can hardly imagine how unsuccess could be more complete. Starting out with the principle of sacrificing all things to the pursuit of pleasure, it ends by achieving as its most obvious result in its typical case the most phenomenal and excruciating misery. And beginning by excluding all considerations and aims except the production of beautiful works of art, it ends, as a brilliant critic tells us, by having no art worth showing. "There are many real tragedies of the æsthetic world and the artistic temperament," says this critic, "but the greatest tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art." We should not count this to be æstheticism's worst tragedy, but he states correctly the utter futility of the æsthete's misguided endeavor.

The poison of æstheticism accounts largely for the inferiority and viciousness of modern art. Critics who are not of the clergy, and who know more about the matter than we can, report that demoralization is nearly complete in the art world. We are told that most of the artists of today hold the doctrines of sheer thorough-going æstheticism. With cynical disregard of moral considerations, they regard in any work of art only the artistic content. "Art for art's sake" is their intentionally and explicitly immoral motto. James Huneker, the special critic of musical and dramatic art, says that the puzzling thing about the new dispensation in art is its absolute departure from the ethics of Christianity; and its substitu-

tion of the ethics of Spinoza ravished by the rhetoric of Nietzsche, who called himself the great immoralist, denied the soul, and proclaimed the rank animalism of man. The moral dangers of the art world and the whole æsthetic realm must be considered real, and not the nightmare of a preacher's indigestion, when even a decadent like George Moore says he does not believe that the moral sense can flourish in an artistic atmosphere, and that modern art as it exists is positively unfriendly to morals. Art as the handmaid of religion and morality, as in the great old days of Angelo, and Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Fra Angelico, was one of the most glorious accessories, embellishments, and inspirations of civilized life. But art estranged from morals and religion, as in these degenerate and erring days, sinks to mediocrity and pettiness and develops the seeds of decay and death: becomes, in fact, a plague and a pestilence against which society needs to put up a quarantine.

In no department of the world of art has morality flourished less than in the dramatic. In spite of all the talk about reforming the stage, the best dramatic critics tell us that the theater today is disgraced by plays which are a "dramatized stench," and which frankly represent a life of filthy vice as better than a life of honest toil. The corrupting influence of the theater and the tendency of dramatic art to degenerate are seen in the fact that a man who set out a short time ago to reform the stage, and wrote what he called "Plays for Puritans," after a while offered the public a drama which shocked the sensibilities of a Tammany chief of police and was prohibited by that not over-scrupulous functionary. Last winter, in New York, out of the realm of art came the ghost of Reading Gaol to flap its obscene wings over the Metropolitan Opera House with a play wallowing in lasciviousness and reeking with suffocating moral stench, Oscar Wilde's opera of Salome, which a capable and dispassionate critic says should be staged nowhere outside of Sodom. Out of the realm of art came also the ghost of Madison Square Garden, to hover by day for months over the City Court, flitting by night perchance above the temple and the pleasure-palace he designed, his House of Worship and his House of Mirth, on the inner wall of one of which stand the commandments, God Almighty's "Thou-shalt-nots" which he put there, while on the roof of the other weeping angels see the little red pool which his murderer spilled there. Æstheticism is not justified of its children. To repudiate morals and to glorify the senses is to insure disease, death, putrefaction.

THE ARENA

A NEW EXPOSITION.

MUCH critical skill has been used to prove the first two chapters of Luke unhistorical. It is generally admitted, however, that Luke is the most accurate Greek scholar and historian of all the New Testament writers, he being the only one among them who was a native Greek, the others being Jews. But his plain and straightforward account of the virgin birth of Christ has been a stubborn rock of offense in the way of the rationalist and the skeptic; they have of late, however, indulged in much self-adulation in the supposition which they think is founded on historical facts that the first two chapters are merely legendary and mythical. They affirm that Luke is mistaken when he says in the second chapter and second verse that Quirinius was at the time of the birth of Christ governor of Syria.

Luke speaks of two enrollments: the first in his Gospel, second chapter, second verse, the second in the Acts, fifth chapter, thirty-seventh verse. The second was according to Josephus about A. D. 6, 7, when Judea was attached to Syria, which would make it about ten years between the two censuses, as we call them now in the United States. Luke in the Gospel and in the Acts uses the same Greek word, *apographa*, which does not mean an "assessment," or "taxing," but a "registration," or "enrollment," or "writing." And these enrollments were not of the people alone, but of their substance as well.

Luke does not say that at the second enrollment Quirinius was governor of Syria. And Josephus does not allude to the birth of Christ at all; neither does he say that Quirinius was governor of Syria or Judea at any time. Quirinius by this time had gained great fame as a Roman consul, a legate, a high military officer or commander, and had been sent often to quiet and settle many disturbances in different countries. So here Cæsar sent him down into Syria as a military and not a civil officer to oversee the enrollment. We assert, after considerable investigation, that Quirinius never was in our sense of the word governor of Syria or Judea. The Greek word used by Luke is *agamon*, and it is a military and not a civil term, and signifies a "high military officer" such as general, commander, lieutenant. The first English translators so translated it. Wiclif, Tyndale, Cranmer, and the Geneva versions all use the word "lieutenant." The Syriac and the Vulgate and the Rheims use the word "president"; that is, he was sent to preside as a temporary military officer over the censustaking. But the King James version is the first to use the word "governor." And this erroneous translation has caused commentators and critics more fruitless research and skeptics more pleasure and satisfaction than perhaps any other passage in the New Testament.

We may remark further that to parenthesize verse second is not sustained by universal authority. Westcott and Hort, who follow too exclusively the Sinaitic manuscript, use it, but it is worth calling attention

to at least that neither the Syriac nor the Vulgate, nor Wiclif, nor Tyndale, nor Cranmer, nor the Rheims use it. The Geneva and King James versions are the only ones which use it. Neither the British nor the American Standard Revisions use it. So far, then, as this parenthesis gives any support to the supposition that it is a later interpolation, or expresses any doubt of its accuracy by Luke, all such objections are removed, and it is a strong link in the strong chain of irrefragable evidence in favor of the historicity of these two chapters of the Gospel by Luke and to which I subscribe with unfeigned sincerity. And if I am to follow no road but that which is blazoned on every milepost by reason or knowledge, then I must stand still in my tracks and die in the wilderness of knowledge, then I must stand still and die in the wilderness of life.

Pittsburg, Pa.

E. M. Wood.

THE CREED—"HE ROSE AGAIN"

THE editors of our new Hymnal have inserted the word "again" in the fifth article of the Apostles' Creed—omitted previously for a period of years—making it read: "He rose again from the dead." This action conforms to that of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church which, in 1886, restored the item to that formulary in their prayer book. But why, it has been asked, when once rejected, has it been taken back into service? At least one preachers' meeting, and that in no obscure village, has been called upon for a reply to the inquiry, without eliciting at the moment of inquiry any response. "Why," it was asked, "do our hymn book editors teach a second resurrection of Jesus from the dead?" Or does admiration for the rendering of ancient versions of the creed and a desire to recite in uniformity with other bodies of Christians, prevail over a strict regard to the facts in the case? For, manifestly, Christ did not rise *again*! He came again to life—"He was dead, and is alive again." But "rose again" conveys, strictly speaking, more than this fact proclaims; and the word "again" is contrary to truth, or, at the least, incongruous with grammatical nicety. A review of the English versions of ancient creeds reveals an almost unvarying use of the phrase "rose again." And translations from the works of modern authors into English preserve quite uniformly the same verbiage. Thus, for instance, Winer, in his *Confessions of Christendom*, is made to say: "Without the death there could have been no rising again; without the rising again there could have been no confirmation of the hope of eternal life." Similarly, the rendering of mediæval and of earlier allusions to the Creed, as, for example, the reply of the Archbishop of Sens to the Encyclical of the Emperor Charlemagne: "Our clergy teach that the Son hath both risen again and ascended. . . ." The English of Athanasius's exposition of his faith usually runs, "He rose from the dead," but that of Eusebius of Cæsarea makes it "rose again." The same is also true of a translation of an eighth century canon: "The Son of God was incarnate of the Holy Ghost and of Mary ever Virgin, . . . suffered, was buried, and rose again the third day." These instances run back to the fourteenth century, when

we first come upon the word "again." Thus the MS. Harleian runs: "The thridde day he roos agen from deeth to liif." And, doubtless, this early use of the adverb forced the uniformity of renderings ever since prevailing. Latin scholars may tell us whether the participles and verbs used in numerous formularies and creeds to express the fact of Jesus's return to the world of palpable human action, conveyed fairly this idea of "rising again." The Greek, however, does not seem to imply it. These ancient creeds and versions vary but little, and where they do it is not in the facts stated, but in the order of words, or in a variation of phrase without change of meaning. In Irenæus we read, "resurrectionem a mortuis (resurrection from the dead), and its equivalent *καὶ τὴν ἔγερσιν ἐκ νεκρῶν*. Also speaking of the faith of many pagan races who have accepted Jesus as Lord ("assentunt multæ gentes barbarorum, eorum in Christum credunt"), he cites their belief in his suffering under Pilate, and his return in the flesh to the world ("passus sub Pontio Pilato, et resurgens"). Resurrectionem is varied with "resuscitatum a mortuis" and "resuscitatum a Patre"; and resurrexit, surrexit, surrexisse, resurgens seem to be indifferently used—all conveying the idea that Jesus was restored (by the Father) to life, all pointing to the simple fact that he was alive again—not risen again. Alive again, but not a reanimation, as though there had been a temporary suspension of all human functions; but alive again *from the dead*, a real return from a real death.

The Nicene Creed, though almost invariably translated "rose again," reads, *ἀναστάντα* only. So do versions of this creed in the Greek tongue. There is, therefore, nothing to justify the rendering "again."

It is easy to account for Englishmen's love of obsolete forms and even of inaccuracies, illiterate and literate alike. But scholarly America is attaching great significance to whatever is age-old. And sometimes we crowd out better meanings—at least the more comprehensible ones—in our zeal for the ancient, or in our desire to share in terms which some arrogantly have reserved to their exclusive use. Thus Protestants insist on saying "Holy Catholic Church" not only because the phrase is ancient, but as teaching that no one church can be exclusively catholic.

The widely spread study of early English is also having its effect in fixing in the public mind a genuine taste for our early linguistic expressions, and so lends to venerable formularies an importance not wholly intrinsic.

Among some of these we discover the reason for the present persistence of this word "again." For instance, while the ninth century gives us, "Tham thridden daege he aras from deadum," and the twelfth century, "Thridden degge he aras from deatha," the fourteenth says: "The thridde day he roos agen from death to liif." Or—as varied in a *Prymer* of the same period—"The thridde day he roos agen fro deede." Of course this usage determined the form of expression employed in the King James version of the New Testament, wherever reference is made to the resurrection of Jesus: But what compelled our American revisers to adopt, without change, the misleading, or at the least the inexact rendering which includes the adverb "again"?

We lose nothing in the stateliness of form, in rhetorical rhythm and swing by reciting: "The third day he rose again from the dead." But we gain nothing except a conformity with the usage of churches antedating our own—which may or may not be helpful—and a return to that recital of the Creed in bygone centuries when our English tongue was hardening in its final mold.

S. REESE MURRAY.

Washington, D. C.

A CHALLENGED STATEMENT

ON page 651 of the METHODIST REVIEW (for July, 1906), was a statement which in my opinion ought to be challenged as not merely being without either biblical or reasonable support, but as being contradicted by a plain declaration of Holy Writ. "That he [Moses] was raised and glorified is evident from the account of the transfiguration of Christ." Again: "The account of the transfiguration showed that Moses was not held in the embrace of death. . . . It is said Moses and Elias appeared with Christ in glory and consequently in bodily form that had been glorified." Now, if these allegations about Moses are true, Moses and not Christ is the "first fruits of them that slept." For Christ's transfiguration preceded his resurrection, and *no one* had yet been raised from the dead. And if Samuel could appear to Saul in the home of the witch of Endor and predict the occurrences of the following day, if Dives after death could supplicate Abraham and be informed of the unalterable nature of his doom; and if purely spiritual beings could appear in bodily form to Abraham at his tent door, could eat and drink with him, and walk with him to the brow of the hill overlooking Sodom it certainly is not difficult to conclude that there was no impossibility or unreasonableness in the appearance of Moses on the mount of transfiguration with an assumed form or *no form*. Indeed, to affirm such an impossibility is logically to assert that all the dead are without the power of communication both with the living and with each other, if not, indeed, to shut them up in unconscious existence. For if a disembodied spirit was unable to converse with Christ on that momentous occasion, and resurrection must either be accomplished for the purpose, or assumed to have previously transpired, then all the saints who sleep are under similar disability, and Paul is greatly mistaken when he affirms that to be absent from the flesh is to be "present with the Lord," and declares a doubt which could not exist in his mind when he writes: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such a one caught up to the third heaven." For if a disembodied spirit cannot see, be seen, communicate intelligibly, and remember what he has seen and heard in his disembodied state, Saint Paul must have known it and would have perceived that only with his body was he "caught up to the third heaven." To my mind the appearance of the disembodied personality of Moses in company with Elias forms one of the most comforting, and at the same time most indisputable, assurances of which we have possession that our loved ones, who are passed over, are already in a state of felicity which will be further perfected when the "graves give up their dead."

Owatonna, Minn.

HENRY G. BILBE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE—CONTINUED FROM MAY-JUNE REVIEW, 1906

VERSE 9. The view of those who hold that his statement about Michael is from an apocryphal book, *The Assumption of Moses*, is not sufficiently attested to regard it as more than mere conjecture. This passage is not a mere speculative statement but has its lesson in the next clause: "Durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." The "durst not" is in relation to God, not to Satan. "Michael shows his dread of transcending the bounds of his own duty, and arrogating to himself an office and authority belonging to the Lord alone." The charge against the false disciples whom Jude would rebuke is stated in the eighth verse: they "set at naught dominion and rail at dignities." Not so Michael: he modestly refused to bring railing judgment against the devil but left the penalty to God, and said: "The Lord rebuke thee." Rosemuller, quoted by Bloomfield, puts the meaning thus: "If Michael scrupled to revile the devil (an exalted angel, the worst of demons) who himself, though impious, had received from God some power in the world, how can we excuse those who do not hesitate to revile human magistrates, nay, even good angels." And Doddridge says: "If the angel did not rail even against the devil, how much less ought we against men in authority, even supposing them in some things to behave amiss." This passage of Scripture, so embarrassing to the interpreter, has nevertheless a rich meaning to our own age which lies on the surface and on which commentators agree. The rejection of both human and divine authority is an evil of our own times against which this verse of Holy Scripture makes its protest.

Verse 10. "But these speak evil of those things which they know not: but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves." The Revised Version is quite similar: "But they rail at whatsoever things they know not: and what they understand naturally, like creatures without reason, in these things they are destroyed." Jude is giving a fuller description of the characters of those whom he is considering, mentioned in the fourth verse, "ungodly men, turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ." The arraignment is very sharp; "they rail at whatsoever things they know not." Adam Clarke renders this: "They do not understand the origin and utility of civil government; they revile that which protects their own persons and property. This is true of most insurrections and seditions." This interpretation is hardly consonant with the train of thought, as civil governments do not seem to be under consideration, but rather their relation to God. It is better with Alford to refer it to the spiritual world. This is characteristic of all corrupt hearts in relation to spiritual things. They rail at them although they do not

understand them. This practice is not unknown in our own time. Much of the bitter attitude toward sacred truth is the result of ignorance and because it is a reproof of evil deeds and consequently distasteful. The greater the ignorance the greater the bitterness. Not content with railing at sacred things of which they are ignorant, they are controlled by their natural passions and appetites, "what they understand naturally, like the creatures without reason." This is the subordination or neglect of their reason and submission to that blind instinct such as is common to the animal creation. "In these things are they destroyed." All sin is the destruction or corruption of that which is best and noblest in man. Yielding to natural instincts, discarding the reasoning faculty, rejecting Divine authority, have but one outcome. Such a course is fatal, corrupting the moral nature and calling for Divine penalty. Against this class Jude pronounces woe and prophesies further destruction of them.

VERSE 11. "Woe unto them! for they went in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for hire and perished in the gain-saying of Korah." This passage and other references to the Old Testament indicate that this letter is addressed to the Jewish element or they would be without significance to the readers. The three incidents were well known and were illustrative of the degenerate character of the Jews. The precise point in these references is somewhat obscure but should be interpreted in its broader aspects. The characters were similar but the acts were different. They all indicate hostility to God. "They went in the way of Cain." Cain's sin was the murder of his brother (Gen. 4: 8-12). The roots of Cain's sin were jealousy and anger. In the murder of Abel he violated that sense of brotherhood which includes not alone man's natural relations by heredity but the broader relations of humanity. The question which the Lord asked him showed the deep significance of his crime: "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" Beginning in jealousy because Abel's offering had been accepted and his own rejected, he forgot the sense of brotherhood. His jealousy developed into hatred and finally into murder, and he became the first murderer recorded in sacred history. The sin here referred to is a violation of a sense of God's authority and of human brotherhood, a sin culminating in anger, jealousy, and crime. Cain became a type of all those who obey the impulses of their own natures instead of ordering their lives according to the commands of God. Some have regarded Cain in this passage as representing bad men everywhere and of all classes.

A further description is "they ran greedily after the error of Balaam for hire." Here again we cannot tell the exact characteristics intended to be set forth. As the primary sin of Balaam was covetousness, so, "Reckless of all that it costs, the loss of God's favor and heaven, on they rush after gain like Balaam." De Wette quoted by Alford says: "But they were poured out (ruined) by the deception of the reward of Balaam." Butler's sermon on the character of Balaam is well known and well worthy of study. A brief quotation from it may be fitting here. "So that the object that we have before us is the most astonishing in the world: a very

wicked man (Balaam), under a deep sense of God and religion, persisting still in his wickedness, and preferring the wages of unrighteousness, even when he had before him a lively view of death, and that approaching period of his days which should deprive him of all those advantages for which he was prostituting himself; and likewise a prospect, whether certain or uncertain, of a future state of retribution: all this joined with an explicit ardent wish that when he was to leave this world he might be in the condition of a righteous man. Good God, what inconsistency, what perplexity is here! With what different views of things, with what contradictory principles of action, must such a mind be torn and distracted! It was not unthinking carelessness, by which he ran on headlong in vice and folly, without ever making a stand to ask himself what he was doing. No; he acted on the cool motives of interest and advantage. Neither was he totally hard and callous to impressions of religion, what we call abandoned, for he absolutely denied to curse Israel. When reason assumes her place, when convinced of his duty, when he owns and feels, and is actually under the influence of the divine authority: whilst he is carrying on his views to the grave, the end of all temporal greatness: under this sense of things, with the better character and more desirable state present, full before him, in his thoughts, in his wishes, voluntarily to choose the worst—what fatality is here! Or how otherwise can such a character be explained?"

The character of Balaam was a composite one. He is represented as unwilling to do what God forbade, trying in every way to find some excuse by which he might secure the rewards of iniquity. He is a character full of contrasts and replete with instruction. "And perished in the gainsaying of Korah." This has been rendered "perished by the gainsaying, as Korah." This reference to the rebellion of Korah against Moses and Aaron is described in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers. This rebellion of Korah, Dothan, and Abiram was fearfully punished. The rebellion of those in the time of Jude is here set forth as similar in kind. They opposed the authority of the apostles of our Lord God. Jude selects these noted instances of the Old Testament transgressions as a warning to the sinners of his time. Weiss in his commentary thus explains the passage: "As Cain, the first example of sin which has broken forth out of the God-created human race, forms a contrast to Abel, thus they have followed his example instead of going in the ways of the saints such as the new creation produces. As Balaam, at the prospect of sensual enjoyment which sin held out to him permitted himself to be led upon the same evil path, they, for the same reason, have rushed without restraint upon the same deceptive way. As the companions of Korah through their rebellion against the Divine Order were destroyed, thus they are to meet with the same destruction."

This class is further described in verse 12: "These are they who are hidden rocks in your love feasts when they feast with you, shepherds that without fear feed themselves; clouds without water, carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots;" The Greek word rendered in the ordinary version "spots," in the Revised

Version is rendered more appropriately "rocks." The word is susceptible of either meaning but the context requires the rendering of the Revised Version. They are described as hidden rocks on which vessels are rent. Weiss says: "They are those who are desecrating the love feasts of the congregation by unhesitatingly degenerating these into common carousals and using them for the satisfaction of their pleasures and thereby depriving them of their character as feasts of love, the bearing of which we saw in 1 Cor. 11, 21."

"Shepherds that without fear feed themselves." They have no regard for brotherhood, each seeking to satisfy his own needs and appetites without regard to others. These are disturbers of the church, recklessly promoting divisions and anxious only to gratify themselves. It seems that this was done under the guise of Christian affection, of which the Christian love feasts were characteristic symbols. The figures in this whole paragraph are very striking and are thus paraphrased by Weiss: "In four grand pictures Jude describes their characters from the different points of view. Waterless clouds which are driven about by every wind and do not bring the rain which is so earnestly desired and which these clouds promised, are images of these seeming Christians. The complete death of their spiritual life is described in a fourfold ascending scale in the picture of the trees which the autumn winds deprive of their leaves and which now stand there bare; of those which do not at all bring forth any fruit on account of their natural unfruitfulness; of those which already for the second time have died away, and of those which have been entirely rooted out and accordingly can no longer prosper."

Verse 13 compares them further in vivid language: "Wild waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness has been reserved for ever." This picture of shame and instability does not require formal exposition. Having thus described the characters in such vivid colors, Jude proceeds to assert that this condition of things has been in accordance with prophecy.

The fact that they are subjects of prophetic announcement emphasizes their guilt. Verses 14 and 15 say: "And to these also Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord came with ten thousands of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all." The margin, "his holy myriads." The Revised Version is nearly in the language of the book of Enoch, and has been thought to be a quotation from it. The book of Enoch is not one of the canonical books and on that account some question the canonicity of this epistle. It was a book probably compiled by a Jew in the first century. The employment of the language of a noncanonical book does not involve the authority of the book but rather indicates the adaptation of the part selected to the subject. On a question of fact it would imply the correctness of the fact, but need not go further. Wordsworth cites Jerome as saying that in his age "this epistle was authorized by general reception among the Holy Scriptures; and he observes in another place that Saint Paul also in his canonical epistles cites from books not canonical—and that he also quotes heathen poets."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ANOTHER "NEW THEOLOGY"

THERE has been during the past few weeks a violent disturbance in the theological sky of Great Britain. Fortunately, however, from present indications it is purely local and temporary in its nature. Like the Crapey and similar agitations in this country exploited by the newspapers, it will probably pass away without leaving a single trace in its wake. The immediate occasion of this sudden breeze is the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and the center of this "storm in a teacup" as Canon Henson has designated it—a mere flurry, "without the element of a movement," is the City Temple, High Holborn, London, better known to Americans who have visited the British metropolis as Dr. Joseph Parker's old church. Canon Henson, discussing the subject, like many others, queries whether the "new theology," preached in the City Temple, be new, nay more, whether it is in any sense of the word, "theology." He says: "Nine tenths of the new theology is made up of platitudes, and the remaining tenth is fallacy." If this be true, it is hard to see what there is left. The above criticism is severe, the more so, since Mr. Campbell has claimed that the learned canon and he practically occupy the same ground theologically. Mr. Campbell, as our readers know, has been, of late, indulging in some strange utterances, language utterly at variance with the generally accepted doctrines of the Protestant churches in English-speaking countries. To judge from numerous addresses, sermons, and articles there is reason for inferring that Mr. Campbell denies many of the cardinal doctrines as they are held and generally understood by the Free churches of Great Britain. Of these we might mention (1) *The deity of Jesus Christ*. Lest we may do him injustice it will be better to let him speak for himself. Take the following recent deliverance: "My contention is that Unitarianism and Trinitarianism alike have tended too much in the past to separate between man and God. In the new theology the old issue between Unitarian and Trinitarian simply ceases to exist; we do not need the names." This is frank, even if not quite clear. Here is where the man distinguishes, when forced to do so, between the terms "divinity" and "deity" of Jesus Christ. Alas, the term "divinity" has been freely used in reference to our Saviour by professedly orthodox people who deny his deity. We all know that a thorough-going Unitarian is quite ready to call Jesus divine, but will not hear of his deity. The Unitarian has no place for the deity of Jesus Christ or the word "trinity" in his creed. Mr. Campbell says: "We believe that Jesus is and was divine, but so are we. . . . Every man is a potential Christ." Not admitting the deity of our Lord we are not surprised that along with this he brushes away the doctrine of (2) *The atonement made by Jesus Christ for sin*. Let us again quote Mr. Campbell: "Whatever can be said about the love of Christ may be said about the love of John Smith. . . . The

atoning love is that in which Christ repeats his offering for mankind in every heart given up to him. The belief that Jesus suffered some mysterious penalty and took away sin is a moral mischief." Strange language this, certainly unworthy the name of sober theology, old or new. No wonder that an unbelieving critic, an avowed freethinker, in commenting upon the above sentences has delivered himself thus: "The whole argument is a tangle of nonsense, for according to Mr. Campbell Christ is indisputably divine—but so are we. Christ's love and the love of John Smith may be possessed in terms of the same value. But the love of Christ is an atoning love, and the belief in an atonement is a moral mischief." If words have any meaning whatever, Mr. Campbell does not believe in the doctrine of (3) *Sin*. His language discussing this subject is at times strangely mixed. It is often enveloped in vague generalizations, in nebulous metaphysical rehash of pseudo-Hegelianism and hazy philosophical pantheistic jargon. And yet it is clear enough to show that the new theology of which he is an exponent, has no place for the fact, much less for the awfulness, of sin. If there be no sin, the suffering of our Lord for sin can be, must be, dispensed with, nor can there be any need of an atonement. If there be no sin, there can be no punishment in another life for sin. "Ultimately," we are assured, "every soul will be perfected." "If God," says Mr. Campbell, "had cared whether we sin or not, why did he create man and make it not only possible, but practically impossible for him not to sin? Men have suffered more than God from sin. What harm," he asks, "has sin ever done God?" Such questions are not new. They are, at any rate, as old as Job. May we not hope that the Almighty may appear to Mr. Campbell too, and from the clouds bring him back to the faith of his fathers? But lest our readers may think we put the case too strongly, let us again have recourse to Mr. Campbell's own words, as they came from his pen, or at least, as published over his own name, in the Examiner, March 20, 1906: "Sin itself is a quest for God—a blundering quest, but a quest for all that. The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations to express himself, and to realize the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just came to that: he wanted, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand the soul, to enter untrodden regions, and gather to himself new experiences. That drunken debauch was a quest for life, a quest for God. Men in their sinful follies today, and their blank atheism, and their foul blasphemies, their trampling upon things that are beautiful and good, are engaged in this dim, blundering quest for God, whom to know is life eternal. The *roué* you saw in Piccadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God." In our opinion Colonel Ingersoll or Thomas Paine never uttered anything quite as blasphemous. The rankest rationalistic evolutionist who regards sin as a gradual ascension toward the truth can never utter anything with more poison in it. And yet in spite of all this and equally reckless deliverances, there are those who cry out at the top of their voice: "Fair play! Let there be perfect liberty

of thought and speech in every Protestant pulpit." No wonder that men of all creeds and of no creed at all protest and pity. Canon Henson, himself a liberal theologian, says: "Mr. Campbell dangerously underestimates the fact of sin and the consequent need for the atonement. My conviction is, if Christianity is to be a power in human life, we must preach Christ crucified." It seems, too, that Mr. Campbell treads dangerously near pantheism. He works the word "immanence" very hard. In our opinion the author of Psalm 139 had a clearer vision of God than he. One more citation from a recent interview (*Daily Mail*, January 12, 1907). He says: "God stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed. . . . We believe man to be the revelation of God and the universe one means to the self-manifestation of God. . . . We believe there is no real distinction between humanity and deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited." It has been well said that the logical outcome of all this is self-worship, which leads an infidel editor to ask whether "we know of any thing under the sun more worshipful, after all, than humanity?" Haeckel, the noted rationalistic scientist, on being asked for an opinion of the "new theology," replied: "Sickness prevents me from writing about Mr. Campbell's so-called 'new theology.' But yet I regard it as useless from the genuinely scientific standpoint to controvert theories which rest upon purely idealistic imaginations." This is an unkind thrust from a scientific man, for is it not a fact that most all of our modern theological newer critics pose as scientific thinkers in their methods and deductions?

It is a significant fact that the leading Unitarians of England have, so far, refrained from welcoming Mr. Campbell into their fold. It is no less significant that the advanced freethinkers of that country look down rather pityingly than otherwise upon this conversion of the young pastor of the City Temple. The following from a recent issue of *The Clarion* may be given as a sample: "The Rev. Mr. Campbell is only in the same situation as hundreds of others—the situation of most, perhaps, intellectual Christians. He has awakened to the fact that the period of Christianity is passing the way of what Christians contemptuously call paganism. The seismic labors of Darwin and Wallace have produced their convulsion. Christianity's rock is crumbling and breaking asunder, and those that still stand upon it are sorely distracted. A few have found a serene and solid lodgment on a higher plateau. . . . The Rev. Mr. Campbell is one of another class, who having found the ground slip from under them, glance wistfully upward to the new formed plateau, while yet clinging to this or that rotten branch of dead things in frantic fear of losing all they have cherished. . . . But Mr. Campbell will arrive. He has open eyes and a man's grip. We therefore watch his floundering and stumbling amongst the rubble, ruin, and rubbish of falling creeds, with easy minds." Mr. Campbell's heresies strike at the very vitals of our religion. With him it is not a question of the origin of the Psalter, the nature and origin of the Pentateuch, of two or more Isaiahs, nor yet of the virgin birth, or the authority of the Scriptures, but rather the rejection of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Dr. Campbell Morgan has

well said: "His interpretation of Christianity is diametrically opposed to the teaching of the New Testament." There is, however, one redeeming feature about Mr. Campbell's preaching and writings. He does not mince matters. There is no attempt at concealment, no cowardice, no hypocrisy, but on the other hand, a refreshing straightforwardness. How much nobler such a course than that represented by a small number in the pulpits of various orthodox denominations, who, like "The Undistinguished Heretic" (*Independent*, January 10, 1907), notwithstanding the fact that he had drifted away from the teachings of the denomination to which he belonged, yet continues to hold his place, and to draw his pay, while insidiously, slowly and purposely inoculating his innocent and unsuspecting hearers with doctrines utterly at variance with those to which in his ordination vows he had subscribed! Better sacrifice position and comfort than to play fast and loose with conscience, for as Dr. Buckley has well said, "unless a new morality has been invented," the confession of the *Independent's* undistinguished heretic "shows him to be a hypocrite and a coward." Where is the manhood of a minister "who is willing to have his flock accept as true a creed which he himself believes to be false"?

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, a loyal friend of Mr. Campbell and orthodoxy, has shown very conclusively that the latter has been guilty of rashness and imprudence in giving expression to undigested fancies. Being adrift on the great questions of theology, without any definite philosophy, "and not knowing well the language of these problems, and having no time to choose his words, he sinks, as it seems to us, and especially of late, into complete intellectual chaos." The above words are from Dr. Nicoll, who also says that his sermons and addresses are "often improvisations on themes which require long and patient study. We have read several of his recent sermons, and have been amazed and disconcerted by paragraph after paragraph of ignorant dogmatism, inconsequent thinking and misty generalizations." The words of the Samaritan woman are especially applicable to Mr. Campbell and similar minds: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw water with, and the well is deep."

There are those who question the propriety of Mr. Campbell's remaining in the pulpit of the City Temple, which hitherto has been regarded as one of the strongholds of orthodoxy, or even in the Congregational Church, a communion usually considered evangelical. Mr. Campbell, no doubt, may believe whatever he chooses, whatever seems true and reasonable to him. And yet he must not forget that "much may be permitted to a philosopher speculating which cannot be granted to a preacher proclaiming." The Christian Church, in all ages, from the day of Pentecost to the present time has stood squarely upon certain doctrines, among them the incarnation, the deity of Jesus Christ, the atonement for sin, the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, the fact of sin, and the absolute necessity of regeneration. It seems to us that Mr. Campbell has squarely repudiated these cardinal doctrines. He is not the first to do so. Others have preceded him. What have been the results? What church or preacher having repudiated and failed to preach these doctrines has been successful in extending the kingdom of God?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

NOTES ON THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL FACULTIES OF GERMANY

Of the twenty-one universities in the German empire four have both Catholic and Protestant theological faculties side by side, four have only Catholic, and thirteen only Protestant faculties. There are accordingly eight Catholic and seventeen Protestant theological faculties in the universities of Germany. Of the seventeen Protestant faculties six throughout the last seventy-five years have maintained a good degree of eminence. These are the faculties at Berlin, Halle, Leipzig, Tübingen, Erlangen, and Göttingen. There are also two others which in the last twenty-five years have exerted an influence which puts them fairly in a class with the six. These are Greifswald and Marburg. As to the six first mentioned, it may be said of Göttingen that she, because of the death of Ritschl and later losses, has hardly maintained her place in the front rank. Erlangen, too, since the death of Frank, in 1894, is not the power she was. She still has a faculty of able men, but only one star of the first magnitude—Theodor Zahn. The remaining four faculties have in the last twenty-five years maintained their eminence with a fair degree of consistency. It is true that Leipzig, which twenty-five years ago had the most drawing theological faculty of Germany, suffered a decline as the great triumvirate, Kahnis, Delitzsch, Luthardt, began to be broken up. Of late, however, she has been showing exceptional strength and now stands on a level in popularity with Halle and Berlin. Tübingen has generally ranked fourth in the number of theological students. In the last two summer semesters, however, she has stood first, though dropping again into fourth place in each succeeding winter semester. The variation in a case like this is regarded as a perfectly normal occurrence. At Marburg, Heidelberg, Jena, Tübingen, the charms of nature are so great that the attendance of students is much larger in the summer than in the winter. On the other hand, Leipzig, and especially Berlin, enjoy a much larger attendance in the winter.

Some time ago Professor Conrad, the well-known political economist and statistician of Halle, published very full statistics of the German universities since 1831. These statistics, in so far as they relate to the number of students in the Protestant theological faculties, the *Chronik der christlichen Welt* has brought down to date and published in its issue for December 20, 1906. A reproduction of some of these figures may be interesting. It is well known that from about 1866 to the late seventies the total number of students of Protestant theology in Germany was very low—a result, at least in part, of Prussia's wars and of the opening of a multitude of doors in other directions by the new political system of the empire and the swift industrial expansion. From the late seventies to 1890 the numbers grew amazingly. The lowest ebb had been in the early

seventies. From the winter semester 1871-72 to the summer semester 1876, inclusive, the average number of students of Protestant theology in the German empire was 1,780. For the five years 1886-91 the average number was 4,572. In 1890, however, a decline had set in, and it progressed rapidly. In the years 1891-96 the average attendance was 3,301. In the next five the average number was 2,493. In the winter semester 1902-03 the lowest ebb was reached, the total attendance being 2,085. Since then there has been a slight and by no means constant, upward tendency. The total number of students in the 17 Protestant theological faculties stood in the summer of 1906 at 2,329. At the flood tide in the late eighties Berlin had more than 800 and Halle considerably more than 700 theological students. Indeed, for five years Berlin averaged 732 and Halle 660. Leipzig's flood tide came in the quinquennium 1881-86, when her average was 656, but even in the next five years it was 640. When the decline began Berlin and Leipzig suffered more than Halle and Tübingen. From 1901 to 1906 Berlin's average was 298, Leipzig's 283, Tübingen's 273 (against 408 in 1886-91), and Halle's 320. For the twenty-five years from 1881 to 1906 the average for Berlin was 501, for Halle 479, for Leipzig 462, for Tübingen 326. For the fifteen years since 1891 Berlin's average has been 375, Halle's 399, Leipzig's 338, Tübingen's 286. Next in order in the last five years stand Erlangen (153), Marburg (123), Göttingen (106), Greifswald (102). But in 1881-86 Erlangen's average was 351, in 1886-91 Greifswald's was 305, and Göttingen's in the latter period 235. Marburg's *absolute decline* from 194 in 1886-91 to 123 in 1901-06 is in reality a marked *relative gain*.

Glancing over the various theological faculties of Germany one cannot deny that almost every one contains names of real significance. Perhaps the faculty that has of late made the least impression is that at Rostock. This, by the way, is the most "orthodox" faculty in Germany. All its ordinary professors are not only "positive" in the wider sense, they are confessional Lutherans. But while the faculty as a whole has not made a strong impression, it cannot be denied that Walther and Köberle are men of force, and that the promising young professor-extraordinary, R. Grützmacher, is henceforth to be reckoned with. With the death of Cremer, in 1903, and the age or failing health of Zöckler and Nathusius (both of whom died in 1906) Greifswald suffered greatly. But three exceptionally strong young men have been put into the chairs thus made vacant, namely, Stange, Kunze, Wiegand, and the faculty is now probably as strong as it ever was, except for a peculiar power of leadership that Cremer possessed. Kunze is a nephew and pupil of Luthardt, and is a man of excellent parts. Stange is probably the most solid and original thinker among the younger conservative dogmaticians of Germany. At the present time Marburg has one of the ablest theological faculties of Germany. It is one of the "liberal" faculties, only one of the professors—Mirbt, a pupil of Kähler's—being regarded as conservative. The chief figure in the faculty is Herrmann. After Harnack he is the most distinguished disciple of Ritschl. In purely theological thought he is probably more influential than Harnack himself. No man in his gen-

eration has kept more in the thick of the fight, no man has gone more directly to the heart of every issue. Naturally inclined to be rather cutting in controversy, he has more and more curbed himself and now enjoys, as he has fairly deserved, a good reputation for fairness and generosity in his discussions. He is interesting and impressive in the lecture room and very clear and forceful as a writer. His most important works are *Der Verkehr des Christen mit Gott* (4th edition, 1903; English translation of an earlier edition: *The Communion of the Christian with God*) and his *Ethik* (1st edition, 1901, 3d edition, 1903). Herrmann is noted for an intense evangelical spirit. His theology has been called "Ritschlianism on fire." The other Marburg professors, Achlis, Budde, Mirbt, Johannes Weiss, Rade, etc., and especially Jülicher, are all interesting and able men.

Göttingen has a theological faculty of no mean merit, and yet it is at present rather deficient in drawing power. As teacher and writer the most stirring man there is probably Bousset, who still remains only professor-extraordinary. He is a leading exponent of the so-called "religio-historical method" in theology. Outside the theological faculty Göttingen affords an unusual attraction for a small number of students in Semitic subjects in the person of Professor Julius Wellhausen, who, though a man of extensive fame for the past twenty-eight years, is even now but sixty-two years old.

Jena, after a period of rather marked decline, is again becoming a center of considerable theological interest. Here is Nippold, master of recent church history, a man of exceptionally tolerant spirit and broad sympathies, but hardly a model of historical accuracy. Hilgenfeld, one of the very few continuators of Baur's New Testament criticism, though, of course, in a modified form, sturdily continued his academic lectures close up to the time of his death, which occurred recently at the age of eighty-three. But the present strength of the faculty lies in some of the younger men. Wendt, a Ritschlian of the left wing, who lectures on systematic theology and New Testament exegesis, is widely known among us for his able work on *The Teaching of Jesus*. He has recently published the first half of a work on dogmatics. Baentsch, professor of Old Testament studies, is a leader in the movement of a considerable group of men away from the older literary criticism in the direction of the "religio-historical" criticism. But Jena has no more gifted or popular theologian than Weinel, professor-extraordinary for the New Testament. He is not yet thirty-three years old, but he has attracted the widest attention, especially by popular lectures on *Jesus in the Nineteenth Century*, published in book form in 1904 and recently reissued in revised form. The entire Jena faculty is "liberal."

Glessen is one of the decidedly "liberal" faculties. It has had some notable professors. Harnack's first full professorship was here. Stade, the distinguished Old Testament scholar, who recently died at the age of fifty-eight, was professor here for thirty-one years. Kattenbusch, more recently of Göttingen and now at Halle, was professor here for more than a quarter of a century. He is a Ritschlian, though at several points more

conservative than the Göttingen master. To fill Stade's chair Gunkel has been called from Berlin. In him Giessen will have the most fascinating teacher of Old Testament studies in Germany.

Breslau has enjoyed the services of men like Kawerau in practical theology, Cornill in the Old Testament and Wrede in the New Testament. Wrede had made for himself no inconsiderable name (especially by his remarkable book, *Das Messiasgeheimniss in den Evangelien*), and had given cause to look for larger things from him, but he has been taken away by death. He, like Gunkel, Bousset, etc., was an exponent of the new "religio-historical" method. A man of unusual promise here is the young professor, Kropatscheck, who seems destined to be a leader among the conservative systematic theologians. The faculty has been further strengthened by calling to another ordinary professorship for systematic theology the able young Ritschlian, Wobberman, a pupil of Kaftan's.

Several German universities are very seldom visited by Anglo-Saxon students of theology. Such are Rostock and Breslau (already noticed) and Königsberg and Kiel. Yet no one of these is wholly without its attractions. Königsberg has a faculty that is preponderantly "positive," yet with a few representatives of liberalism. Dörner (son of the distinguished and warmly evangelical Berlin professor) is an exponent of the old speculative method, herein resembling Pfleiderer of Berlin. An admirable man is Giesebrecht, who understands perhaps as well as any Old Testament scholar of Germany how to appreciate the divine character of the Old Testament without prejudice against the legitimate work of historical criticism. He and his colleague, Martin Schulze, professor of systematic theology, have been more or less strongly influenced in their method by Professor Kähler, of Halle. Kiel, having lost two of its leading men by removal, has still a very marked personality in Baumgarten, professor of practical theology.

One of the vigorous and interesting faculties is that at Strassburg. Its senior for many years has been H. J. Holtzmann, now retired. For more than a generation he has been one of the leading intellectual forces in the theological world, a man of stupendous learning and remarkable breadth of vision. But he seems to be deficient in evangelical spirit. With him the scientific interest has seemed to flourish at the expense of certain things of even greater value. The other Strassburg professors are strong men. One of these, the newest and youngest member of the faculty and the successor of Holtzmann in the New Testament chair, Ernst von Dobschütz, seems to be a man of peculiar power and promise. All the members of this faculty are more or less "liberal." Heidelberg has never, not even in the days of Rothe's powerful influence, been a particularly popular resort for students of theology. Yet it has almost always had noteworthy men in its theological faculty. At present Troeltsch is perhaps the most important man in the faculty. He is the chief representative in the field of dogmatics of the "religio-historical method," of which Gunkel, Bousset, etc., are notable representatives in the field of biblical research. Besides Troeltsch the Heidelberg faculty includes such men as Deissmann, so well known for philological researches

in the New Testament, and the fine church historian, von Schubert. All the ordinary professors in this faculty are "liberal," except Lemme. The Prussian government has done much to favor the University of Bonn, yet it has not succeeded in giving to its theological faculty great popularity. Nevertheless, the faculty includes some notable names, and shows at the same time remarkable contrasts in respect of the "standpoint" of its several members. Grafe, Meinhold, Otto Ritschl and Sell are liberal; Sieffert, Ecke and Böhmer are moderately conservative; König is very conservative. Perhaps the most effective personality among them is Ecke, whose book, *Die theologische Schule Albrecht Ritschls*, won for its author both fame and a professorship after more than twenty years of pastoral service. He is a pupil of Kähler's.

The national church in most of the larger provinces of Prussia is, as is generally well known, an administrative "Union" of the Lutheran and Reformed churches which leaves each minister and congregation as distinctly Lutheran or Reformed as if the Union did not exist. In consequence of this arrangement most of the Prussian universities have "Union" theological faculties; that is, the professors may be either Lutheran or Reformed. As a matter of fact, the Reformed confession has but few representatives in the faculties, as one might expect when one considers the great preponderance of the Lutheran population in Prussia. When, however, we turn our attention to Bavaria and to Erlangen, its only Protestant university, we find a Lutheran faculty there. Yet a chair for Reformed theology has a place in that faculty. Its occupant for many years was Ebrard, while for nearly fifteen years E. F. Karl Müller has ably filled it. In the latter half of the nineteenth century Erlangen played an exceedingly important part in the theological movements in Germany. It was the seat of the remarkable revival of confessional Lutheranism about the middle of the century. It was anything but a bald reaction. It was—to use the words of Hofmann, the greatest leader of the movement, "a new way to teach the old truth." It was the theology of Schleiermacher—the theology of the Christian consciousness—translated into the terms of Lutheran orthodoxy. And what a mighty force the Erlangen faculty was in the days when Hofmann, Thomasius, Zezschwitz, Frank and, for a time, Delitzsch, labored there side by side! The theology of the Hofmann-Frank school is still, though in modified forms, dominant there, except in the case of Müller, who is an exponent of the biblicistic principle of the Kähler-Cremer school. While Erlangen is no longer what it once was, Zahn alone, the leading strictly conservative New Testament authority of Germany, would be sufficient to give it distinction. Kolde, professor of church history, also is a scholar of high reputation.

At Tübingen theology has long flourished. In the nineteenth century the wonderful movement in New Testament criticism under the leadership of Baur was one of the most significant factors in modern theology. But Tübingen has been distinguished not only for the brilliant radical criticism of Baur and his successor, Weissäcker, but also for the intensely evangelical biblicism of Beck. It cannot be said that Beck was the founder of a

school possessing cohesive properties. His biblicism was too narrow and too uncritical to be adopted as a whole even by his enthusiastic admirers. But he left a mighty impression upon Tübingen and Württemberg and far beyond. At the present time Tübingen can boast, besides Wurster in practical theology and Karl Müller in church history, two men of ideal personality and unusual ability. These are Häring and Schlatter. Häring is a Ritschlian who has decidedly modified the theology of Ritschl in the direction of a more positive biblicism. He represents the extreme right wing of Ritschlianism. His personality is not specially powerful, but it is attractive and gracious. He is a model of fairness and appreciativeness in controversy. Schlatter is a somewhat unique figure. Theologically he was strongly influenced by his teacher, Beck, and later by Cremer. He is professor of New Testament exegesis, but he lectures now and then also on dogmatics. He is a Switzer and speaks an incredibly indistinct Swiss dialect. And yet there is something so genial in his personality, and so rare an insight and so fine a touch in his discussions, that multitudes of students are glad to overcome the barrier of his speech. Tübingen has recently suffered a severe loss in the death of Gottschick at the age of fifty-nine. He was professor of practical theology and an authority on the theology of Luther. Theologically he was a "genuine" Ritschlian.

At Leipzig, Berlin and Halle the teaching body in theology—reckoning not only the professors but also the *Privatdocenten*—is larger than elsewhere. Each of these faculties numbers from 16 to 19 men, though the number of full professors is from 7 to 9. Within a faculty so numerous as one of these one would expect to find some pretty marked antitheses. And this, especially in Berlin, is the case. While in Jena, Giessen, and Strassburg all the teachers are "liberal," and at Erlangen, Greifswald, and Rostock all are "positive," Berlin exhibits some of the most striking contrasts. In systematic theology three widely divergent schools are very ably represented by Pfleiderer, Kaftan and Seeberg. The older speculative liberalism is represented by Pfleiderer, while Kaftan is a Ritschlian of the right wing, and Seeberg is a disciple of Frank and stands for Lutheran orthodoxy as interpreted by the Erlangen school. Harnack is a Ritschlian of the left wing, while Nikolaus Müller, professor-extraordinary for church history, is a pronounced conservative. Professor Weiss, still teaching at almost eighty years of age, is moderately conservative, while his colleague in the field of the New Testament, von Soden, is a radical. In the field of the Old Testament Baudissin is a typical critic of a rather moderate sort, while Strack is quite conservative and Gunkel—who, however, goes now to Giessen—is the most influential leader of the newer—the "religio-historical"—school of Old Testament critics. Berlin has manifestly several men of the very first rank. After Harnack the most popular men in the faculty seem to be Seeberg and Kaftan. To these names must have been added that of Gunkel, but that he now belongs elsewhere. Seeberg is a brilliant and forceful lecturer and writer, but not a particularly original thinker. Kaftan's services are of a high order and are widely recognized. He is, next to Herrmann, the most influential

among the dogmatists of the school of Ritschl. Pfleiderer's influence has been exerted chiefly in the fields of New Testament criticism and the history and philosophy of religion. In dogmatics his influence has been slight. He has been the champion of a cause long since doomed.

The faculty at Leipzig is less heterogeneous than that at Berlin. It is predominantly conservative. One or two full professors and a few other members of the faculty are more or less liberal, but there are no extreme radicals at Leipzig. The chief men are decidedly conservative. Hauck, professor of church history, is an authority of the very highest rank. His most important service is the magnificent work, *Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands*. Next to this may be placed his great labor in editing the third edition of the great *Realencyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. His theological standpoint is generously tolerant yet decidedly conservative. The chief dogmatic theologians of Leipzig are Kirn and Ihmels. The former is a careful and judicious thinker, whose position, though perhaps too conservatively biblical to be classed outright as Ritschlian, is certainly closely allied to that of Ritschl. Ihmels is a pupil of Frank; but he has forsaken the pronounced subjectivism of his teacher and, much in the manner of Kähler and Cremer, makes the objective witness of Scripture, rather than the experience of the individual believer, the source of theology. One of the interesting figures of the Leipzig faculty is the distinguished American scholar, Dr. Caspar René Gregory, one of the greatest authorities in the textual criticism of the New Testament.

Ever since the founding of its university in 1694 Halle has been famous for theology. The popular sentiment for this university was strengthened when, in 1817, the old university of Wittenberg, the place of the academic labors of Professor Martin Luther and Professor Philip Melancthon, was merged with it. In the course of the history of its university Halle has been the academic center of three movements of very great importance: the pietistic movement under Francke, the rationalistic movement under Semler, and the evangelical quickening of theology through Tholuck. At the present time the theological eminence of Halle may be relatively hardly as high as it was some years ago, yet the faculty is probably on the whole quite as able and influential as any in Germany. While it has no man of the immense reputation of a Harnack, it includes at least half a dozen men of the very first rank. Haupt, professor of New Testament exegesis, is a most eloquent lecturer, and is a very influential leader of the ecclesiastical "middle party" in Prussia. Theologically and in ecclesiastical politics his standpoint is similar to that of his late colleague Beyschlag (died 1900). Hering, as professor of practical theology, has earned a very high reputation. In the field of Old Testament scholarship few names are as well known as that of Kautzsch. As an authority in church history only Harnack ranks above Loofs. He and his colleague Kattenbusch, one of the professors of systematic theology, are the greatest two authorities in Germany in symbolics (*Konfessionskunde*). Lütgert, the successor of Beyschlag and youngest of the ordinary professors, is a growing force. Here,

too, is to be found Dr. Warneck, honorary professor for the history and theory of missions. He is undoubtedly Germany's highest authority in that field. Probably, however, the most important man in the faculty is Kähler. Though not as yet very well known in Great Britain and America, it is safe to say that in his own country not more than one other living systematic theologian—Herrmann—equals him in reputation and influence. He is the leader of a newer biblicistic school, Cremer (died 1903) and Schlatter being the other chief names in the group. Of these three, Cremer is most widely known. This is due in part to the widespread use of his *Biblico-theological Lexicon* of the Greek New Testament and in part to his energy as a party leader. In a purely theological way it can hardly be maintained that his influence is as deep and powerful as Kähler's. These two were the closest of friends from their student days under Tholuck and Julius Müller in Halle and under Beck in Tübingen until the sudden death of Cremer. And while their general theological positions are almost identical, there is yet a difference. "Cremer," a Tübingen professor remarked, "is a dictator, Kähler is an investigator." Kähler has a finer feeling for the problems of religious thought and life in the modern world, and so his conservatism is generous. His chief work is the *Wissenschaft der christlichen Lehre* (Science of Christian Doctrine). Most of his minor publications in systematic theology will soon be found gathered up in three volumes under the title, *Dogmatische Zeitfragen*. His most noteworthy controversial writing is *Der sogenannte historische Jesus und der geschichtliche, biblische Christus*. Kähler is now seventy-two years of age, but he continues to labor with no ordinary effectiveness in spite of much bodily frailty.

The teaching in German universities (as is generally well known) is mainly by lectures. In most faculties, however, the ordinary professors conduct each a *Seminar*, while other members of the teaching body are at liberty to conduct a "society" for the same purposes. In the *Seminar* some special subject is chosen for research. The students who are admitted to the *Seminar* must prepare essays on assigned topics. And the professor who, in the public lecture never (except here and there where the number of hearers is cozily small) asks a question, here conducts a very vigorous quiz. Nothing in a pedagogical line could well be finer than the *Seminar* of some of the leading theological professors of Germany. In the lecture hall one discovers a very great variety of talent among the eminent men. Here and there a very dry teacher has acquired fame through his books. Generally, however, the distinguished scholar is a strong teacher. The eminent teaching power of men like Harnack, Gunkel, Kähler, Haupt, Loofs, Hauck, Herrmann, Jülicher and, indeed, of nearly all the greater lights, is universally acknowledged. Some professors give an elegant finish to their lectures. Such were Beyschlag and Luthardt in their day. Others, while perhaps not less thorough in their special preparation for the lecture room, are much less careful of form. Some of the lecturers are very impassive, while others are extremely animated and even fiery. Seeberg is always oratorical, Gunkel shows a quiet but intense animation, Harnack and Loofs run the gamut from

reposeful ease to greatest impetuosity, Haupt always speaks with animation and perfect elocution.

It is not within the scope of this paper to discuss the various theological "schools" or *Richtungen* of Germany. It may, however, be interesting to add to what has already incidentally been said a few words touching the representation of the various *Richtungen* in the several faculties. And what various *Richtungen* are to be found on German soil! Thirty-five years ago it seemed easy to put every German theologian in one or other of the three classes: confessional (orthodox), liberal, mediating. But with the rise of the school of Ritschl this classification was broken up. Yet Ritschl's theology is itself in a certain peculiar sense mediating, but it is the mediation of a thorough-going radicalism rather than of an eclecticism. Ritschlianism is in the first instance a double-front opposition to the old confessionalism and liberalism, and if it be true that there is in it an ultimate tendency to reconciliation, this can only appear after the smoke of the battle has blown away. At the first it simply constituted a fourth group in the theological arena. Gradually, however, it absorbed much of the strength of the old mediating party. But soon there began to appear wide differences within the limits of the Ritschlian party. At present the following attempt at a classification of the theological parties may be of some interest. (1) Confessionalism, itself divided into two groups, the older (Rostock theology) and the newer (Seeberg, Ihmels, etc.). (2) Liberalism, with two groups: the older speculative theology (Pfleiderer) and the more purely critical (the Wellhausen school, etc.). (3) The middle party, divided into two groups: the more conservative biblicistic school of Kähler and Cremer and the more liberal party (Haupt, etc.). (4) The school of Ritschl: right (Häring, Kaftan, Loofs), center (Herrmann, Gottschick), left (Harnack, Jülicher, Rade). (5) The new "religio-historical" school (Troeltsch, Gunkel, Bousset), most of whose leaders once stood under the sign of Ritschl. It is common to call the third as well as the first group "positive" (conservative). In general the Ritschlians are popularly classed with the liberals, though this hardly does justice to the strongly evangelical theology of a man like Häring. Indeed, in all such matters strict lines of demarcation are impossible.

Acknowledging therefore the inevitable limitations of all such judgments, we may note that Rostock, Greifswald, and Erlangen are all solidly conservative. Rostock is on the whole extremely conservative, though its youngest two professors may be classed among the "new" Lutherans. Greifswald and Erlangen are more modern. Jena, Strassburg, and Gießen are solidly "liberal"—the term is used in the wider sense to include the Ritschlians. All the remaining faculties show conservatives and liberals side by side. In all but perhaps four of the faculties Ritschlians are found. Representatives of the school of Kähler and Cremer are becoming tolerably numerous in the universities. The "Erlangen theology" has able exponents in Erlangen, Leipzig, and Berlin.

The present theological situation in Germany has been described as "an equilibrium of forces." No party can claim the preëminence.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

The Atlantic Monthly (Boston) holds a sort of primacy among the magazines. The best years it ever saw have no cause to be ashamed of its present quality. In the richly varied contents of the April number one article which might particularly interest our readers is by Dr. George Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, on "Theology and Human Nature." After noticing one by one such recent books as *The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit*, by C. R. Brown, *The Modern Pulpit*, by L. O. Brastow, *Christ and The Human Race*, by C. C. Hall, *Through Man to God*, by G. A. Gordon, and *Realities of Christian Theology*, by C. A. Beckwith, Dean Hodges says that these new books, while presenting differing views, some of which we may not accept, are written with courtesy and obvious sincerity, and, even when they deal with controverted doctrines, do not make the reader angry; that they are marked by learning, fairness, and good temper, not overstating arguments nor undervaluing difficulties, and that this is the temper which the theologian gains by the wholesome discipline of free debate and by the gradual perception of the facts of human nature. Upon the general subject of "Theology and Human Nature" Dr. Hodges then says:

"This temperate note in the new books is both significant and encouraging, because it implies a clearer perception of the function of the religious teacher, and particularly of the way in which religious teaching may be made effective. The purpose of the church as a teacher of the truth is to implant certain convictions in the mind and heart and life of the community. When the church fails to do this the result is sometimes called schism, sometimes heresy, according to the lesson which the church was endeavoring to teach. If it was a lesson in method—that is, in ritual or in polity—the unconvinced pupil is a schismatic. If it was a lesson in doctrine, the unconvinced pupil is a heretic. Heretics and schismatics are evidences of ecclesiastical incompetence. Occasionally, but rarely, they mean that something is the matter with the lesson. Commonly, they mean that something is the matter with the teacher.

"Take, for example, the fact of schism. It begins with a difference of opinion as to a nonessential matter. The individual says: 'I do not wish to do that.' But the church believes that it ought to be done. There is the problem. If, now, the church rises up in mighty indignation, with vigor and rigor, with the book in one hand and the stick in the other, and says, 'You must,' the individual, if he has any decent self-respect, replies: 'I won't.' And the result is schism, for human nature works that way. If, on the other hand, the church says, 'This is a nonessential matter, and although uniformity is good, peace and unity are better; try your own way and let the fittest survive,' the chances are that the individual will do as the church wishes. His central objection was not to the thing itself but to the compulsion of his free will. The preacher

in the college to whom they brought the customary black gown, said: 'Must I wear this thing? Because if I must, I won't.' And when they said, 'You may wear it or leave it, as you please,' he put it on. After the Reformation, in England, there was a long and bitter contention as to the use of the sign of the cross in baptism; but when a rubric was inserted in the book, permitting the omission of the sign of the cross, if the parents or sponsors so desired, nobody from that day on asked that it be omitted. A like use of a wise alternative, a like perception of the procedure of human nature, would have kept all the Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Methodists and Baptists in the Episcopal Church to this day. On the other hand, our Puritan forefathers hated the Book of Common Prayer, simply because they had been compelled to use it; they had been banged about the ears with it by the bishops.

"Or take the fact of heresy. Let us grant that the heretic is wholly mistaken. Here he is, teaching his erroneous doctrine, and here are we, considering what we ought to do about it. It seems to be a problem in theology, but the solution of it depends chiefly upon our understanding of human nature.

"One element in this problem is the nervousness of the orthodox. I mean the uneasy feeling that something may happen to the truth, the idea that truth is of a very delicate constitution, and must be shielded and nursed like a sick child. This nervousness results in a panic fear, which on the one hand abandons reason, and on the other hand is capable of great cruelty. The nervous theologian is as incapable of competent discipline as a nervous teacher. The first thing which he needs to do is to take himself in hand. He needs to reassure himself as to the substantial foundations of the faith, and by prayer and patience to recover the serenity of his mind. Commonly, he preaches a fierce and imprecatory sermon, or writes an irreligious letter to a church paper. He is angry and afraid because he is nervous about the everlasting truth; and being afraid, he scares his sensitive neighbors; and being angry, he stirs up a like anger in the heretic whom he attacks. And there it is.

"Another element in the problem is the privilege of error. We are all bound to make mistakes, and we all have a right to make mistakes. It is a part of the process whereby we arrive at truth. Whoever is living an active life, if he has any emotion, if he has any enthusiasm, if he has any gift of speech, is sure to say some things today which he will desire to modify tomorrow. It is a matter of temperament. Your safe man who is always right is an unprofitable citizen; he is forever criticising and never doing anything. Your safe parson who makes no mistakes preaches the dullest of sermons to the sleepest of congregations. Bishop Hobart used to say, in the face of this passive and monotonous accuracy, 'Give me a little zealous imprudence.' But the privilege of error carries along with it the right to change one's mind with self-respect. That is made possible and easy by the courtesies of debate. Under these Christian conditions the heretic is shown his heresy, and is shown, at the same time, the way out of it. By fairness, by friendliness, by gentle force of reason, he is convinced of error. Sometimes the same result is

reached by patiently leaving him alone, and letting him follow the wrong road till he finds out his mistake, or gets tired. Most of the heresies which have distressed the Christian world would have ceased in the parish in which they began if they had been dealt with according to the plain facts of human nature. For when the arguments of the heretic are answered with the argument of the club, two consequences follow: one is the confirmation of the heretic, the other is the dissemination of the heresy. In the sight of the club the heretic cannot decently change his mind; he is forced into defenses and replies which serve to strengthen him in his error. And also at the sight of the club the crowd comes; the thing is common property, and the new doctrine or the new denial is taught to the community by the very process by which it is sought to stop it. Then with pain, amid scandal and division, wise men remember how the Master said of the tares: 'Let both grow together till the harvest.' The eager servants came and said to the householder: 'Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?' But he said: 'Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.'

"In order either to learn or to teach the knowledge of God aright, theology must be tempered with human nature. The student of theology, the teacher or the writer of theology, must be a friendly and fraternal person, acquainted with human nature, and sympathetic with the souls of men. The other way is toward the heresy of Cain. This is the way of peace and truth."

In a publication by James Allen Geissinger, of El Paso, Texas, is the following upon an old prophet's message: "Amos 5. 24: 'Let justice run down like water, and righteousness as an overflowing stream.' The book of Amos is a keen observer's critical estimate of Israelitish civilization at the commercial stage. The book is worth while for two reasons: First, it tells us of a civilization like our own, though on a smaller scale. The people of Amos's day dwelt in populous cities, were a commercial power at the height of industrial prosperity, and were swept away with the passion to get rich. Second, the book ought to interest us because it is the message of a mature man well equipped for his great task by nature and by training. Part of the prophet's time had been spent on the desert looking after his flocks. There he had been brought close to the Infinite and was able to see things whole. Part of his time had been spent in the markets of the cities disposing of his wool. And there in the market place he got at the real men of his time and saw them stripped of all religious pretense and profession. We do not wonder that this man, endowed by nature with a quick moral sense, having an abiding consciousness of the God of Righteousness, when brought into intimate contact with such immorality as existed in his times, began to burn with a message. Man of affairs as he was, he was forced to speak for right, honor, truth, justice, God.

"In his book he tells us what he saw. And this is what he saw: All about him evidences of the most reckless extravagance. Magnificent shrines in the high places, villas in the country-side, palaces of hewn stone in the cities over against the hovels of poverty. Within the splendid

homes of the rich the most elaborate furnishings—foreign tapestries, couches imported from Damascus, and chairs of ivory. We are not surprised to learn that this simple soul from the desert, accustomed to the life of the tent, should have a contempt for such a luxurious life. That was natural. But we must not miss his point. He does have a contempt for luxury itself. He cares for little baggage. The pomp and circumstance of the world are nothing to him. Yet his point is not that. What he insists upon is that his people have passed through this gorgeous gateway into all manner of sensuality. It is the decay of morality that appalls the prophet.

"With a few strokes he gives us a picture of the real life of his day. A population sprawling in wantonness; the chief occupation that of banqueting, the men and women, alike, drinking wine by the bowl; the priests receiving bribes and appropriating the sacrifices of the altar. And the women, whose condition is always the best index of the moral life of a people, he describes as absolutely brutalized and shameless. The women he sees as a herd of cattle trampling over everything for food, without sympathy for the helpless and continually crying out for more wine. The farmers push off their refuse wheat upon their unsuspecting customers, the merchants shorten their yardsticks, put heavy bottoms in their dry measures, and juggle their scales, while the bankers clip the shekels that pass through their hands. Men are cheaper than old shoes. And the avaricious worshipers can scarcely wait until the Sabbath is over to resume their grabbing and swindling. It is a sorry spectacle—dishonesty, greed, oppression. A multitude of poor with their heads ground to the dust, a few plutocrats sucking the life blood of the people by superior cunning. But worst of all in the eyes of Amos is the part played by God's representatives—the priests, the religious leaders. They burn sacrifices on the altars for recompense, and for the same reason excuse the reign of greed. They are sycophants. They are "blind mouths." They are owned. Supposed to keep true ideals before the people, to quicken conscience, to make men more aware of God, they neither are a moral restraint nor a moral inspiration to the people.

"Such is the picture as Amos sees it. Let us get its meaning. Amos is no demagogue. No more is he a pessimist, discolored facts because of his misunderstanding of them. He sees luxury and sensuality, the latter growing out of the former, and both arising out of the national life because of a false standard of values. What is the trouble with Israel? This: Things are placed higher than men. Success is more to be desired than right and justice. It is more important to the men of his day that they acquire, than that they attain. To make a life is not of so much importance as to make a living. Wealth is conceived of as simply and exclusively material. He is the richest and the most worthy man who has the most cattle, the most wool, the best pastures, the largest number of customers. Life consists in the abundance of things men possess. The supreme standard is fodder. Everything is measured in terms of fodder, and he is the most to be envied and honored who has accumulated the most fodder. Bear in mind, I am not speaking for myself here. I

am interpreting the message of Amos to his century and to all centuries. What he sees and what he condemns is not simply luxury and sensuality, but the materialistic view of life that puts things above soul, above character, above morality, and thereby leads to the degradation of his people. Every national condition presupposes some philosophy of life. Amos knows this. And he knows that the physician must not stop with the symptom; he must get back to the cause.

"Such were the facts as Amos saw them in the Israel of his day. His picture is but a sketch. His book is a little book. In good readable type it could all be put in six 12mo pages. Yet it is a priceless heritage, everlastingly true. For it is true, as this plain business man saw, that, whatever the price lists of the world may say, a man is always worth more than a sheep. Man has eternity in his heart and ought to respect his birthright. The soul must have standing room. Right is the supreme consideration. God may be ignored but he cannot be escaped. We may make our own yardsticks, but there is an eternal standard of values, and by this are we judged. We can substitute nothing in the place of righteousness and justice. If any individual, or any people is to abide, then must righteousness flow down through the land as a river. The prophet's message is the lesson of history. The wreckages on the coasts of time are significant. Israel's genius for trade could not save her, nor Greece's intellectual greatness, nor Rome's superb political organization. The mill of God grinds slowly, as we children count time, but Amos had the perspective of centuries, and rightly saw that a people despising righteousness, bowing down in fear before the might of shekels, rots as swiftly as a basket of summer fruit. I thank him for his message."

In a periodical called *The Communicant* Dr. George P. Eckman quotes the following words from the *Wall Street Journal*, and counts them deeply significant as proceeding from a source where such sermoniac literature would not be expected to originate: "What America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing we are worshiping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do not resist its deadly influence, the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthwork in Manchuria."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Christian Theology. By M. VALENTINE, D.D., LL.D. Two vols., 8vo, pp. viii, 476 and vii, 454. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing Society. Price, cloth, \$5.00.

This is the work of one of the most commanding of the Lutheran theologians in the United States, Professor Milton Valentine, who died on February 7, 1906, at the age of eighty-one. These two ample volumes are, it appears, a careful expansion of an earlier work, called *Outlines of Theology*, which formed the basis of a course of lectures for successive classes in the well-known seminary at Gettysburg, where for almost two decades the author filled the chair of systematic theology. On the surface, the plan of this system of doctrine is soteriological, reminding the reader (at first anyway) of the plan devised by Professor Henry B. Smith. After an *Introduction* (151 pages) in which are considered first the subject-matter and sources of theology; and then the nature, modes, and evidences of revelation, Doctor Valentine divides his material into two major parts: I. "Truths antecedent to Redemption." II. "Redemption: or, the Manifestation of God in Christ for human Salvation." In the first part, the important subjects are: the existence of God; the attributes of God; the Trinity; the creation of the world; the providence of God; man's primitive state; the fall of man and his condition of sin. All the remaining doctrines of moment—the person of the Redeemer, the work of the Redeemer, individual salvation, the Christian Church, the last things—are, in their logical order, considered in the second part. Students familiar with the different systems of doctrine will be interested in the following features of spatial apportionment and emphasis: The discussion of the Incarnation occupies 29 pages; of the person of Christ, 32; of the Atonement, 59; of the Holy Spirit, 4; of Justification, 27; of Sanctification, 5; of the sacraments, 68; and of Eschatology entire, 40 pages. In our day, a day of theological crisis and doctrinal mitigation, a work in Systematic Theology should not be reviewed in a polemical spirit, or even from a sectarian standpoint. Economically we may take it for granted that a Lutheran text-book has in it somewhere all the conclusions peculiar to Lutheran teaching, and may, therefore, spend our limited space in bringing out the author's catholic significance in relation to the actual theological situation. Coming to Professor Valentine's *Christian Theology* with this larger aim, our first crucial question is: In apologetic intention and bearing, is this theology entirely free from mediation timidity? Are those things which concern the *Zeitgeist* modified and restated in a spirit of timid compromise? Let us touch only the places of quickest test. In the chapter on man's primitive state it naturally becomes necessary to deal with the theory of evolution, and the result is a discussion (more than twenty pages) as conservative and courageous as it is able and timely. The pith of the whole is in this short passage (vol. I, 396): "The com-

petence of this evolutionist hypothesis for the proof of man's origin is rendered doubtful, not only by the weakness and difficulties that appear in it at the point of transition from brute to human state, but also by all the mere assumptions, unfilled gaps, and varied difficulties in the offered account of the movement up to that point. These show it to be an *unproved explanation*." At the next testing place—the question of the supernatural—we find no profound search, no serious effort to discover the ultimate difference between the natural and the supernatural, and yet the author's purpose is both plain and bold. He is disturbed that Christian men, like the Duke of Argyll and Sir William Dawson, eminent in science and philosophy, should be misled into gratuitously and inconsistently favoring the appeal for dropping "the valid distinction between the natural and supernatural self-manifestation of God," a distinction which Christian theology can never consent to obliterate without giving up its "special soteriological character" (vol. i, 50). And yet more to the point is the vigorous contention (against those apologists who regard all the miracles, even those of the New Testament, as a heavy burden) that "the miraculous activity of Christ is normal and essential evidence of the foundations of Christianity" (vol. i, 121). And equally pertinent is Doctor Valentine's statement concerning the virgin birth, that point of hot dispute just now (vol. ii, 52): "Though skeptical criticism has lately been seeking to discredit the genuineness and historic authority of the Scripture passages asserting this feature, known theologically as the 'miraculous conception,' the general and best critical judgment sustains both their genuineness and credit. Moreover, the fact itself, so far from being incredible and inviting unbelief, is so thoroughly accordant with the supernatural character of the Incarnation, and, we may say, justified and even demanded by its generic principle and bearings, as to commend it strongly to acceptance." Our second question is even more crucial. It is this: As to our Lord Jesus Christ, is the treatment entirely free from humanitarian and agnostic infection? Again we will select only the most vital places for the test. The argument for the deity of our Lord (vol. i, 321-330) is very scant and very ordinary, but in no way is it dubious. Here is one sample-sentence (vol. i, 326): "To deny the deity of the Son is to put the Scriptures at war with their fundamental doctrine, and make Jesus a teacher of idolatry, and the apostles idolaters." Again, concerning the preëxistence of our Lord, there is this (vol. ii, 88): "The movements of the Old Testament dispensation of grace, its instructions, theophanies, training, and salvation, were in and through Him." (Also note vol. i, 321). It should be said, however, that the belief in our Saviour's *personal* preëxistence is not adequately supported by the author's cautious, protective discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity (vol. i, 290-333); but it should also be said that this inadequacy is largely due to trinitarian convention, and has no connection whatever with the present theological situation. Professor Valentine has not yielded to the Ritschlian agnostic Christology any more than he has to the mediation apologetics. So much we say in appreciation. And we will go further and commend this system of doctrine as one of the strongest and most wholesome published in recent years, a work

worthy of a profound theologian, worthy of his seminary, and worthy of the Lutheran Church; but this enthusiastic commendation does not mean that we are satisfied. Great as the work is, there is manifest in it a very serious weakness. We do not refer to the discussion of the Atonement, although at that point there is evident a strange lack of comprehension of what has been done since 1874. Nor are we thinking of the unfortunately missing chapter on the inspiration and authority of the Bible; for death claimed the author before that chapter was written, its preparation having been "deferred to the latest moment that he might have the benefit of the most recent literature of this burning question." No, the weakness is deeper than any discussion—it is the *scholastic remoteness from the real life of the age*. The modern realities have never burned their way through the author's thick crust of scholarship and traditional conception; have never set his entire being on fire. He has never *suffered modernly*. He has never entered that dreadful chamber where Alfred Tennyson created *In Memoriam*, or that more dreadful one where John Morley wrote *On Compromise*, or that most dreadful one where Friedrich Nietzsche was overwhelmed. He has never caught even a fleeting surmise of the heartache and loneliness which are under the best portion of modern socialism. He has never felt in his soul the dawning suspicion, the growing scientific habit of uncertainty, the final impotence for faith which have half paralyzed the religious intuitions of the most original and the most typical thinkers of our time. He has lived his philosophical and theological life in a remote region of protective conventions, has safely and happily and usefully lived there, and therefore his system of doctrine is only for that company of busy, useful preachers who now are living in that same safe and happy place.

A Dictionary of Christ and The Gospels. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D., Vol. I. Aaron—Knowledge, 1906. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$6.00 per volume.

Doctor James Strong and Doctor Philip Schaff had the gift of dictionary building to a marked degree, but their work, though so recently closed, is already a thing of the past. The present horizon is filled with the productive activity of Doctor James Hastings who, in the midst of the practical duties of a Scotch parish, has projected a four-volume Dictionary of the Bible which easily holds the foremost rank, and now puts forth an altogether unique work in his two-volume Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. That such a work is in demand is no mean compliment in itself to Christ and his Gospels. Doctor Hastings's intimate relation to the active tasks and problems of the present-day pulpit favorably and with set design shapes both of these writings, and in particular the latter, and this will be much appreciated by the ministry. "What think ye of the Christ—whose Son is He?" will always remain the chief matter of Christian inquiry. Again, the emphasis is rightly laid, for present and permanent value in the fact that the Person and not the doctrines of Christ are given prominence. "Whose Son is He?" "Who do men say that I am?" These are the questions which Christ himself pressed. This second Dictionary

of Doctor Hastings is superior to the first. It is solid, equable, and conservative, and that is what a dictionary should always be. Fine writing and the display of extreme erudition, long-drawn speculation, and overwrought hypothesizing are not in place, neither the setting forth in different but cognate articles of opposing views. The opinions of experts are not of great value to the dictionary reader, and if the work is made up of such opinions it will pass out of date within half a decade. This dictionary is distinctly conservative; it does not attempt to please all schools either of criticism or dogma. No important article seems to be written under the spell of the divisive criticism, and none under that of the so-called newer theology. The happy feature so happily chosen by the editor as dominating at once the writing and the writers impresses the reader on every page—vital, preachable truth, presented by living preachers for the edification and instruction of living men profoundly believing and therefore intensely loving both the Christ and the Gospels. On opening the book one naturally turns to the article "Back to Christ," and gets at once in the judicious article of the Rev. W. Morgan, the keynote of the work. "An ethical conception of redemption as a change in our relation to God, effected within our consciousness, requires us to seek the significance of Christ, not in the metaphysical background of his nature but in the ethical and religious traits of his character, which disclose to us the heart of God and have the power to awaken within us the response of love and faith." Great profit and satisfaction must come from the entire series of articles on the "Birth of Christ," the "Infancy, Childhood, and Boyhood of Jesus," as well as those upon "Home, Education, Common Life," and the "Humanity of Christ." To the very learned paper on "Dates in Our Lord's Life" we must take particular exception in the matter of the length assigned to his public ministry. When one remembers how exceedingly full of activity that period was, even as reflected in the comparatively meager records of it in the Gospels; when he recalls the important fact constantly overlooked, and it would seem by all writers, that no public teacher in the East could work abroad more than eight out of every twelve months at the best, and that our western type of living and going about is and always has been utterly foreign to the East, it passes understanding how any thoughtful student, much less historian, could conclude that the Judean, Galilean, and Perea ministry of Christ could all be compressed between the Passover of A. D. 28 and the Passover of A. D. 29. The provisional arrangement of the days and occurrences of the Passion Week on the last page of this same article is beyond praise. It is impossible in this place to give adequate estimate of such a group of articles as that upon "The Annunciation," by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, the "Authority of Christ," by Professor James Denny, the "Character of Christ," and the "Incarnation of Christ," by Professor Thomas B. Kilpatrick, "The Divinity of Christ," by the Rev. A. Stuart Martin, and "The Death of Christ," by the Rev. William D. Thomson and the Rev. John C. Lambert. In order to understand the essential merits of Christ's death it must be judged from the standpoint of the moral order of the world. But this last is "only one

of the constituent factors of the world's moral course. Besides it there are two more. There is, on the one hand, the factor which consists of all those facts or phenomena in the individual and social life and history of mankind which fall under the designation of sin, or moral evil, and on the other, the moral government of God which presides immanently, persistently, and universally over the relations between sin and the moral order of things, or the order of righteousness. These three factors constitute that actual moral course that the world is ever following, and the predestined end of their relation to one another will be realized in the complete and eternal victory and triumph of righteousness over sin through the unerring and all-sufficient administrative judgments of God's moral government of the world." . . . Thus it was "from the point of view of Sin, Righteousness, and Judgment that he contemplated the fullest and profoundest significance of his obedience unto death." On this broad and truly biblical basis Doctor Thomson proceeds to develop the conception of Christ's death from the Gospels, and Doctor Lambert builds upon the same foundation in tracing the same conception through the rest of the New Testament. The articles on "Criticism," "Christ and Evolution," and "Fact and Theory" are very wholesome reading, even for the most advanced type of inquirer. Although the papers on the Gospel and on the Gospels are luminous, those on the Synoptics separately do not fall within this volume, but those upon the Acts and upon the Apostle John and the Gospel of John do. This last impresses us as the great article of the volume. It is divided into two parts, the first, "Critical," by the Rev. R. H. Strachan, and the second, "Contents," by the Rev. W. R. Inge. "The question of the authorship of this Gospel is more than a merely academic one. It occupies a unique position. None of the other three claims to be written by the man whose name it bears, but the fourth Gospel is issued with an explicit statement to that effect (21. 24). Moreover, its contents are vitally connected with the individuality of the author. The very way in which his identity is studiously concealed shows that the writer is himself conscious that the Gospel contains a personal testimony which he does not hesitate to present as objective and impersonal." . . . "This is no merely antiquarian question. There can be no doubt that the Gospel is intended to be read as the work of an apostle and it would seriously detract from its value if, as extreme critics are more and more inclined to allow, that claim means only that it contains a nucleus of Johannine tradition. The same objection applies to all partition theories of the Gospel, and it is assumed in this article that their authors have failed to prove their case." Likewise Doctor Inge: "The difficulties in the way of partition theories seem to be insuperable." And farther, against Harnack's opinion that the Logos doctrine of the Prologue does not dominate the entire Gospel: "This strangely perverse judgment has evoked protests from several critics who understand the Gospel better than Harnack, among others from Réville, who has certainly no bias in favor of traditional views. It would be easy to show that every one of the dogmatic statements in the Prologue is reasserted in the body of the Gospel." . . . There is thus

chapter and verse in the Gospel and in Christ's own words for every statement in the Prologue; and though Jesus never calls himself the Logos, this sublime conception of his personality pervades the whole narrative."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Cambridge Apostles. By FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD. 8vo, pp. 370. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, gilt top, \$5.00 net.

The Cambridge Conversazione Society was founded in 1824 by George Tomlinson, afterward Bishop of Gibraltar. Its object was the absolutely free and fearless discussion of subjects theological, ethical, philosophical, literary, political, and scientific. Its meetings were secret and nothing said there was ever repeated outside. Because its members numbered twelve, outsiders named them The Apostles. In the twenties and thirties of the last century they were a brilliant group of gifted young men nearly all of whom afterward became illustrious; among them Tennyson and Hallam, Kemble and Buller, Maurice and Milnes, Alford and Merivale, Trench and Sterling, Kingslake and Venables. This club of notables met every Saturday night in the apartment of the one whose turn it was to read the essay. The essay was criticized by the members up to the limit of their ability; sometimes commended and sometimes torn in pieces; the hardest knocks given and taken in perfect good humor. The corrective discipline, the sharp stimulus, the educative effect of membership in such a club are beyond calculation. Such circles should not be limited to colleges. They should be formed in every neighborhood where aspiring and earnest young men of congenial tastes and common interests can come together for frank discussion, friendly criticism of each other, mutual discipline, and culture. To none are such societies more valuable than to young ministers, whose proximity renders such association feasible. A certain amount of congeniality is necessary for such a circle, but the greater the variety of individualities the broader and more valuable the culture. Nothing is more effective than such fellowship to save a man from crankiness, opinionated dogmatism, and self-conceit, or to develop his social capabilities and teach him to be a man among men, sensible, agreeable, acceptable, and influential in his intercourse with all his fellow-beings. Moreover, the interchange of information on a variety of subjects augments each man's knowledge by that of all the rest. The Cambridge Apostles were young men of good morals as well as gifted minds. Delinquencies of any sort came under censure. Alfred Tennyson, failing through lethargy to have his essay ready when his turn came, was promptly requested to resign his membership in the club upon which his negligence had put such disrespect. The intellectual stimulation of this fellowship was immense. Jack Kemble felt this when he said at one of the meetings, "The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it"; which recalls Kepler's solemn ecstasy when, after discovering the laws by which the planets roll, he exclaimed: "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." Mrs. Charles Brookfield's book is really about William Henry

Brookfield and his friends, The Apostles, of whom, we find to our surprise, he was not one. He seems to have had an unusual genius for friendship of the intellectual sort, and to have been on intimate and confidential terms with all the set. He helped them with their business affairs, in which they were not very capable. Once Alfred Tennyson wrote from Somersby: "Dear Brookfield: the spring is burgeoning fast about us and the crocus pierces through the dark moist mold like a tongue of flame. You came to see us in winter when there was an utter dearth of beauty on meadow and hill. Perhaps we may see you some time in summer, when the shining landscape is crisp with woods and tufted knolls on wavy folds." Brookfield did go again in summer weather; and when Tennyson, who was proud of his muscles, was exerting his strength in some athletic feat, Brookfield said to him: "It is not fair, Alfred, that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo." Brookfield came to be a famous London preacher, of whose sermons Lord Lyttelton said they were so easy and colloquial that one was tempted to forget that it was preaching and get up and answer him; and Greville wrote in his diaries: "A magnificent sermon from Brookfield. He is one of the few preachers whose sermons never weary me; and his elocution is perfect." When Victoria was a young queen, not out of her teens, Brookfield spoke of her as a very clever girl. Rogers said she was a theologian fond of reading the Church Fathers, while Carlyle said: "The queen is like a canary bird looking out on a tempest." When a brilliant company were breakfasting together in London, Gladstone being of the number, Sydney Smith said of a certain bishop: "He is so like Judas Iscariot that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession." Having dined where Warren, the author of *The Diary of a Late Physician*, was present, Brookfield wrote of him: "I never was more bored than by his eternal volubility, unsignaled by one syllable of wit, mere volubility chiefly about himself; apparently feeling himself to be a bit of a lion but never saying one thing that could justify a claim to be so considered. May I never again meet a self-conscious small lion!" The freedom with which The Apostles themselves expressed their opinions is illustrated in what Spedding said of Edward FitzGerald: "He is the prince of Quietists. Half the self-sacrifice, self-denial, and moral resolution which he exercises to keep himself easy and placid would amply furnish forth a missionary and a martyr. His tranquillity is like a pirated copy of the peace of God." And also in Buller's saying to Monckton Milnes: "I often think how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct." We are told of the effect produced upon a party of free-thinkers who, amid a crackle of jokes, were giving the reasons for their nonbelief, when Brookfield, after listening to their chaff for a while, rose and said with dignity, "I believe in God, gentlemen," and strode away. Brookfield takes us into his confidence thus about one of his painful efforts to write a sermon: "Thackeray wanted me to go riding with him. I declined because I had a sermon on my mind; and I stayed in every minute of a monstrous hot day trying in vain to write on, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time,' etc. The devil urged me to try to be very striking, after the fashion of Manning

and Wilberforce. In consequence of this I could not get on at all. Next day at noon I resumed the churning of my brains. At 5 p. m. the butter began to come and at 8 I finished. The next morning I preached, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Goodish, but ill put together. To take other men's sermons as a basis and work in portions thereof is a very bad plan. This was one of them; it was from Trench, but was neither like him nor like me. Memorandum: Never to do so no more." Of the dull and lifeless advocate of an important charity there is this criticism: "A stale pill dissolved in stagnant ditch water is a fit image of the manner in which he pleaded a most worthy cause." Brookfield when Inspector of Schools collected some choice answers given to questions in the written examinations. One boy wrote: "Dr. Johnson after trying many other experiments, married a widow with £800 a year." Another wrote: "Julius Cæsar was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family." Another: "George the Third was the longest sovereign that ever reigned." Another: "Great advances in civilization were made in Queen Elizabeth's time, but poor Mr. Lee, a clergyman of Nottingham, broke his heart because not one person in a hundred wore stockings," while a young woman wrote: "Eve lived a life of innocence until she fell under the influence of Satan." When a Whig was elected bishop a clergyman of the opposite party said of the newly elected: "He is a man absolutely ignorant of Christianity, though not hostile to it." Brookfield once said to Greville: "Believe me that in our Church of England there is a great demand for dullness in the pulpit." President Eliot of Harvard once said that the pulpit of the Protestant Episcopal Church is characterized by "a frugality of intellectuality." The chapter on Frederick Denison Maurice is one of the most interesting as a study of character. A profound thinker, a hard worker, a man of conscience; one who sought all his life for truth in order to reveal it to others groping in the same search; a rare personality, of ascetic charm and philosophic culture; a teacher who founded a school, his influence has yet failed of its expected continuance. He had the disadvantage of Unitarian parentage. He was a groper after truth. In his search he no sooner adopted a fresh view than he began to reconsider with regret the view he had just discarded; hence hesitation and indecision, and no confident progress. Thus with all his commanding ability, he was a poor leader to follow. No wonder Gladstone said of him: "I tried hard, but I got no solid meat from him. I found him difficult to catch and still more difficult to hold." Maurice, when he was ordained in the Church of England seventy years ago, said: "I do not expect to find a bed of down in the Church. I am convinced that as an establishment it will be overturned, I know not how soon." This book says: "One is angered at Maurice because with gifts so great he did not accomplish more." Of Arthur Henry Hallam, one of The Apostles, upon whose death Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was written, Gladstone said: "There is nothing in the region of the mind that he might not have accomplished." Lord Grey referring to the dullness of the House of Lords, said speaking there was "like speaking to dead men by torchlight." When Milnes was seeking an office under Peel, Carlyle said to him: "The only

office you are fit for, Milnes, is that of Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." Monckton Milnes was in the habit of saying that "fresh country air and exercise gave him more indigestion and uncomfortableness than London dimness and dozingness." Milnes and Carlyle were warm friends. Milnes describing Carlyle's lectures wrote, "There he stands, simple as a child, and his happy thought dances on his lips and in his eyes, and takes word and goes away, and he bids it God-speed whatever it be." James Spedding was one of the brightest of The Cambridge Apostles. Tennyson spoke of him as "the Pope of the set," and professed to be "overawed by Spedding's calm personality and dome." Spedding went bald early and had a protuberant forehead. Fitzgerald once wrote a friend, "Of course you have read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America. English sailors mistook it for Beachy Head." Later in the years he wrote: "Spedding was the wisest man I have ever known and not the less so for the plenty of boy in him." The Cambridge Apostles knew Tennyson as a forgetful and informal man of many moods and eccentricities. Douglas Heath once mustered courage to tell the poet that a clean shirt would improve him; the poet replied, "H'm, yours would not be as clean as this one is if you had worn it a fortnight." Blakesley once wrote, "Alfred Tennyson has been with us the past week. He looks well but complains of nervousness. How can it be otherwise when he smokes the rankest tobacco out of a dirty old black pipe on an average nine hours every day." At one time Tennyson's favorite pet was a tame snake which he liked to fondle. Arthur Hallam used to contend that young Alfred Tennyson was even then a greater poet than Milton. Tennant wrote of Shelley, "He was an incomplete character; his fiery passions prevented him from creating. He would have been a *great* poet if he had been a *good* man." When the Laureateship was offered to Tennyson, he consulted with his friends for a few days, among them some of The Cambridge Apostles. He afterward said playfully, "After consideration I accepted the honor because Venables told me that if I became Poet Laureate I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver wing of the chicken." Old Mrs. Tennyson was beside herself with pride at the honor that came to her son. Once, in an omnibus, she remarked smilingly to her fellow-passengers, "It may interest you to know that I am the mother of the Poet Laureate." Tennyson held the doctrine of personal immortality, and indignantly repelled the suggestion that our present existence is simply to bring in more perfect beings who will come after us. He said, "I should consider that a liberty had been taken with me if I were made merely a means of ushering in something higher than myself." When his first child died Tennyson wrote,

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

Nearing the end of life his faith became more positive and his trust more

peaceful. In a letter he wrote, "Whatever pseudo-savants may say, I believe that the dead live." Even in this book written by a cultivated woman about a brilliant group of university men occurs that incorrigible and inexcusable blunder in grammar, the use of whom for who—"friends whom he felt were exposed to danger." Whom were! (An editorial in *The Outlook* of April 6th sins in the same unpardonable way by saying, "Whom * * * are being canvassed for the Presidency.") When Wilberforce asked Richard Chevenix Trench what book outside the Bible he would choose if he could have but one, Trench replied, "I should choose St. Augustine." Almost the finest thing in *The Cambridge Apostles* is the helpful and steadfast life-long friendship between them from the early associations of student days.

The Letters of One. By CHARLES HARE PLUNKETT. 12mo, pp. 179. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

This is called a study in limitations. The letters purport to be those of a man to a woman, in a long correspondence which people expected would result in marriage but which ended finally in separation. The woman's letters can only be inferred as they are reflected in his. In one letter he says: "I love you too well. You have too potent an effect on me. If I should come to see you, there is nothing you could not make me do. I should probably beseech you to marry me, and there are many reasons against that—my health, my poverty, my temperament. It would be the worst thing that could befall us. You know it yourself, and yet you are so compassionate, so romantic, that you would run the risk. But I will not. I am not made for marriage, and you are not made for marriage with me; the wear and tear of life, the daily intercourse, the anxieties, the constraint of matrimonial bonds, the fixed engagements and routine, would make havoc of our love. I am not capable of much in the way of hate, but I think I should be capable of coming to hate a wife." After such a letter as that, no one would expect her to marry him. Our only interest in his letters is in incidental passages, no way essential to the business of courtship. One letter refers to Burne-Jones's great picture of a mermaid who has fallen in love with a man whom she saw bathing in the sea. Throwing her arms around him she clasps him close, and bears him down among the clear eddies in the pebbled sea-cleft. She looks in the pale face of the drowning man, she sees his closed eyes, and colorless lips, as his expiring breath floats up in glittering bubbles. She wonders why he makes no response to her love. She does not realize that she has dragged him down to death. But he cannot live in her realm, and he is the victim of her love. Here is an opinion on a poet: "I don't think Browning was an artist. He was full to the brim of tumultuous ideas; he enjoyed life and all the stir, thrill, emotion, and complexity of it; it all came bubbling to his lips like a great full-fed fountain, but he was far more concerned with what he had to say than with how he said it. Of course he had some care for the form; but I imagine that his heavy, rough, tumultuous metres were to him like the heels of a great powerful horse galloping in a pasture. A friend of mine

who knew Browning well tells me that he talked just as a great, healthy, good-natured, full-blooded man of business might talk, with no apparent attention to phrasing or selection of words, but all sorts of rough-and-tumble expressions all jostling out together. He was less an artist than a *viveur*, who liked words and rhythms as another man might like hunting and shooting. He was a perfect lover, an adorable husband; I always respect him for that. As for Tennyson, he of course was an artist; but his feeling toward other people (including his wife) was like the kindly, tolerant, superior, condescending feeling of an old Caliph at Bagdad." In one letter the man is at a quiet place in the country trying to work on a book he is writing. He becomes disgusted with his book and can make no headway with it. He says: "When I am at work in the city I am nervous, fretful, irritable, peevish, but I am not depressed. Here I grow horribly depressed. The smallest things weigh on my mind, the smallest difficulties seem insuperable. I am listless and unstrung. It does not seem worth while to go out, nor to sit in the house. I will try the experiment of a long day out of doors, and see if I can renew the old sensations, the delicious weariness, the glow of body and clearness of mind which I used to experience as a boy after a long day among the mountains. The worst of such depression is that one never knows whether it means that more activity or more rest is needed. It is extraordinary how little we really understand these miserable bodies of ours. Dr. Jowett once began a sermon in his little piping voice, 'By the age of forty, it is said, every man is either a physician or a fool,'—then after a pause—'there are very few physicians.'" Roaming in the country one summer afternoon, the man found a little old church, looking so patient amidst its graves and yews. It was open and he entered and sat alone in its delicious coolness. He says: "God did not seem closer to me in that place of worship than on the honied heathery hillside. But in the church one draws nearer to the sweetest and purest human emotions. It is a place where people have prayed their best and tenderest, where they have come face to face with their most sacred realities; where they have brought their losses, their sorrows, and their broken loves, their dearest memories and their fondest hopes, their sins and their aspirations. In such a place I feel that the secrets of life and of death are in God's hand—that he sends us life and death, strength and weakness; that we *must* trust in him whether we will or no. There in that hour, in the little church, I prayed to Him and sent him many a message from my poor unquiet heart. And I came into a calmer, simpler, sweeter mood. The best gifts I have ever had from God have been the strength and courage I have received times without number when I have put myself utterly in his hands with all my weakness, 'just as I am without one plea.'" In one letter the man tells of his old nurse, saying: "She is simply the most lovable person in the world. She is very old. All through the years she has never thought of herself at all. Her one idea has been to do her work, her one joy to care for those whom she has served and loved. She is kindly and sweet-tempered, perfectly simple and guileless, yet not without shrewdness and a serene dignity. She is always

exactly the same. She welcomes me, when I go to see her, with tears, and says good-by to me with tears. She thinks of me day after day. She has no idea of the things I think about and am occupied with; she would not understand if I should tell her about them. She does not think of my position or my work, my successes or my failures, my happiness or my disappointments; she simply thinks of *me*, without reference to my adjuncts or accidents. She could hardly say why she is a Christian; she could not repeat the Apostles' Creed, much less explain it. Yet hers is the most perfect Christian life I have ever seen. When she is ill, she lies there grateful for anything that is done for her, just thinking quietly of the old days and of her nurslings who are all gone out into the world. She never thought of being clever or attractive. She has a face from which self has not been cast out for it was never there. Hers is the compassionate kind of love that I sometimes think waits for us behind the veil." Another letter says: "I met a young man today whom I had not seen for several years. He used to be intensely religious in a way, fond of liturgical ceremonies, mystical, sentimental. He had his faults; he was dreamy, indolent, and capricious; he mooned about, and never seemed to have a firm hold of anything. He lacked robustness and consistency. Now, all is altered; he has let religion go, he does not pray or go to church. But he is, so far as I can see, the same person with exactly the same faults as before. He says frankly that his religion never had any effect on his character; that it was all a poetic and romantic emotion. He would have said, in the old days, that his morality was based on his religion; now his morals are about what they used to be, but he does not pretend to base them on anything. Probably in both periods he went pretty much by his instincts and feelings, rather than by moral principle or conscience." Another letter has this: "The people who really uplift the world are not those who bustle around and make speeches and sit on committees and manage conventions and issue reports, but the simple, quiet, loving people who shame those around them into gentleness and kindle them into love. The kindly father, the tender careful mother, the unselfish sister, the wise physician, the patient schoolmaster, the loving pastor—these are the salt of the earth. The world is made pure by such as Mary, not by such as Martha. It is easy to call this a sentimental individualism; but it was the spirit of Christ, who never said a word about organization, or patriotism, or honor, or self-respect; and it is the spirit of all who have ever lightened the load of the world." This is from another letter: "When hardly more than a boy I read the *Life of Goethe*, and thought it the most splendid book in the world. He seemed to me a glorious adorable being, full of strength and swiftness. What would I not have given for one of his smiles? And he sang, too, like a skylark, soaring, pulsating, breasting the sunlit air—I cannot tell you how grand he seemed to me. After many years, I have just read the *Life* again; it seems to me now abominable, licentious, sordid, base, horrible. He took affection, and confidence, and beauty, youth and friendship as fuel to feed the flames of his selfish gratification. Goethe was a Moloch into whose red hot jaws innocent struggling souls were thrust.

He cared not what his victims suffered if only they pleased him, if they gratified his artistic taste, if he could sate his æsthetic sensibilities or his appetites upon them. Art without morals was his creed. It is horrible." In another letter is the following: "Do you remember the demons in the gospel who cried out from the inside of a man, and uttered things which he could not of himself have known? The thought was in the brain of the man who was possessed, but he did not originate it. Through his lips and tongue the syllables were framed, but the utterance was not his. It is so, not in a bad but in a good way, with the poet and the preacher sometimes; a power which is not of themselves speaks through them. It is as when the wind stirs in the strings of a suspended harp and the sound of their motion thrills the air. No mortal touch awakes that delicate harmony, but a breath out of the sky, a power from the unmeasured and invisible. So a power that is unseen smites the chords of the soul, like a wind that bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof." These are extracts from a man's letters to a woman which never quite succeeded in being love letters; and which by their deficiencies make us think she did well not to marry him.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Reformation: Being an Outline of the History of the Church from 1500 to 1648. By the Rev. JAMES FOUNDER WHITNEY, B.D. (Vol. VI of the series, *The Church Universal*, edited by W. H. Hutton.) New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

To write a history of the Reformation to 1648 in 500 short pages so that it will not be a dry chronicle of events on the one hand, nor deal in mere generalities on the other, is a hard task. We have several short histories of the Reformation, all with their special excellencies. In size this book of Whitney is to be compared to Walker's in Fulton's Ten Epochs of Church History series (Scribner's), and greatly to the advantage of the latter. But Whitney has the merit of treating also the English Reformation, which forms a separate book in the Fulton series. Like all the authors in Hutton's series, Whitney is a High Churchman; but he is one with scholarly temper and fairness of mind. You do not, therefore, get bitterness poured out like a vial of gall on the head of Luther, as by many High Anglicans. Whitney has the historian's temper rather than the ecclesiastic's. Still, one can readily find fault with exaggerations or misstatements which spring from his Catholic preconceptions. He says (p. 48) that Luther might have led a great revival within the church if he had been met in a different manner, if he had had greater regard for unity, and if the political conditions had been other. But the chief reason was Luther's revolt from Roman doctrine. His teaching and Rome's in many points could as well be combined as oil and water. The author says that Melancthon's *Loci Communes* "interpreted the Bible through doctrinal system purely personal and subjective"—than to say which one could hardly do a graver injustice to Melancthon. That reformer founded on the Bible, but he had a profound respect for the ecumenical creeds, believed they had absolute truth, always wished to keep in touch with the

old faith, and interpreted the Bible not subjectively but (as far as means allowed in those days) historically and scientifically. Few Protestants had greater respect for antiquity than Melancthon. He says: "The Judge is the Word of God, and to that is added the confession of pure antiquity" (Corp. Ref., 21: 836). Herrlinger thinks that he here lays down the Bible and Tradition side by side as sufficiently immediate authorities (*Die Theologie Melancthons*, Gotha, 1878, 368). Of course Melancthon held—in case of conflict—to the all-sufficiency of the Scripture, but he had a very high regard for the testimony of the church. "We have the testimonies set forth in the Scriptures; after these we rejoice in the testimonies of the primitive church. The church as teacher is to be heard, but faith and prayer depend on the Word of God" (21: 836). The teaching and witnessing church is to be heard, the testimony of the apostles and of the first church is valid, but the rule of doctrine remains the Word of God (21: 604). Our author says again that, broadly speaking, Melancthon's system "disregarded the whole outward life of the church, laid small stress on sacraments, and developed all theology from the kernel of justification by faith." A grievous misrepresentation. Both Melancthon and Luther attached immense significance to sacraments. The Holy Supper, says the former, is no empty spectacle, but the exalted Christ is present to give his body and blood in eating and drinking, a natural participation not only as to its efficacy but as to its substance, and this participation stands in the closest relation to salvation (see Corp. Ref. 21: 861). Justification does not stand alone, but the blessings which faith first opens up to the believer are mediated in influential ways by the use of the sacrament. So far from laying small stress on the sacraments the German theologians rather sinned—if anything—in the opposite direction. As Herrlinger says (p. 149), it is the strong emphasis on the relation of the Supper to justification and the forgiveness of sin which distinguishes Melancthon's doctrine from Calvin's. Nor is Whitney right when he says (p. 50) that the Anabaptist movement was led by extreme men. There were *some* leaders who were not extremists, but moderate and peaceful and pious men. Finally, Luther did *not* enlarge Paul's justification by faith into justification by faith *alone* (p. 468). Luther, indeed, said "alone," but he said "alone" in order to cut off salvation by works, exactly in the spirit of the later Anglican article XL. But after he said that he provided for works in their place. And his "alone" was abundantly justified by Paul himself in Romans 3. 28. When will Catholics, Roman and Anglican, do justice to Luther? Outside of such errors as these the book has much to commend it as a plain, straightforward account of many facts. But it is written in a jejune way. The author never warms up to the vital currents and tremendous tragedies of the Reformation age. The book closes with an excellent bibliographical note (as far as it goes—only Lang is mentioned on Knox!) and a full index. Thus it appears that this volume, like most other books, is made up of mingled excellences and faults, due sometimes to carelessness, sometimes to insufficient knowledge of the sources, and sometimes to the number of points so unsettled that differences of opinion are possible.

Ancient Records of Egypt. Historical Documents from the earliest times to the Persian conquest, collected, edited and translated with commentary by JAMES HENRY BREASTED, Ph.D., Professor of Egyptology and Oriental History in the University of Chicago. Vol. I, The First to the Seventeenth Dynasties. 8vo, pp. xiii, 344. Vol. II, The Eighteenth Dynasty. Pp. xxviii, 428. Vol. III, The Nineteenth Dynasty. Pp. xxviii, 279. Vol. IV, The Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Dynasties. Pp. xxviii, 330. Vol. V, Indices. Pp. ix, 23. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Price, \$15.00 per set. Index Volume, \$2.00 extra.

A monumental work on the monumental historical inscriptions of ancient Egypt is duly completed in accordance with the original plan, and it is our first business to congratulate the author. Few indeed are the scholars who at forty-two years of age have built so comely a monument to their scholarship. Happy the man who has found early in life a subject for his life work so interesting, so stimulating, and so worthy as the language, literature, and history of the ancient Egyptians. Thrice happy he who has the industry and capacity, and who has found opportunities favorable to the pursuit of his studies so that his energy is conserved, not wasted in bread earning, and his way opened to travel and research. We congratulate Professor Breasted on his opportunities as well as on his capacity. He has abundantly proved that he richly deserved them. We have already noticed the first volume in the pages of this REVIEW. We may therefore pass it over and give attention chiefly to the remainder. The plan of the work is simple. Professor Breasted has translated the historical inscriptions into good, unpedantic English, breaking them up into numbered paragraphs, to make them easy of reference. At the foot of the page are copious notes referring, first, to the various publications containing the original texts, and second, providing linguistic, historical, and geographical elucidations. No man who busies himself in any way whatever with the history of the Ancient Orient will be able to count his apparatus complete without the possession of these books. Here is the materials of history, the sources gathered, translated, and scientifically disposed. But the books mean much more than this. They are crowded with suggestive materials of all kinds. The theologian will find numerous sidelights upon the Bible, the sociologist many revelations of ancient social usage, the humanist no little evidence of the finer culture of a singularly gifted people. We have turned over page after page to find fresh surprises of interest and instruction, and it would be difficult to know what to select in illustration of the value of the series. One will perhaps serve the purpose fully as well to take passages almost at random. The greatest queen of Egypt was Hatshepsut (her name is also written Hatshepsowet and Hatasu by modern Egyptologists) who reigned about 1500 B. C. She sent a great exploring expedition to the land of Punt (on the Somali Coast in Africa) and the series of reliefs on the walls of the splendid ruined temple of Deir-el-Bahri, in which it is commemorated, are the finest of their kind now remaining in the great Nile valley. Breasted has translated the whole of the accompanying text and here are some portions of them. They are good reading in more ways than one, and give an intelligent conception of the quality and character of the whole.

Horus: Mighty in Ka's; Favorite of the Two Goddesses: Fresh in Years; Golden Horus: Divine in Diadems; King of Upper and Lower Egypt: Makere (Hatshepsut),—of Amon, whom he loves, who is upon his throne, for whom he has made to flourish the inheritance of the Two Lands, the kingdom of the North and South, to whom he hath given that which the sun encompasses, that which Keb and Nut inclose. She hath no enemies among the Southernns, she hath no foes among the Northernns; the heavens and every country which the god hath created, they all labor for her. They come to her with fearful heart, their chiefs with bowed head, their gifts upon their back. They present to her their children that there may be given to them the breath of life, because of the greatness of the fame of her father, Amon, who hath set all lands beneath her sandals.

Observe how the great, peace-loving queen is called *King* of Upper and Lower Egypt. To her gods she ascribes all her powers and dignities, and then she comes to the display of her real character in the phrases: "She hath no enemies among the Southernns, she hath no foes among the Northernns." She has enriched Egypt not by conquest but by peaceful commerce. See how she says that in the words: "The heavens and every country which the god hath created, they all labor for her." The passages which follow, especially those from the still standing obelisk at Karnak, which the queen erected, are yet finer than this. We commend them to the reading of those who are interested in the great ancient world that has passed away. We should like to quote extensively from Breasted's translations of the inscriptions of Rameses II, especially those which describe the Asiatic campaign. Here are given, first of all, a most lucid account of the battle of Kadesh with useful, though not beautiful, sketch maps of the valley showing just how the fight was carried to its conclusion. Here also are the accounts which Rameses II has left of his own valor, and the treaty with Khetasar, prince of the Hittites. It is to be hoped that writers of popular papers on the Hittites will take time to study these documents. So do these volumes go on, one after another full of learning, made accessible to the ordinary reader. We commend them without reserve to all who ought to know the great land of Egypt and its ties with its neighbors and friends, and to the University of Chicago express our thanks for this costly undertaking. It is an enterprise to boast of, and worthy of the University's high patronage.

Pauline and Other Studies in Early Christian History. By W. M. RAMSAY, Hon. D.C.L., etc. Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1906. Pp. xi, 415. Price, cloth, \$3.00.

Professor Ramsay is not a clergyman, nor does he profess to be a theologian, but his strong grasp upon the actual conditions of life and thought during the first Christian century make his contributions to New Testament scholarship peculiarly valuable. The theological interpreter is not wise who essays to write about Paul or John or any of their writings who has not carefully considered what Ramsay has already written bearing never so remotely upon those matters. Doctor Ramsay is the Doctor Lukas of our time. According to his own estimate of Luke he is even a bit better than the beloved physician, for he under-

stands the Jewish situation and the Roman situation, whereas Luke, he thinks, was gifted with special sympathy and insight for the Greek situation only. Our modern teacher certainly understands the factors of the Roman problem as well as any man we know since Paul himself, and the Aberdeen professor also surely knows Paul "according to the flesh." Of the fifteen papers brought together in this volume at least half concern that foremost of Christian apostles. We shall quote only from that on the "Charm of Paul": "The fascination of Saint Paul's personality lies in his humanity. . . . Saint Paul lies closer to the heart of the great mass of readers than any other of the apostles; and the reason is that he impresses us as the most intensely human of them all." . . . "But the human character alone, even in conjunction with his great achievements, is not sufficient to explain the fascination that Paul exerts over us." . . . "the reason seems to lie in that combination of qualities which made him representative of human nature at its best; intensely human in his undeniable faults, he shows a real nobility and loftiness of spirit in which every man recognizes his own best self." Herein lay the charm of Paul, namely, in his complete kinship to the real and the ideal man. "He more than any other character in the New Testament may be considered as the embodiment in actual life of the qualities that made the true 'gentleman' (to use the old-fashioned term in the old-fashioned sense)—loftiness of motive, the abnegation of self under the influence of nobler considerations, the tendency to look at all things in life from a generous point of view, the frankness to speak out straight and emphatically against wrongdoing and wrong thinking, combined with that courtesy, that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, that instinctive and inevitable respect for others which rise from true respect for self." We have rarely read in English a finer example of clever and courteous criticism than that contained in Professor Ramsay's masterly reply, in chapter XII, to Professor McGiffert's views on the "Authorship of the Acts." What with thirty-one full-page plates, nine additional cuts in the text, and three maps; what with gilt top, uncut edges, and the best of paper and presswork, this book is a joy to the book lover and Bible lover unalloyed.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Invisible Things, And Other Sermons. By J. SPARRHAWK JONES. Crown 8vo, pp. 232. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

In the pulpits of Philadelphia there is no abler or more highly trained mind at work than that of the minister of Calvary Presbyterian Church on Locust Street. For the projection of sheer intellect in translucent English without any accessories of manner, elocution, or delivery, critical and capable judges have called him a wonder. The fifteen sermons before us are the work of a man who secludes himself from everything else in order to concentrate his days and nights intensely on the business of sermonizing. More thoroughly beaten oil is not offered to any congregation in America or England. Yet the sermons do not smell of the lamp; they do not show a hermit's ignorance of the world; they search human

nature keenly; they know the world and its ways; they are at home with actual life; they do business with living men; they are incisively practical, spiritually and intellectually virile. They are so close-tissued and inter-veined that it is impossible to tear out a quotation without losing some of the blood. An impressive discourse is the New Year sermon from Deuteronomy 8. 2: God's leading of the Israelites for forty years to humble them and prove them and test what was in their hearts; life as a school, a place of discipline and test, where we learn the lessons or fail to learn them, and profit by the discipline or fail to profit by it. Whether we learn or not depends in the school of life, as in any other school, on our disposition and desire. We are entered in the school, the Teacher is here, the instruction is offered, but no one is *compelled* to learn. A man may journey forty years in the wilderness of this world without seeing any miracles, any pillar of smoke, any rocks gushing with water, any brazen serpent for the healing of the camp, any lightnings playing around the top of Sinai. "Yes, strange as it seems, one may pass through this life without perceiving anything mysterious or wonderful about it, anything greatly significant, or momentous, or sublime to arrest attention and call for serious reflection. One *may* go into battles and captivities, into deaths and dark places; great billows of trouble may roll over him; little insect cares may buzz around and sting him, and yet leave him insensible, inert, stolid, stupid. In this school of life no one is *compelled* to learn anything about God or himself, about duty or destiny. All the apparatus for instruction is here, hung up along the firmament and flashing among the stars; here are maps and diagrams; yonder revolves the celestial mechanism—the mighty driving-wheels of creation revolve ceaselessly and noiselessly around us. Here, too, are providential lessons, startling coincidences, gleams of poetic justice, monumental examples, dark mysteries, ominous intimations. Here are flashing cataracts, the lambency of northern lights, the silentness of forests, the majesty of mountains, the dim, mysterious, and awful seas. Here, too, is the Bible with the experiences and visions of prophets and apostles. Here is the Person of Jesus Christ, and his crucifixion, and resurrection; and here is the Christian Church, age after age, surviving kings and empires, and triumphing over all. Here is the long history of mankind, the vast chronicles of the globe since our race has been upon it, all suggestive of plan, purpose, progress; yea, verily, the earth itself is full of books, philosophies, creeds, ideas, expectations. And yet no one is *compelled* to learn anything. Knowledge of the truth, information as to reality, are not *forced* upon any; and so it is possible for many to fail to perceive the spiritual meaning of events or to feel the intended and legitimate force of experience. There is teaching enough, line upon line and precept upon precept, given to all of us, as we journey through the years. Deep intuitions and mighty presentiments surge within the soul and overshadow it from without. Admonitions are blazoned and thundered overhead, and under foot, and all around us. Those who care to learn and understand will listen and look, will be attentive, inquiring, docile, solicitous. The whole matter turns upon the individual desire, and will, and

choice and effort. An Almighty Hand leads men through this mortal life, through the austerities of winter and the glories of summer, through old years and new years, through sickness and health, through quaking bogs and along dizzy ledges and upon beetling crags, down into the shadows of the valley and up toward the sunlit peak; but it is an invisible Hand, and many do not recognize or even suspect it. If that powerful Hand were made bare so that none could doubt or forget its presence and leadership, then much of the education and discipline and development of the soul through life's experiences would be impossible. Right character cannot be forced; it is built up by the action of man's will, in layer after layer of successive right choosings. It is man's free preference for the right that makes the righteous man. It is the listening ear, the attentive and docile spirit that makes man a learner in this school of life where Christ is the teacher. Without this the wonders of the universe and the experiences of years avail nothing. It is not enough that God has hung the earth upon nothing, and lit it up with sun and moon and stars, and curtained it with thick clouds, and rimmed it with crimson twilights of morning and of evening, and overarched it with rainbows; it is not enough that ages and kingdoms are rolled up like a garment and laid aside like a vesture; it is not enough that the personal life of men and women is full of pathos, toll, tragedy, sorrow, throbbing with promptings and suggestions, aching with prohibitions and urgings, sore with sharp regrets and dull remorse. Unless men and women attend, observe, give heed, reflect, ponder, and care to learn the truth, to know the will of God, to find the path of Life, the great Teacher himself cannot teach them anything, and the unspeakable privilege of existence with the dignity and glory of their creation originally in the image of God, is utterly wasted on them; so that it were better for them if they had never been born." One thing that makes Sparhawk Jones's preaching practical is that almost, if not quite, every sermon closes with a direct and searching application of the truth it contains to the individual heart and conscience, and a straight appeal and summons to his hearers for the immediate choice and action called for by the truth just presented.

Life That Follows Life. By JOHN BALCOLM SHAW. 12mo, pp. 128. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

"Where and What is Heaven?," "Recognition in Heaven," "Relationships After Death," and other similar topics are discussed in eight brief chapters, in a familiar rather than in an original way. To the first chapter are prefixed Sir Edwin Arnold's verses on "The Death of Tennyson"—a response to the Laureate's last poem, "Crossing the Bar":

No moaning of the bar; sail forth, strong ship,
 Into that gloom which has God's face for a far light.
 No moaning of the bar; musical drifting
 Of Time's waves, turning to the eternal sea;
 Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,
 And Christ thy Pilot to the peace to be.

The chapter entitled "The First Five Minutes After Death" begins with an incident once told by Canon Liddon in St. Paul's Cathedral. "A retired

captain of the British army, fond of relating his world-wide experiences, was describing some of his most surprising adventures, when stopping suddenly in the midst of his stories he exclaimed with emotion and solemn earnestness: 'But gentlemen, wonderful as these things were, I am expecting soon to see something far more wonderful.' The company were much surprised and mystified at this sudden exclamation and altered manner. The veteran soldier was seventy years old; and as he was retired from service, and his traveling days were over, they wondered what he could mean. When they asked his meaning, he was silent a moment and then replied: 'During the first five minutes after death.'" Bishop Warren had his first real view of Oriental life at Alexandria in Egypt. Leaning out of a window that overlooked the public square he gazed down in long silence on the strange scene: the swarming plaza, the Oriental costumes, the camels, the donkeys, the half-naked boys plashing their brown legs in the fountain-basin; and when at last he drew in his head with eyes full of wonder, he said: "Well, if heaven is any more of a surprise than this, I shall be unspeakably astonished." This author holds that the soul at the moment of leaving the body enters immediately on the conscious life of the spirit world, and that the souls of the blessed are at once with Christ in paradise, without any purgatory, or sleep, or delay, or intervening interval. This we suppose to be the common belief of Christian people in general. In accord with this belief he quotes the lines of Cardinal Newman, who, spite of the Romish doctrine of purgatory, makes the dying man declare, in "The Dream of Gerontius":

I ever believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its world case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

And Newman makes the angel answer the dying man:

Thou art not let, but with extremest speed,
Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge.

The author believes the dead know what we are doing on the earth. As to the possibility of intercourse between them and us, he sees no proof of it. As to the pretended communications which so-called mediums claim to have received, he finds them most unsatisfactory, trivial, and unworthy. He says, "They give us no assurance concerning the departed except that they have sadly deteriorated since their entrance into the spirit world. They were above such puerile exhibitions as table-rapping, and chair-tipping, and piano-moving when here among us, and their writing was sane, sensible, intelligible; whereas now it seems to have neither purpose nor sense. According to the communications which these 'mediums' bring us, immortality must mean insanity, or imbecility and inanity." This small volume concludes with the story of a little waif in Lady Somerset's orphanage who, on finishing his regular accustomed evening prayer, was heard to add: "And, God, would you mind giving my mother a kiss for me?"